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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

APRIL
1917

Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

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Vol. VII. No. 4 EDITORIAL *APRIL, 1917*

HOW WE CAN SAFEGUARD THE HOME

By EMILY F. MURPHY (Janey Canuck)

Police Magistrate of City of Edmonton and Judge of Juvenile Court

DESPITE the fact that we in Canada are heirs to the Statutory Laws of Great Britain, and have added to or amended these to suit both our general and particular requirements, there are still some laws which require alteration and others which should be called into existence. This is particularly true of the enactments which safeguard, or should safeguard, the home. While the majority of these are wise and well-considered, they still leave much to be desired. But, after all, in law as in life, the struggles are not so much between the good and the bad, as between the good and the better. While there is nothing new in life or in law, nevertheless, people change, conditions change, and civilizations change. The framing of a Children's Protection Act, a Liquor Law, or one governing assault, may affect or require other laws, so that the chain with all its links is endless.

It is not desirable that we in Canada should needlessly multiply laws, thus working out an injustice to some classes and burdening all. That country is best governed which is least governed. The environment of our people should be such that it is natural to do the right thing rather than the wrong. The recognition of this influence of environment upon conduct drew from Shakespeare the observation, "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds make ill deeds done!" If we see to it that the law governing prohibition be observed, we prevent, to a very appreciable extent, the drugging of young girls, which is the chiefest weapons of that scoundrelly person of misshapen spirit known as the white-slaver. We also prevent the despoilation of intoxicated men, an evil art in which certain quick-fingered, low-moraled women do greatly excel, and of other offences it boots us not to mention.

Better Protection for Indian Women

A Canadian law which is in need of urgent consideration is that whereby it is a less offence to violate the sanctity of an Indian's home, tent, or wigwam, in which "an unenfranchised Indian woman" is an inmate, than it is to so violate the white man's home. In the case of the Indian, the fine may range anywhere from ten to one hundred dollars, or six months' imprisonment, whereas the keeper of a house in which white women are inmates may range from three months to one year and, on third and subsequent convictions, to two years.

This slack principled and highly discreditable clause relating to the Indian girl who has taken up the white woman's burden of "civilization," would seem to have been made for that class of pliant principled person commonly known as "gents." Every day it remains in our Code, it is a discredit to our sense of justice and to our morals. The Indian's wife and daughter require better treatment at our hands, especially in view of the fact that in all Canadian history, there is no reported case of an Indian having violated a white woman. This fact becomes the more astonishing when one considers that through all the ungentle conditions prevailing in the hinterlands of British North America, or in that part of it formerly known as Rupert's Land, the Indians have convoyed our women over innumerable leagues as their sole escorts, and have loyally and respectfully cared for them during the absence from home of their husbands and fathers.

Incidentally, this clause would seem to indicate that the Government places a higher rating on the morals of the enfranchised woman than on the unenfranchised, but the why and reason we cannot see. Indeed, the word "unenfranchised" in clause 220 of the Code becomes the jest or jolt of the whole compilation, when one remembers that the Federal Government has steadily refused to grant the Franchise to any race of women, whether they be white or red. It is obvious to the most ordinary capacity that the word was long ago inserted to insinuate that the Indian woman was made of inferior stuff—a kind of "human being of the second order"—and as a puny-hearted excuse for a glaring injustice. It should be necessary but to mention this open and notorious wrong to bring about its correction, and we are solidly persuaded this will be the way of it.

Protecting the Girl Who Works

A second enactment vitally necessary for the preservation of the home is one which will raise the age of consent from sixteen years to eighteen. This is an essential law because of the large number of girls under eighteen who are obliged to work in offices, stores, and factories, thus exposing them to the improper advances of certain reprobate persons possessed of fine manners and great cunning.

The girl may be flighty, or what we may describe as "a handful;" she may be no less reserved than she should; but, contrariwise, she is only a child with a girl-child's superb ignorance of deceitful and wicked ways. If these children could be protected until they have reached an age of responsibility, we should do more to prevent prostitution than we can do in any other way. There should always be present in our minds the fact that the vast majority of women who live by vice, or by what they define as "hustling," have been drawn or forced into the trade before the age of eighteen. Wisely has it been said that the age of consent in every nation marks the level of national morality.

Gathering in the Diseased

A third enactment required in Canada, and required immediately, is the establishment of a National Board of Health with authority to segregate all persons suffering from venereal diseases. No apology is needed for mentioning this subject, in that the life or death of the nation hangs on its acceptance or rejection. Our apathy and laxness in respect to this will be incomprehensible to our descendants. We need a new Moses and a new Pentateuch to inculcate into our Canadian people the principles of race conservation and race amendment.

In writing on this subject, the late Mr. Arnold White has said, "If the ancient Greek, modern Hebrew, and Japanese ideal of parental responsibility for the health of the offspring is desirable, it follows logically that no man should be invested with the right to profit by the degeneration or death of women and children."

It is argued by legislators in defence of their inaction that the men of our country will not tolerate registration of this infection. From this it would appear that their attitude is similar to that of Naaman, the Syrian, Commander-in-Chief of the Syrian Army and Prime Minister of State, who suffered from two diseases—pride and leprosy—and who wanted to be dealt with as a great warrior, and not as a leper.

It must also be remembered that, while the disease has heretofore carried a moral stigma, this stigma should no longer exist, since innumerable innocent persons of both sexes and of all ages have become sufferers. We need to reform our opinions as well as our laws in this respect, and in protecting our homes from this virus, there is no occasion for anything approaching publicity or placards. We should do things differently in Canada.

Punishment for the Unfaithful

It is chiefly to prevent the rapidly increasing murders arising out of unfaithfulness to the Marriage Contract, or arising out of jealousy, that we require in this Dominion a fourth enactment whereby the commission of adultery may become an offence under the Criminal Code.

The Marriage Contract has the distinction of being the only contract the incidents of which are fixed by law, and yet, incomprehensible though it be, the only one breach of which carries with it no penalty other than the possibility of an action for divorce. As this action must be taken in the Senate of Canada in five out of our nine provinces, its attendant costs make it prohibitive except to the wealthy in these five provinces.

This is all the more remarkable when one considers that marriage, as a contract, takes precedent over all other contracts, even to the extent of changing the status of the parties agreeing thereto, and this being so, its breach should be attended by fitting punishments. This was the rule, until comparatively recent times, through all ages and in all countries. This most notable omission from our Criminal Code is probably due to the severity of the penalties which formerly attended a breach of the Marriage Contract. In the mitigating of these punitive clauses, we have swung to the opposite extreme by abolishing all enactments except that nebulous ordinance known as "the unwritten law"—*the law whereby society recognizes the right of a dishonoured and despoiled man to create and operate a law for the protection of his family*—or, in a word, to license himself as his own prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner. Just why this law should remain unwritten is a mystery.

It is true that this unwritten law is not formally recognized, and is usually presented to the jury by the counsel for the accused as "self-defence," or in some other pleasing guise which serves the purpose equally well. Unfortunately, too, in redressing his wrongs, the dishonoured man has recourse to no other weapons than the pistol and the pickaxe. If he kills with anything less drastic, society will not tolerate it. The more refined and equally certain method of poison has been entirely ruled out of court.

It is to prevent the commission of these crimes of the pistol and pickaxe that we require the enactment of a law under which action may be taken against the guilty parties and by which the safety and continuance of the home may be ensured. In the Province of Alberta, despite its sparse population, thirteen murders, or attempted murders, have occurred since January, 1914, by reason of unfaithfulness and jealousy.

The State Protects Itself

In the older Provinces of Canada, when a man brings a mistress into the home with his wife, the wife may secure some measure of redress under the law governing trespass, because of her dower in the home, but in the newer and western provinces, no such procedure is available.

This offence was considered so serious under the Justinian Code, that it was the only one for which a wife could obtain a divorce. It is plain that this provision was "man-made," divorce being exactly what the husband wanted under the circumstances.

It may be urged that the bringing of a mistress into the home is not a very general offence, but, for that matter, the same argument applies to vitriol throwing, sacrilege, or incitement to mutiny. It is, however, more general than is popularly supposed. All of us know cases. In one instance which occurred recently in Alberta, the wife shot the intruder, for which offence she was condemned to be hanged. In another, the wife lost her reason and was committed to the Provincial Asylum, while the intruder settled down comfortably in her place; indeed this highly unvirtuous husband so far forgot the existence of his wife as to take an oath that the intruder was his wife and, as such, entitled to half of his military pay and all of his patriotic allowance. It may interest the curiously inclined to know that, while the penalty meted out to him by the law was an adequate one, it was administered under a clause governing perjury and not one governing adultery, for, while a man may cruelly wrong his wife and his home without any fear of punishment, the State steps in where its own rights are assailed.

While the Criminal Code cannot reasonably be expected to make geographical distinction in dispensing the punishment of murder which has arisen out of unfaithfulness, yet the fact that no legal procedure was available for relief should in some way be taken into consideration. If, however, the Federal Government were to strike at the root of the matter by making adultery a criminal offence in all the Provinces of Canada, this provision would indubitably prove a safety valve, or temporary breakwater, for the passions of aggrieved or jealousy-jarred persons.

Foot-Dry Soles - Long-Wear Soles - Modern Soles - Neōlin Soles

Dripping skies and sopping wet underfoot ---time for Neōlin protection.

No excuse for wet-foot colds now that Neōlin is here. Neōlin soles make water-proof quality a sole standard---and add a comfort standard---a wear standard, and a modern appearance standard of their own.

Neōlin soles will often ***double*** shoe-wear for you. Neōlin is replacing leather for man wear, woman wear, child wear.

Stylish women are wearing Neōlin, saving feet and shoe-bills alike---it is so springy and buoyant and foot-easy, so durable, so flexible, so light.

And children are slush-tramping to school ***dry-footed*** because of Neōlin. They play the Neōlin way now, without scratching floors or furniture, without pound or sound.

You try Neōlin.

Neōlin that holds shoe shape and shoe looks.

Your shoe dealer will give you Neōlin on new shoes.
Your shoe repairer will put them on your present shoes.

To be sure of the genuine Neōlin—*mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neōlin with the accent on the "O"—Neōlin—the trade symbol for a quality product of

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada Limited

GOODYEAR MADE IN CANADA

Neōlin

has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities it is replacing leather for shoe soles.

Neōlin's appearance can be imitated. But Neōlin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

Now there ***are*** other soles that ***look*** like Neōlin. But their is only ***one*** Neōlin—and every pair of soles is branded with the above trade-mark.

The WOMEN'S PARLIAMENT of CANADA

THE QUESTION OF THE MONTH

SHALL THERE BE WIDER DIVORCE LAWS?

The Affirmative

Why We Must Have Wider Divorce Laws

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

Author, and Authority on Social Service Problems

IT is impossible to consider, intelligently and adequately, the procedure under which divorce may be obtained unless we understand the conditions under which marriage may be contracted.

Were all unions happy, and between persons fit and fitted for marriage and suited to each other, there would be no reason for a Court of Divorce, no cause for separation.

Marriage is the nucleus of the family; the child is the product of the home; the home is the foundation of the nation; what, then, does the State do to ensure desirable marriages and to prevent those that are productive of evil? What does the State do for the welfare of the child—the child who is born without volition of his own? What does the State do to protect the integrity of the home, without which the State itself could not exist?

Marriage: Its Conditions

The Legal Age of Marriage: A valid marriage cannot be contracted by *a man* under the age of fourteen, or by *a woman* under the age of twelve years—unless to prevent illegitimacy—in any province except Ontario, where the age is fourteen, and in Manitoba, where each must be sixteen.

Miss Kathleen Elizabeth Steacy

Insanity: Insanity bars marriage *on the ground that without reason there can be no consent.* Mere weakness of understanding is not sufficient. The insanity must exist *at the time.* A valid marriage may be entered into in a lucid interval, provided the person has not previously been found a lunatic by commission.

Drunkenness: Drunkenness at the time of the marriage may or may not render it void, depending on the circumstances.

Relationship: Marriages are forbidden between certain degrees of sanguinity and affinity, but marriages contracted within these prohibited degrees are not void, as in the case of a bigamous marriage, but only voidable. A man may not marry his grandmother, but *if he does*, the marriage is valid until it is set aside, thereby rendering children illegitimate who may have been born in lawful wedlock.

Disease: Marriage may be consummated though one have a communicable and incurable disease, the presence of which was not known to the other; and the person thus marrying is not subject to any penalty at law.

Banns: Marriage must be by banns or license. Banns must be published before or after the Sunday service from the pulpit in the pastoral charge where *one* of the parties has resided for *at least fifteen days* immediately preceding said publication. License: Affidavit must be taken to these ten questions: Name, age, residence at time of marriage, place of birth, condition of life (married, single, widow, or widower), occupation, religion, name of father, maiden name of mother, intended place of marriage. Should subsequent events prove that any of these facts has been misrepresented and sworn to falsely, the party is open to prosecution for perjury. (Note: From license issued by the rovince of Ontario.)

Thus the State safeguards marriage: protects the child against unfit parents: ensures the integrity of the home. And having laid down laws that are utterly inadequate—that give a child of twelve the status of a man: that permit a valid marriage to be contracted during a lucid interval with no thought of or care for the years of insanity that may follow: that place drunkenness on an intelligent level with sobriety: that make marriages within the prohibited degrees voidable, but not void: that legalize the spread of incurable and loathesome disease: that make a fifteen days' residence of *one* sufficient guarantee of the past of both—then the responsibility of the State ceases, *provided the couple thus united do not become a public nuisance, charge, scandal, or menace.* Should they become a public nuisance, the State arrests them for disturbing the peace, for assault and battery. Should they become a public charge, the State sends them to a home or to jail. Should they become a public scandal, society and public opinion force them to boil their differences down to the dimensions of their own four walls—*and their own hearts.* Should they become a public menace through violence or known disease, the State sends one to jail, the other to the hospital. *The State protects itself.* But release or redress for the man or woman who is the sinned against rather than the sinner? NO!

The State is not responsible for the birth of children born of immature parents: of children born feeble-minded: of children born with a craving for drink: of children born diseased: of children born in wedlock, but rendered illegitimate. The State is not concerned whether the man and woman be physically fit and free from disease, nor if the man be able and willing to provide and maintain a home.

But the State does provide hospitals, refuges, homes, refurmatories, juvenile courts, asylums, jails, where a *philanthropic* effort is made to correct and care for the child of ill assorted, unhappy, immoral and unholy marriages.

The Church endeavours to do what the State neglects, and in the "I require and charge you both as ye will answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment—if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For ..... so many as are coupled (*Continued on page 26.*)

THE OBJECT OF THIS PAGE

Is plainly to give the women of Canada a voice in the solving of great National Problems. Below are three ballots. Read the two sides of the debate, then mark your ballot, expressing whether or not you want wider divorce laws in Canada, and have any other women members of your household, or neighbors, sign the other two. Send them to

The Women's Parliament of Canada, 62 Temperance St., Toronto, Ont.

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

- ☐ I am in Favor of Divorce Courts.
- ☐ I am in Favor of wider grounds for Divorce.
- ☐ I am Opposed to Divorce Courts.
- ☐ I am Opposed to wider grounds for Divorce.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

County ..... *Province* .....

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

- ☐ I am in Favor of Divorce Courts.
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Name .....

Address .....

City .....

County ..... *Province* .....

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

BALLOT Mark X in Ballot in square indicating your vote

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- ☐ I am in Favor of wider grounds for Divorce.
- ☐ I am Opposed to Divorce Courts
- ☐ I am Opposed to wider grounds for Divorce.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

County ..... *Province* .....

(Voters must be 21 years or over)

The Negative

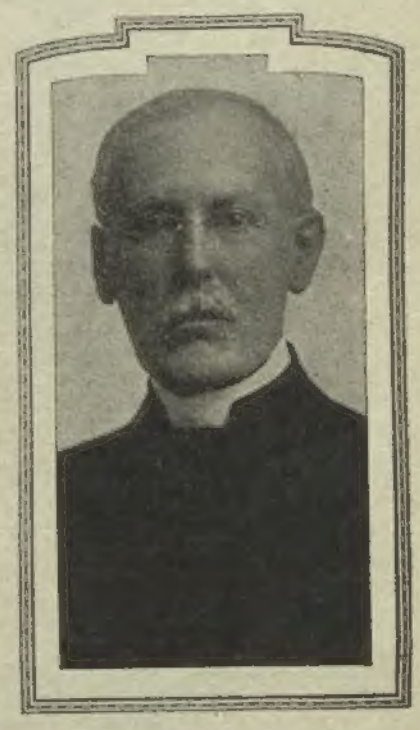
Why We Must Not Have Wider Divorce Laws

By REV. A. WYLIE MAHON, B.D.

Author of "Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers," "Bible Characters in Canadian Literature," etc.

CANADA imports many things from the United States—Billy Sunday, for example, when we wish to give a prohibition campaign a sensational boost—but there is nothing under heaven which that great country can send us which we need less than the unsavoury divorce laws of some of the American States, which make it easy for a man to get rid of a wife who is growing old, or who burns his toast, or neglects his buttons; and which make it easy for a wife, who has met some man whom she thinks she likes better than her husband, to be freed from this embarrassing impediment to a new matrimonial venture. These divorce-made-easy laws of the United States are a byword and a hissing amongst the nations of the earth, something which the most respectable and enlightened people of the American Republic cannot refer to without blushing for shame.

No one can know much about life without learning something of the cruel hardships endured by men and women who are unequally yoked together. The world has never ceased to pity John Wesley for his unfortunate marriage. His wife was a virago who darkened thirty years of his life by her fits of violent passion, during which she more than once tore the hair from his head. In cases like this the hardship is great, but like many of the other afflictions of life, there is no honourable way out except by patient endurance and loving endeavour to bring about a better condition of things. It is through much tribulation that those afflicted in this way climb the world's great altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God.



Rev. A. Wylie Mahon, B.D.

Many of the sorest troubles of life have to be endured in this way. When a son or a daughter goes astray, what a tragedy of woe is enacted in the home; or when a son or a daughter, who is striving to make good in the world, is handicapped by a dishonest or dissolute father or mother, does any one propose that the parents should put away their unworthy children, or that the children should put away their unworthy parents? No law can destroy the natural relation of parent and child." The relation of husband and wife is something even more intimate than this, for the best of all books teaches us that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave—literally, be glued—to his wife. No law can undo a relationship of this kind any more than it can undo the relationship of parent and child.

Divorce is Selfish

The plea sometimes made, that our divorce laws should be wide and free enough to give relief in cases of hardship, is at root an altogether selfish one. The man in suing for divorce is making his own happiness the paramount thing, as if happiness were the chief end of man, without taking into consideration the shame and disgrace of publishing to the world the sad inner history of the home, without taking into consideration the cruel wrong inflicted upon wife and children, and friends and relatives, and the injury done to society.

There is something abhorrently selfish about this whole business. There is no better illustration of this in the literature of the world than that contained in Ibsen's "Doll's House," where a mother takes it into her head that her own life is suffering through the home relationships, although the home relationships are of the most comfortable kind. She concludes that in order to save her soul—the only thing in the world she can think of that is worth doing—she must forsake her home, and leave her husband and children to shift for themselves as best they can. Her husband pleads with her to think about the scandalous gossip of the world, and the pathos of a ruined home; but she pays no heed, for she claims that her duty to herself is paramount. Everybody else may go to Hades if she can only succeed in saving her own soul.

This repulsive spirit, which takes no thought for any one but self, which is willing to ruin homes and break hearts and degrade society and injure the state, is the one which seeks to widen our divorce laws and make it possible for those who are discontented with their marriage relationship to cut adrift.

Temporary Estrangement No Ground for Divorce

The ideal condition of married life is no doubt—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one;"

two persons loving the same indestructible ideals, and finding in each other the embodiment of these ideals; but these happy conditions cannot always be realized in this imperfect world of ours. The husband and the wife may differ in taste and temperament, which will in the natural course of things lead sometimes to family jars, to occasional friction and misunderstandings. For aught that we can hear from tale or history, the course of true love never did run smooth; and it would be the greatest calamity that could befall our country to make it easy for those who are temporarily estranged, who feel for the time being that they have ceased to love each other, to dissolve the sacred tie which binds them together.

The very fact that in many cases in the United States, where divorce is made easy, divorced parties marry again, shows how unwise it is to make it possible for a (*Continued on page 26.*)

Get your mirror to tell you what your friends will not

GO to your mirror and try to see your skin as others see it. Take your mirror to a window or a strong light, get close to it and really study your skin! Find out just what is keeping your complexion from being attractive.

Once you have done this, and have found out exactly what is the matter with your skin, you have taken the first step toward actually changing your skin and making it more attractive.

For whatever condition you find, *it can be changed!* Conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, a blemished skin, blackheads or a sallow, colorless complexion—you can begin at once to change any of these.

Don't say, "It's useless to try to change the skin itself"

It changes every day in spite of you! As *old* skin dies, new skin forms to take its place. This new skin will be just what *you* make it, and will make or mar your entire complexion accordingly.

By giving this new skin proper external treatment you can make your complexion just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give the new skin proper care as it forms every day you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "A skin you love to touch."

Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for? Then start to-night one of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Three of them are given on this page. Many others are given in the booklet illustrated below. You will be sure to find among these one suited to the needs of *your* skin. Use it persistently, and your complexion *cannot help* taking on, gradually but surely, the greater clearness, freshness, and charm of "A skin you love to touch."

Is one of these treatment yours?

If one of the three treatments given here is suited to the needs of *your* skin, you can begin at once—*tonight*—to bring to your complexion the charm you have longed for. Ask for Woodbury's today wherever you buy your toilet things—at your druggist's or toilet counter. A 25c. cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these three treatments. Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight. For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

Blackheads! Is there anything so noticeable as this trouble? They are a confession of the wrong cleansing method. Change to the one given here.

Oily skin—shiny nose! If this is your bugbear, make the lather treatment a daily habit and be done with that bugbear forever!

Sallow—Colorless! Such a skin needs awakening, enlivening. It will yield to the effective treatment described here.

MADE IN CANADA

Send now for this miniature edition of the Woodbury Book on the skin and its needs. (See offer at the right.)

So dingy with blackheads!

Blackheads are a confession of the use of the wrong method of cleansing for that type of skin which is subject to this disfiguring trouble. The following Woodbury treatment will keep such a skin free from blackheads.

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin carefully.

So oily and shiny—especially my nose!

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion of the finger tips. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

So sluggish and colorless!

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in warm water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face briskly with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

Send 4c now for book of famous skin treatments

One of these Woodbury treatments is suited to the needs of *your* skin. We have space to give just three of them on this page, but you can get them all, together with valuable facts about the skin and its needs which few people know, in a miniature edition of the large Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 4c. we will send you this miniature edition and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any of these famous skin treatments. For 10c. we will send the miniature book and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder! Write to-day! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2604 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.**

Jean Blewett's Own Page

Automatic Marriage

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH remarked some time after his union with Consuelo :

"The Englishwoman is clever, but not energetically so ; but no sooner does the American woman find herself in the possession of an original idea than she proceeds to throw precedent upon the rubbish heap and housecleans the whole world by way of getting a clear space in which she may work said idea to death. Activity is the breath of life to her."

The American man stands ready to agree with the unamiable duke, concerning the activity of the American women. But if the idea be worth while, we see no reason why she should not clear space enough to try it out, even if a few precedents have to go to the garret or the rubbish heap. So "Good Luck !" to the Illinois Woman's Congress for presenting a brand new idea to the State Legislature—an Automatic Marriage Bill.

"This has been a man's world long enough," declares The Woman's Congress. "It is time the woman and the child had a chance."

The much discussed bill provides that the birth of a child will operate automatically to marry the father and mother of said child. The Woman's Guild, a less progressive body than The Woman's Congress, will present an alternative measure modelled on the Norwegian Act, which gives a child born out of wedlock its father's name and a share in his possessions. This Act provides support for mother and child, but does not enforce marriage. The world is surely growing better. Where, we ask, could we have found a score of years ago a whole congress of women big enough to turn their back on unjust conventions and brave enough to storm the highest hall of justice in the state in behalf of the woman betrayed and of little nameless children who cannot speak for themselves ?

Men have been wont to say that no one is so merciless toward the erring sister as the good woman, but they cannot say it now. We are learning that virtue means more than chastity ; it means doing good as well as being good.

Splendid Compliment

ONE OF OUR YOUNG WOMEN WHO, fired with patriotic zeal, was among the first to turn her back upon a sheltered life of ease and take her place among the army of toilers, paid a fine tribute to the working man the other day. A relative was expostulating with her. "That terrible factory is spoiling your beauty and poise, leaving its dust in your fine ladyhood," began the relative. "Coarse work coarsens ; you needn't tell me that it doesn't. Look at your hands—a charwoman's hands. Dear ! dear ! In your soft raiment you were the most feminine girl of my acquaintance, but now—" A severe shake of the head completed the sentence.

"My femininity is in myself, not in my clothes," returned the girl. "It is as much mine in the factory as in the ballroom."

"The air of leisure peculiar to a gentlewoman is no longer yours," sighed the woman.

"I'm glad of it," laughed the girl. "It would be a drawback in the factory. If I hadn't doffed it with my finery, I'd never have won promotion as I've done."

"Another thing, I believe you are due at the factory at seven o'clock," exclaimed the other in agitation. "Don't you realize the risk you run, especially on dark winter mornings ? After you leave the car, you have to traverse three blocks possessing a none too savory reputation, and this before the sun is up !"

"But not before the hardy son of toil is up," said the girl, and though she laughed, there was a thrill in her voice, "and on his way to work. His name is legion, and he's so dependable, swinging along beside you, behind and in front of you, that you couldn't, if you tried, feel afraid of either dark or danger. 'Knights of Labour,' I call the men with dinner pails or without them, the men who go out every day to earn a living for their wives and bairns, and with whom the protection of all women is an instinct to be obeyed rather than a duty to be done. He has a strong arm and a bold heart, has my knight of labour, and with him about, this little scrap of a working woman isn't afraid of those three blocks. She knows she's as safe as though in church. Any one who meddled with her would have to settle with him.

"Now have a cup of tea, dear, and cease worrying about me."

"'Knights of Labour,'" mused the other, reaching out her hand for the cup. "It's an order, a fraternal society, isn't it ?"

The girl smiled. "The Knights of Labour I mean are an asset, the richest asset perhaps that this, or any country, can call its own," she said softly—"the man in overalls."

Spring Housecleaning

LOOKING THROUGH MY GRANDMOTHER'S recipe books, I came upon an item pencilled in a clerkly hand at the top of the page which ushered in a new month :

"April, the housecleaning time."

Now, they may have been cleaner and cleverer than the modern woman aims to be, those fine housekeepers of a generation or so ago, but were they happier ? Somehow one can't help feeling glad that the institution known familiarly as "the spring housecleaning" is not the formidable thing it was in the days of heavy carpets, elaborate curtains, upholstery, crowded whatnots, feather beds, piecework quilts, and crocheted tidies everywhere. The window cleaning alone took a lot of time, since getting the window shorn of all its frills was like getting a woman out of a fussy ball gown. The accumulated dust of a twelvemonth had to be shaken from the carpets, after that upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber smelled to heaven of soapsuds, turpentine, and varnish. Nice, big, homy abodes, and we loved to be in them—on a visit—but not when housecleaning was in operation !

The modern house, with its bare modern furnishing and decorating, has robbed housecleaning of its terrors. Hardwood floors are a boon, up-to-date beds and mattresses a blessing. The step-ladder men wash and shine our windows while we are out planning a garden ; the vacuum cleaner makes short work of the rugs ; and so it goes. No "April, the month of housecleaning," for us. When she comes, this April, with the violet seeds in her hair, when she comes singing, whether we hear her or not, comes singing :

"God's garden is this old-young world,
And I, the fickle vagrant;
I am the gardener He sends
To make it fair and fragrant,"

we can just sit and listen and look the while the young rain washes the last stain of winter's covering from the lily-of-the-valley leaf, or the sun coaxes the crocus bud into flower. And isn't life vivid now ? There is a thrill in everything, even in old, tired-out hearts. One is gladder in April or sadder in April than in any other month. It is the poignancy of the springtime.

When the Boy Gets Engaged

THE WISE MOTHER has her little cry all to herself, if she has it at all. To her son she is what she has ever been, the one "always-to-be-depended-on" person in a changing world. Her glow of gladness is second only to his own.

"But if she have no such glow ?" you ask. "Shall she play the hypocrite ?"

We women, especially if we are a little jealous, are terribly afraid of being hypocrites, aren't we ? We like to speak out—and hurt. If the mother does not love her boy well enough to put his happiness so far ahead of her own that she glows because he does, then she needs to sit down with her memories, precious memories—his arrival on that far-off day of youth and sweetness, his first step, the absurd jargon he talked sitting on her knee, his first lesson, the dear queerness of his appearance when his curls were shorn, and so on down the years—stay with him until she dies.

"I've lost my son," says the pessimistic mother, and weeps. "I've a new daughter," says the optimistic mother, and smiles to find herself so fortunate.

The Family Feud

NOT TERRIBLE THINGS like the feuds of the south, with singing bullets and sudden death, but the kind which goes to determine whether the home atmosphere shall be sunny or clouded. There are persons who think that atmosphere does not matter, that so long as the day's work is done, the lightness or heaviness of the hearts of those who do it does not count. As well contend that April's breath means nothing to crocus and to hyacinth, that the breath of summer does not give the wild strawberries their fragrance and their sweetness. Oh, yes, atmosphere means much in a garden, but more in a home. The little feuds, the continually recurring jars, keep a cloudy sky and an east wind. It is so easy to be cross, or blue, or to take offence. Hardly a woman of us but can find a grievance if we look for it. It may be a little, no-account one, but it will grow and grow. Nothing will cure it but neglect. Think of it, and it increases in size ; forget it, and it dwindles to nothingness. Family feuds are small things, but bitter. There is the one between the husband who wants to stay home and the wife who wants to go out. Some of us have had the discomfort of being treated to the wife's reflections :

"Oh, no, he never considers *me* ! If any other woman were to ask a favour, he would grant it off hand, but I'm only his wife. I don't count," etc.

One is not surprised that the girl of that house is a crosspatch, and the boy subject to sulky fits. It's in the air. And it's all wrong. The little ills of life can only bother us so much as we allow them to.

"Has some one hurt you with a word of spite,
Stirred your hot anger ? Do not answer yet.
The winds that malice makes are light, friend, light ;
To-day we writhe, to-morrow we forget."

A Garden Classroom

A PAMPHLET ISSUED by our Bureau of Municipal Research makes good reading, especially that portion dealing with the school work and the home work of the nurses. Sanitation, ventilation, and like subjects may be dry, but taken in connection with the bright girls and boys who fill our schoolrooms, they are intensely interesting.

We desire the children to have pure air and wholesome surroundings. They should have these, and if by any reason they are denied them, we desire to know why. We have made education compulsory. Not a freckle-faced boy on the street under fourteen but has to go to school, whether he wants to or not ; not a bright-eyed girl but must do the same. Since this is so, we must in justice to all concerned have said school a healthy spot. Fresh air is cheap ; so is good water ; and with the nurses to teach and enforce cleanliness and hygiene, the children stand a fair chance of doing themselves credit.

We have the word of Miss Paul, Supervisor of School Nurses, that the work of her staff in the home, as well as in the school, is a success. "Parents are co-operating," she says, "in a way that must be productive of much good. To go into our classrooms now is like going into a flower garden—bless their bright faces !—though only a few years ago these children came to school dirty and diseased. Great attention is being paid to the eradication of flat chests, adenoids, poor nutrition, crossed eyes and other defects. The teeth receive special care."

The concluding item is borne out by an incident in the country village schoolhouse we happened to visit of late. The pretty teacher, concluding her little talk on how to care for the teeth, expressed the hope that no single pupil would forget or neglect to follow her instructions to the letter.

"Who will be most benefited ?" she demanded, and was going on to explain that virtue would be its own reward, when the meekest lad of the lot broke in with :

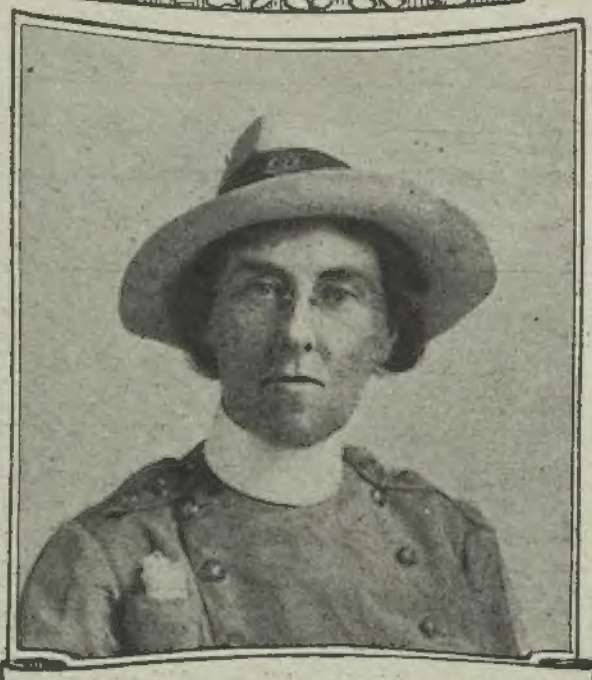
"Please, teacher, I know ; it's Mr. Mears, the druggist. He won't have even a second-hand tooth brush left in the store. Ma says,"—here came a choking splutter, caused by his sister putting her plump hand over his mouth—"maybe you and him has gone partners, teacher !"

Do you wonder that we joined in teacher's mirth ?

WOMEN WHO HAVE DISCOVERED THEMSELVES

Whose Work is Not so Well Known as It Deserves

Mrs. T. H. Rivers Bulkeley, on receiving word that her husband had fallen in action, turned her attention to finding the patriotic work that was most needed. It was she who organized The Prisoners of War Relief. Less than fifty prisoners were all that needed care then, but in December, the number had grown to more than two thousand, and since that many, many more have been added.



Miss Jane Bell, Carleton Place, Ont., was one of the first hundred Nursing Sisters to go overseas. When spinal meningitis broke out at Salisbury Plains, Miss Bell volunteered for the work—with a full knowledge of the danger. After that she was sent to Lamnos and nursed men with "trench feet." At one time there were but nineteen nurses to care for eleven hundred patients.

Miss Elizabeth Reid, Ottawa, became interested, several years ago, in two blind girls whom she enabled to become self-supporting. This encouraged her to establish a school where the blind are trained in broom and basket making and in caning of chairs. The first consignment of brooms from Canada to England was sent from this school to Dr. Courtenay's Hospital at Shorncliffe.

Mrs. Valance Patriarche, a well known journalist and playwright, was elected, a little less than two years ago, by the City Council of Winnipeg, to a seat on the Board of Movie Censors. The City and Council have since had cause to congratulate themselves on their choice. Her ideas as to what should and should not be allowed are so sensible that other cities will probably also appoint women censors.

Miss Mary Beaton has loved water all her life, and cannot remember when she could not swim. She is an expert in the art, and was appointed Instructor in Swimming at the Young Women's Christian Association in Toronto. Her girls acquire the art much more quickly than the average pupil, as Miss Beaton's grace and daring is a strong incentive and inspires them with a keen desire to be able to do likewise.

Miss Winnifred Lewis, of Ottawa, saw the need of a Convalescent Home for soldiers returning from France, and collected thousands of dollars in Ottawa. Her clear-sightedness was justified when forty patients were brought to her without warning. This unexpected onslaught would have disconcerted the best managed home, but Miss Lewis was equal to the occasion, supplied their wants, and made them comfortable.

Miss Jean Lindsay manages the Highland Inn and other Grand Trunk hotels in Algonquin Park, Ontario, notwithstanding the fact that men are supposed to be the only creatures who can do this kind of work. Miss Lindsay graduated to her present job from her own Kettledrum Tea Room in Ottawa, up through the Chateau Laurier Tea Room, finally landing in her present position.

Miss Mary Grant, London, Ontario, is the first woman to hold the double position of County Clerk and Treasurer in the Province of Ontario. Miss Grant knows everything that has happened in the township since 1850, is a general information bureau, and combines deep legal wisdom with suavity and charm. She attends Council meetings and is on the most intimate terms with financial statements.

Miss Mona Cleaver broke into newspaper work five years ago and is now on the Editorial Staff of The Globe, Toronto. Of special training she had none, but she had travelled, read, and studied, and came into newspaper work with a mind well stored and well trained. She had talent, loved English, and had never written so much as a note without doing it as well as it could possibly be done. Below

Miss Elizabeth Pollard, Harrow, Ont., having made a success of her venture at farming, has become an ardent advocate of rural life for women. She is working on a scheme which will popularize country life by removing its isolation, thus making it attractive to people living in congested cities. Her plan boils down to community farming. Miss Pollard glories in her work. Photo Below

WE WANT TO KNOW OF OTHER WOMEN

There are women all over Canada doing the big exceptional thing in their own modest and unobserved way. We want to know about these women. They are usually so shy about giving prominence to their work that we must hunt them out, and we offer $2.00 for information that will lead to our discovering any woman who is doing any kind of big work worth telling about. If you can furnish photos, so much the better. Address Editor, "Women Worth Knowing,"

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

By

LENA B. LESSEN

He had taken my hands in his and gently raised them and as gently kissed them both—and a moment later I was passing out of the bank as Cora Neville passed in.

"FATTY!"

That had been my nickname from the time I was so high—and broad and thick and round.

I got it at school, from the first day; and it stuck, of course, like the fat. Dad never called me it, nor did Mother. But the boys did; and when they had "a show" in the shed, they persuaded me, in honeyed bribes, into playing the role of "Bella, the Beautiful Fat Girl;" not because I was really beautiful, but because I had the rolls, you see.

It didn't take much persuasion, for I wasn't in my teens then, and I was awfully fond of sweets. And how I could eat!

At fifteen I had reached my full height, five feet five; and I weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds. And at eighteen I scaled ten pounds better—or worse. It wasn't any consolation to me to learn from Tom Moore that Lord Byron weighed two hundred in his early teens, when he was scribbling calf love lyrics.

At eighteen I wasn't so predisposed to athletic activity as I had been a few years earlier. But there was one thing I liked to do: swim. That is, I liked to splash around in the river. Perhaps that kept my increasing weight down a little. But the more I splashed around, the more I wanted to eat. Bathing won't reduce weight. But if I did take off a pound or two in the river, it gave me such an appetite that it made me take on about four pounds at the table.

Still, it wasn't until I was twenty-two and Love came into my life that I fully realized that I was simply a sorrowful sight.

It was on a red-hot afternoon, and I was, as usual, in the river, keeping cool.

I had floated over from our beach to the other shore, when I heard a scream, then a chorus of shrieks. I lurched about, like a porpoise; though a porpoise is really graceful, I suppose.

There was a commotion on the beach, less than two hundred yards away, and some of the girls were screaming, "Bella!" My name, you may remember.

And in a glance I saw what the trouble was.

Midway between them and me, in the centre of the river, where it was thirty feet deep, a man appeared to be drowning.

I got away somehow, conscious of a ripple of laughter from that bunch of would-be fashion plates, with Cora Neville as the core of it.

Not a girl—there wasn't a man in sight that I could see—on the beach was making any effort to come to the rescue. They were standing stock still or running around, seemingly paralyzed or peripatetic with fright. I took all that in at another glance.

I had never tried to swim fast before.

Now I ploughed through the water, churning it up, and using alternately all the strokes I knew—breast, trudgeon, crawl—first one side, then the other. And in thirty strokes it seemed to me that I was done.

The man who was drowning went down again; and as I closed my eyes and plunged crazily forward, I prayed that it wasn't for the third time.

My prayer was answered, for he came up when I was within a dozen staggering strokes of him. I didn't know how I was going to make them, for my arms seemed powerless, and my head was swimming, too. But I did get to him in what seemed to me, and no doubt to him, an eternity; and he, too, was just all in. I did not think I could get to him, nor have strength to save him if I did. He hadn't uttered a sound, that I had heard; but the sight of his white face and appealing eyes, as he flung out his arms, sent a thrill of desperate new strength through me. He didn't try to clutch me, as drowning people do. And as I reached him I rolled over—floundered, I suppose—upon my back, and caught him by his head of lovely thick black hair. And I drew him up on his back and held him with his head on my breast, as it rose and fell. For I was wind-blown and muscle-done, and all my strength seemed utterly gone. But my heart wasn't beating wildly with fear any more; for I knew that I could float and that I had him safe.

Some of the girls had come out of their infantile condition of mental paralysis, and had pushed out in a skiff. They pulled him into it, presently, and rowed ashore; and when, a few minutes later, I waded in, he seemed to be all right.

He was the new manager of our town's leading bank. I had heard of his arrival, but hadn't seen him before. He had come down to the river after banking hours for a plunge, and had gone in by himself at the bridge.

He was just an ordinary swimmer, very much out of practice. There isn't an exercise on earth that will tire one so quickly as swimming, or sooner beat your wind, if you are unused to it. And a late lunch, and doubtless a touch of the sun—it was a hundred and ten in the sun that day—had come pretty near to putting him out altogether.

He seemed curiously annoyed about it, as he sat in the sand with a circle of girls, of which he was the hub, if not the hubby, like the hero in a comic opera, and Cora Neville holding a striped parasol over him with an expression of much concern.

Then suddenly, as I hit the beach like a cargo from the munition works, and started leg-and-wing-weary for the boathouse to dress, he scrambled up and strode across the sand, just a little unsteadily, and caught up to me. I had to stop, of course; and he began to thank me, in such a nice, low voice.

He seemed to be about thirty, or under, though with just a touch of gray over the temples in that black hair that I had held. He was several inches taller than I, and nicely built; but, without prejudice, I thought he was too slender. He didn't look awfully strong. But his lean face was strong, and good. And he was good-looking and clean cut. His eyes were dark gray; and perhaps it was because they had such a direct, yet decent, earnest, honest glance, and because he had such an unembarrassed, easy, and yet differential manner, and such a man's voice, that I was suddenly filled with a consuming desire to run away. All at once I realized what I must look like to him, and to all those smirking girls, as I stood there alone with him.

And perhaps, too, it was because Cora Neville was posing her slender shape, in her new, striped, right-up-to-date bathing suit, and twirling her parasol over her fine shoulder.

I knew I was the heroine, and that, burlesquer as I was, I had made that bunch of spineless dolls on the beach look like a gross of wax figures in a dressmaker's window in midsummer. But as a natatorial Grace Darling there was much too much of me. I might be nothing worse than a porpoise in the river, but on land I was a whale.

I felt my face burning, and the sun hadn't a thing to do with it; and as I looked down, and pulled like a back country milkmaid at my bathing skirt, I suddenly remembered a movie comedy seaside film, with a very fat girl in it.

I got away, somehow, conscious of a ripple of laughter from that bunch of would-be fashion plates, with Cora Neville as the core of it and beat it, heavy-footed and heavier-hearted, to the boathouse; hating myself all through the performance of dressing; and knowing that Cora's red lips were smiling, smiling, as her eyes followed my colossal retreat; for I had a hunch what that looked like. I had had a view of myself in two mirrors once.

The fat girl!

It had seemed a long, long way from where I left him standing on the beach to the boathouse. And it seemed a long way home.

I hadn't been in the house two minutes before one of our newspapers—we have three, semi-weeklies, in Harriston—called me up on the 'phone for "particulars" and my "picture"! I hung that Mister Man up in a hurry. Just a bit later one of "the boys" of one of the other papers had the cheek to come to the house to "interview" me. He got his interview; but they never printed what I said.

. . . .

HE came up to our house that evening, after tea, clean-shaven, black-haired, clear-eyed, in white serge, to thank me again. And he *was* so clean-cut and slender that I—I *hated* him. Somebody has said, somewhere, that hate is nearer to a great love than a mild affection. He didn't look *thin* in his immaculate clothes and linen, as he had looked in his swimming suit.

I forgot to mention his name when I introduced you to him. Garry Miles.

He sat on the verandah and talked; such a wonderfully magnetic voice. It was plain to me that Dad and Mother liked him right away. You simply couldn't help liking him. That was Cora's trouble, too. And it was going to be the trouble with all the girls in town very soon.

The Nevilles' place and ours adjoin, and our lawns are one, as it were, with just a low hedge between, and gaps in it. And presently, of course, Cora strolled over, in that innocent, casual way of her's. All in white, too; in a daringly short skirt, showing her slim silk-stockinged ankles and slender feet, with the light of the westering late-setting sun, going down a blazing red, shining in her fluffy golden hair. She was over-powdered, of course, and with that everlasting little black patch that she affects, to direct attention to her well-moulded chin; looking, indeed, what men consider very

(*Continued on page 23.*)

Strong, motive type; great intensity of feeling. Sensitive, retiring, dignified, sympathetic. [Courtesy, Selznick Pictures.

WILL YOUR DAUGHTER MAKE A MOVIE STAR?

By ARTHUR B. FARMER
Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

Registered at Ottawa in accordance with Copyright Act

The out-of-door sports girl; splendid physique, muscularly strong, unlimited energy, full of life; active, quick, adaptable. [Courtesy, Mutual Film Corp.

Ingénue type; sweet innocence; rapid change of feeling and expression; trustful; strong affections. [Courtesy, Mutual Film Corp.

Sensitive, imaginative, sentimental, impractical and irresponsible. Very artistic, fond of beauty; disdainful, petulant. [Courtesy, Triangle-Fine Arts.

The strong, serious type, well adapted to tragedy and heavy parts. Self-reliant, but only moderately ambitious. [Courtesy, Selznick Pictures.

Serious, thoughtful, artistic, musical; conscience and sense of duty. An artist in the selection, designing, and wearing of clothes. [Courtesy, Mutual Film Corp.

Well balanced, good at playing character parts. Strong affections; aggressive type of affection, sometimes not reciprocated. [Courtesy, Mutual Film Corp.

TWENTY years ago the moving picture was practically unknown, and the growth which this form of entertainment has achieved is nothing short of phenomenal. The Dominion Government figures show this:

The Dominion of Canada receives six hundred thousand dollars in duty paid on films alone, which come into the country yearly, and two hundred thousand dollars annually in censorship fees. In addition to this, a license of fifty dollars is imposed by most cities on each moving picture house within its limits, which brings the amount of taxes paid by this one amusement up to nearly one million dollars a year.

All the films shown in Canada up to the present have been produced elsewhere, but the first Canadian studio is about to be opened in Trenton, Ont., and will, in a few months, be producing moving pictures; other Canadian studios will soon follow.

The Movies, like every new thing, have met with a varied welcome, and have come through many vicissitudes—they have had to combat prejudice, distrust, and suspicion from without, and from within the readjustments necessary to any new and untried enterprise.

Without doubt, those who opposed the development of the Moving Picture business had some reason for their prejudice and distrust. It was claimed that they would lower the artistic standard of the public; that their influence would be demoralizing; that a good, clean, wholesome entertainment could not be given for such a low price; and that many would form the habit of spending their evenings at the picture shows when they should be engaged in a more profitable occupation, in study, or in some outdoor recreation.

In the early days the worst of these predictions were in a fair way of fulfilment, but the companies who put on films that were open to question speedily found that it did not pay, and that the right-minded public would not spend their time or their dollars for that kind of show. Censorship followed, which increased the Government's revenue and protected the nation's morals. And the steady improvement which has been and is being made in the class of films presented is a matter for sincere congratulation—an improvement so great that there are but few films shown to-day which the most particular and fastidious could condemn or would hesitate to attend.

A Phenomenal Growth

THE development of the Moving Picture has been wonderful, and its possibilities are unlimited. From the one-reel funny film with no object but a laugh, to the film of many reels which takes you all around the world as it is to-day and as it has been through all the ages, is a far cry; and it is also a far cry from a laugh to a liberal education—and that is exactly what the best films are—a liberal education.

The Moving Picture apparatus is being installed in Young Men's Christian Associations; it is being sent out from town to village, from village to hamlet by the Government with its reels of clean amusement and of broad-minded instruction; it is being introduced into schools, bringing travel and culture and knowledge right to the children—travel and culture and knowledge which could not be obtained otherwise but by the expenditure of much time and money.

It is being used by the Ontario Government to show the Provincial Plowing Matches, fruit growing, orchard cultivation, the prize winners in the International Stock Show, and the work done in school farms and gardens from the distribution of the seed to the fall School Fair.

The Toronto Technical School is using films of great educational value—one series illustrates the construction of an automobile and requires an hour and a half to show; another is a forest travelogue. It is the intention of the Board to secure films illustrating different occupations so that the student may gain a clear knowledge of the work and conditions of work in various industries, and thus be in a better position to make an intelligent choice of occupation.

The Ontario Government intends using Moving Pictures in the instruction of the returned soldier who will settle on the land. It was Charles Wesley who set sacred words to popular tunes, saying that it was not right that the devil should have all the good music; and were Charles Wesley here to-day, he would endorse the action of the school and of the church, holding that it is not right that the devil should have a monopoly of the use of new inventions. The devil, in these days as in those, loses no smallest opportunity of embellishing his service with pleasure and entertainment. The Movies can compete with objectionable entertainment as well as with lectures and prayer meetings.

Many a citizen who spent his evenings at the hotel bar now takes his family to the Movies; many a boy, who spent *his* evenings loafing at the corner, now views a wonderful panorama of ancient and modern history; many a girl, who spent *her* evenings loitering on the streets, now sits in an orderly, well-lighted hall and learns something of the beauty of flowers, and the practical carving of a fowl; many a mother, who spent *her* evenings in the sloppy gown she had worn all day, now hurries through "the dishes" and finds recreation for body and new life for mind in watching a favourite Movie Star; many a boy and girl from poor homes learns something of the culture and refinement of manners of the well-to-do.

As a Vocation

THE Moving Picture business is so new that it has scarcely been considered seriously as a possible vocation, and yet its attractions are so great that every girl who attends a Moving Picture Show thinks that she would like to be a Movie Actress, and that, given the opportunity, she might become a Star. The reasons are obvious: the Movie Actress is the centre of admiration and holds the attention of thousands; she appears to enjoy her work, and that work looks so easy! And then there are the salaries—who can fail to be impressed with the salaries some of these Stars are reported as receiving!

What are the essentials of success? If you visit the Moving Picture Theatre, you find actors and actresses, tall and short, fat, medium, and thin, fair and dark, beautiful and homely. It would seem at first blush that almost any kind of person stands a chance of making a hit with the public, if the opportunity were given to go before the camera.

It is popularly supposed that the qualifications needed on the Movie Stage are the same as those that make for success on the regular or legitimate stage, but this is very far from being the case. On the legitimate stage great emphasis is laid on the ability to assume different characters. A great actor is he who successfully played *Hamlet* last night, can present *Macbeth* to-night, and portray *King Lear, Shylock, Richard III, Romeo, or Julius Caesar* to-morrow night, impersonating each character so completely that the audience is not reminded that the actor is the same. But in the Movies, while there is a demand for those who can play different parts, you will notice that the Stars are always themselves. You recognize little Mary Pickford in a moment, regardless of the play or of her part in it.

A company producing plays for the camera is called on to produce only one finished performance, and not any number, running from a one-night engagement to forty or fifty weeks; therefore, they cannot afford to give the time necessary to many rehearsals without which it is impossible for any actress to take a part foreign to her own nature, and for the members of any company to learn to act together so as to present a harmonious and pleasing whole. Most of the scenes in the Movies are photographed after but one or two rehearsals, and for this reason the actors and actresses must be perfectly adapted to the parts they are to play—so adapted that they merely have to be themselves, as otherwise their acting would be stilted and unnatural.

A greater number of women succeed in the Movies than men, for the simple reason that the average production requires two actresses to one actor.

Qualifications Required

I ASKED several prominent men in the Moving Picture business what they considered the most important qualifications necessary to success in this form of acting, and without exception, their answers were the same: the ability to photograph well; the gift of naturalness; the charm of personality.

The ability to (*Continued on page 41.*)

Ingénue type; vivacious, rapid change of feeling. Fond of admiration; very ambitious and thorough. [Courtesy, Artcraft Pictures Corp.

The dominating, determined, masterful type. Practical, capable, selfish ambition. Wins her way regardless of others. [Courtesy, Mutual Film Corp.

Vampire type; disdainful, almost cruel; self-confident and self-controlled; strength and courage; self-reliant, independent, decided. [Courtesy, Mutual Film Corp.

Deep, philosophical type, full of life energy; far deeper than appears on the surface; conscientious, self-reliant. Character and burlesque parts. [Courtesy, Vogue.

The sweet, sincere type, with feelings slowly roused, but strong; strength and energy, affection and trust. [Courtesy, Universal Films.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

By ISABEL PATERSON

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX

New Readers Begin Here:

DREAMY, and living much in the dreams she fashioned from the old romances she read, Hope Fielding, at twelve, lived in a world unreal, but real to her.

To her father's lonely ranch in Alberta came three strangers talking of the railroad which was coming through; and one of these, Conroy Edgerton, who had a daughter about Hope's age, sent her a box of chocolates. When the railroad did come, Mr. Fielding, who was a path-maker, not a money-maker, moved back farther north.

Hope was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through the Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in a hotel where Evan Hardy—one of the men—was boarding. Here Conroy Edgerton came.

CHAPTER III.

BELLA, the fat waitress, lay abed with an acute indigestion, groaning, and Hope took her place. She stood behind the screen which sheltered the kitchen door, yawning delicately, for it was not yet seven o'clock, and watching for the early comers to the dining-room. They, too, yawned and rubbed their eyes, and looked disconsolate and lonely in the big room, seated before desert-like expanses of more or less white linen. Agnes swayed to and fro along the cocoa matting lane between the two rows of tables, moving with the grace of a Greek girl bearing an amphora upon her shoulder instead of a lacquered tin tray. Agnes was slender and black-eyed, with cheek bones of a betraying prominence; she had a certain graciousness of manner that disarmed even the hardiest commercial traveller; and the early ones sought her tables. Hope drew her behind the screen a moment.

"If a big man in a grey suit comes in—and a white waistcoat—will you please let me take his order?" she asked confidentially. Agnes was in haste, and nodded a "yes," not stopping to reason why. Immediately the big man came in, pink-faced and fresh and yawnless, and sat at one of Hope's own tables, in a retired corner near one of the long windows. His waistcoat shamed the linen desert, and the early sunlight glittered on a diamond in his tie.

"Beefsteak — porkshops — hamaneggs — teaorcoffee?" Hope murmured timidly over his shoulder. There were other words on her tongue, but she waited to see if any gleam of recognition lighted his eye. It did not. She retreated, and returned with such viands as he designated. The other early ones were leaving; there is always a lull between the very early and the chronically late. Hope sat in the window and watched him attack his beefsteak, drawing the white muslin curtains about her, and looking out from between them like a little nun from her white coif. He was quite aware of it, and waited until the door had closed on the last of the other breakfasters. Then, seeing him about to speak, she forestalled him.

"Thank you for the chocolates," she murmured gently.

"The what?" he asked, slightly surprised and giving the beefsteak a moment's truce.

"The chocolates." Hope spoke very firmly, despite her unconquerable blushes. She still blushed and stuttered when she most wished to preserve a calm and matter-of-fact demeanour. "I got them. I wanted to write, but there was no address. It's four years ago, but I remember."

"Four years ago?" He looked properly apologetic. "You stopped at our house, on Whitewater Creek, with two other men. I wasn't very big then."

"I should say," remarked Edgerton, resuscitating the memory with difficulty, "that you aren't very big now. You—why, yes! I do remember you. And what are you doing here?"

"I brought your breakfast," she reminded him.

"You did—," he looked at it in confirmation. "But—tell me all about it."

"I'm working here. Usually I'm upstairs. The other waitress is sick this morning. I have to work, you know."

"Do you?" He seemed genuinely interested. "Do you like it here?"

"It isn't so bad. Of course I'm not going to stay forever."

"Where are you going from here?"

Hope was quite ready to chatter, when she had so good an audience.

"To Normal School. I had to earn the money to go. I want to teach drawing. I finished High School last year; I stayed with my sister Nell. But there isn't any Normal School there, so I had to earn money to pay my board."

"Where are your parents?" He was thinking of his own daughter. "Are they still at Whitewater?"

"No—when the railroad came they moved—away North. The range was gone. And beef is only three and a half on the hoof this year—in Alberta. I wanted to do this." She wished to defend them even from his implication.

"That's right. You're a plucky kid. Do you like chocolates yet?"

"M-mm," she nodded.

"Where can I see you? I'd like to talk things over a little."

He made a deal of noise falling—as though the roof had come down. Hope had clubbed her gun; she knew guns, and was not inclined to use it more messily and—she was not sure that it was loaded.

SHE reflected. Where could she see any one, except here in the public dining-room! Evan was an exception. He was "only Evan." So Agnes said, and Agnes was always right. Agnes was twenty-two and had much understanding of men. Hope meant to extract that fund of information some time, but hitherto embarrassment had overcome her on approaching the topic. She could only ask guidance on specific occasions.

"Do you want to see me? Why?"

She became a living interrogation mark, her eyes pointing it.

He laughed, the laugh she remembered. "Heavens, child, I won't hurt you. Maybe I can help you. You don't look suited to this." His glance comprehended the dining-room, passed through its walls, encompassed the hotel, included the town contemptuously.

"Well—," she considered. "There's a little balcony, upstairs; the third floor, off the hall. No one goes there. No one could see me, after dinner. If you like—"

"All right. At eight o'clock."

"Eight-thirty," she offered. "We have to wash the silver and glass, after dinner." She made a face at the task.

"Just as you say." He drew out a thin gold watch and consulted it. "I guess my car will be waiting, I must go—good heavens, I forget your name."

"Hope Fielding."

"To-night, then, Miss Fielding," he said courteously. She reflected that most of the men who came to the hotel would have instantly and unceremoniously used her first name. He went out, his face stiffening into a mask at the last moment, as Agnes re-entered. The significance of it was lost on her. With him it was not quite instinctive, for he had a genial soul, but second nature. He had gained large possessions, and instead of their bringing him ease withal, he must be perpetually on the defensive to keep them. It was indiscreet, he knew, to have made the appointment at all, for he feared women possibly more than men, but he had made his money as much by his understanding of human nature as by his foresight in the matter of practical opportunities. In a country where any man might be rich, and yet not all might, it had been necessary for him to know whom he could trust. And he knew there is a splendid recklessness about the young which makes them worthy of confidence. They have not learned to weigh advantages against good faith. No, he was quite sure of Hope, even though he did not quite know why he had asked to see her.

NOR did Agnes, when Hope told her, during the afternoon, when they should have been resting, or sewing buttons, or darning stockings, or anything except retailing confidences — naively veiled and hesitant confidences, punctuated by occasional blushes of Hope, and gropings after the desired, but not too revealing word, by Agnes. Agnes was quite four years the elder, but in ordinary converse the difference did not make itself felt; the younger girl's quick-flashing mind and habit of thought overleaped the gap. But now she sat at Agnes' feet and imbibed wisdom.

"Maybe he's all right," said Agnes dubiously. With her it was not the situation, but the man, who made it "all right" or otherwise. Experience had taught her how much "nice customs courtesy to great kings," and her ruler was necessity. "If you used to know him, of course — but where are you going to see him? Oh, the little balcony! That's different! Tell me what he's like. He never came here before, but he left a dollar under his plate last night. He didn't ask you to go to his room, did he?"

"No."

"Then he's all right. Look out for the others."

"That Sanderson did ask me. The pig! He waited for me in the hall; I know that was all he was waiting for."

"I hope you snubbed him properly." Hope nodded.

"He's a rotter," added Agnes with conviction.

"I don't like him," Hope agreed. "But—"

"Yes?"

"Why mustn't we—I—" She floundered hopelessly, and Agnes did not help her. "I don't like him; I never want to see him. But he—no one could hurt me, could they? It's all the same to me—isn't it to you? I mean anywhere, any time. Why can't we go where we please? Why can't they—leave us alone?"

"Men are different," said Agnes shortly. "Don't you know?"

"No."

"I guess they're crazy," Agnes pursued, with a judicial air. "Didn't you ever see one—go off his head?" She spoke in the detached manner of an entomologist discussing the habits of some rare and curious bug, at first, but Hope noticed a little shudder run over her as she finished, and her lip curled back in distaste.

Agnes was a Roman Catholic, and devout, if human. Perhaps that explained, in part. The rest her surroundings accounted for; and her view-point was absolutely correct, allowing for the angle.

"No," said Hope again, rather breathless and embarrassed. Once before Agnes (*Continued on page 47*)

MY CAREER

By MARGARET ANGLIN

(Fifth Instalment)

HOW WE PRODUCED "THE GREAT DIVIDE"

THE question occasionally is asked if I have any yet unrealized desire in connection with my career on the stage. Without hesitation and in all sincerity, I can answer that question in the affirmative. Frankly, I might admit to more than one desire. Yet there is one which continually and persistently has importuned its recognition. That desire is to be able regularly to go to bed early—very early; in the vernacular of the, in this respect, more fortunate ruralist, to "go to bed with the chickens."

And when I say "the desire to," the expression is used with a strict valuation of what it implies. For it is only at exceptional and far-between times that my "desire to" is realized.

On the infrequent occasions when by happy chance I am favoured with the opportunity to retire before twelve o'clock, midnight, I feel that almost, if not quite, I have attained to my heart's desire. For midnight as a retiring hour is "early, very early" for me. When working in the theatre, the actor is indeed fortunate who regularly can retire before one or two o'clock in the morning. This applies in especial to playing tours "on the road," when the hours for sleep are so uncertain and variable that one must be satisfied with what desultory sleep may be had; also, whenever and wherever.

More frequently I am asked if I have any hobbies. I have. Who has not? It seems to me that people would indeed be out of touch with life if they did not entertain some sort of hobby, always providing, of course, that it is wholesome and that it is a possession and not an obsession. Really, our lives are more or less made up of hobbies, most of which, fortunately, are constructive, whether they be thought, effort, or practice.

Also, just as one has a favourite perfume, a favourite song, or flower, or beverage, or what-not, so one usually has a favourite hobby. My favourite, or at least the one I most enjoy, is that of talking about Canada and its people.

However, I always find it quite difficult to confine myself to any definite and distinctive expression in regard to any one special section of the Dominion or of any one particular class or type of its people.

It seems that I no sooner finish talking about the advantages of living in Toronto, than I want to talk about the great future in store for the country around Winnipeg; if I have proclaimed the delights of St. John, I immediately have a desire to dwell upon the picturesque life around about Victoria and Vancouver; if I have told of the wonderful resources of the land of Regina and Edmonton, it seems a natural instinct for me to want to outdo Jack and the Bean Stalk, to don the legendary Seven League Boots and straightway to find myself in quaint old Peterborough, where I arrived "on tour" at 6.30 one cold, snowy morning in the heart of a most glorious Canadian winter, and where, to my pleased surprise, I found the great, luxurious sleigh of an acquaintance awaiting my arrival. The footman, whose face was not discernable through its veil of frost and snow, with the confidence of a sure recognition, stepped forward and said, "Miss Anglin, Mrs. Blank presents her compliments and requests that you stay with her to-day."

Fatigued after a tiresome night journey and feeling the need of a restful sleep which I did not get, the prospect of home comforts, as compared with hotel service, appealed to me as an alluring oasis in a bleak white world of snow and ice, and you may be assured that I accepted, quite joyfully.

Merrily we bundled into the sleigh, my secretary and maids, bags and baggage. The whiplash cracked, the horses reared in sheer delight to be away, and we were off at a breath-taking clip, plowing through the great feathery smother of snow and flying frost, which quickly so covered us that we must have appeared to the passers-by as a right jolly party of fairy Kris Kringles out for a joy ride.

WE were all thoroughly inspirited with the exhilarating ride, when finally the big sleigh stopped under the spacious *porte-cochere* and the hospitable portals of the mansion were thrown wide to receive us. The first cheery sight that greeted us through the open doorway was a bright blazing fire burning in a great open hearth; welcome sufficient in itself to our chilled and snow-covered company.

Near the warmth of the big fireplace, waiting in readiness for our inner comfort, a large table was spread with the most tempting of foods. I can yet see the gleaming silver laid upon the snowy napery, surrounded by the most exquisite service of delicate china and glistening cut glass, which caught the kaleidoscopic flare of the flames and reflected scintillating rays as brilliant as the sparkle of diamonds and rubies.

I never shall forget how gratefully inviting was the appearance of that supremely immaculate table, to say nothing of the savory foods, the great platter of eggs and toast, the crisp bacon and nut-brown chops, the syrupy rich preserves, the delicious jams, the tempting array of luscious fresh fruit and the juicy baked apples with cream, which adorned it. But greatest, and possibly just then the most welcome treat of all, was the most wonderful pot of tea I ever drank in my life.

And so it usually has been given me to enjoy an experience of hospitality and friendliness in all my tours through Canada. All 'round the world the fame of the "Southern hospitality" of the American States below the "Mason and Dixon" line is a phrase to conjure with, and many and marvellous are the stories told of the open-heartedness and unselfish liberality of the Southern host and hostess. Yet I doubt if the justly famed generosity of the Southern States surpasses, if it quite equals, the spontaneous spirit of hospitality so artlessly manifested by the true Canadian.

This photo was taken while I was playing "The Great Divide," the manuscript of which so impressed me that from the time I received it one evening until late the following morning, I studied, dissected, and analyzed the play, line by line, and word by word. (*Photo by Aime Dupont*

Since my connection with the notable success of the production of "The Great Divide," I often have been asked from what source I expect the next great play to come. I long have entertained an answer to this question, and I have a sort of innate conviction that I am justified in my conclusion.

In short, then, I believe that some time, somehow, from somewhere in the fertile reaches of the great Northwest of Canada, a tremendous play will come to honour the stage, and to grasp and hold the public with its convincing picture of modern, red blooded life.

This great play, which I so confidently expect to be produced in an early future, may be written by some college professor at Edmonton; or it may be born in the mind of a driver or a miner as he plods through the white wastes of the Yukon; or it may be framed from the stressful experiences of an intrepid Royal Canadian North West Mounted Police; or it may be evolved by some imaginative trapper following the long, silent trails through Hudson Bay region; or it may be conceived in the brain of a Canadian Pacific brakesman giving rein to his day-dreams as he lazes in the sun atop a freight car while his train swings leisurely about in the sublime ruggedness of the mountain passes or drifts through the sun-kissed valleys of the Cariboo country, or it may be that it will be developed with the expanding intellect of a creative-minded plowboy as he drives along in the furrows on the broad plains of Saskatchewan.

But from whomever it may come, or wherever he may be located, or whatever his vocation or his experiences in life, the play eventually will come, and it will come from that section, and it will be a powerful, virile play, full of the essence and the spirit of vigorous, forceful life—because it will come from a new, a quickening, and a wonderful world.

BEFORE writing further of my experiences in the theatre, I wish just here to say a word in appreciation of my present staff of stage assistants, to whose intelligent co-operation and splendid support I feel personally indebted. One of the most important factors which go to make for success in the theatre is the organization, an organization of capable, qualified, loyal executive forces efficiently working in harmony to one end and purpose.

And I can congratulate myself that I now am so unusually fortunate in having a staff of extraordinarily able and experienced lieutenants. I desire particularly to emphasize my high appreciation of my stage manager, Mr. Ralph George Kemmet, and my stage director, Mr. Howard Lindsay, each having been with me for the past four years.

I can say without reservation and without exception that Mr. Kemmet and Mr. Lindsay can translate thought into action more expertly, more unerringly, and more quickly than any members of any staff I ever have had associated with me in the theatre. Both of these men are really wonderful, each in his separate sphere.

During the past four years I have produced eighteen plays—four of Shakespeare, three revivals of Shakespeare, four Greek plays, two of Oscar Wilde, three successful American plays, and two revivals of English comedies. And of these eighteen plays I have not produced one that Mr. Kemmet and Mr. Lindsay did not stand the brunt and the bulk of the work in bringing them out. In a word, and conservatively, I may sum up my estimate of them by saying that always they are "*tireless, matchless, elate.*"

AN amusing example of Mr. Kemmet's almost omniscience, if not omnipresence, in his own department as stage manager, occurred during the preparation for our rehearsal of one of the Greek plays in California.

One morning I went down quite early, fully expecting to have the theatre all to myself. The dozens of carpenters who had been rushing their work in day and night shifts finally had completed their task and departed, and I, therefore, was enjoying the anticipation of being relieved of the nerve-racking clangor of pounding hammers and grating saws.

But lo! the moment I entered the house the din of a most prodigious hammering assaulted my ears. It was as though a Bedlam of Furies had broken loose. First there would come what seemed to be the violent slamming about of a material section of a lumber yard that would terminate in a dull thud, as of heavy planking being viciously hurled against a hollow vault, after which there would follow an incessant hammering that would have done credit to a pair of steam riveters competing for a prize in a test of speed.

The very luck of it! I had come early to be alone in putting a few finishing touches on some of my work, and with good reason to expect quiet in the absence of the carpenters. And here were a possible half-dozen of the noisy artisans working at high pressure—or at least it seemed to me there must be so many as that, or more.

With the intention of learning when they might be through with their work, and peace and quiet be assured, I walked down the aisle of the unlit theatre, up to the stage and in the direction of the deafening din, which quite naturally was greatly accentuated by the very hollowness of the big building. As I came on the stage, I could localize the sound as emanating from behind a mass of piled up stage property and scenery in the wings. I walked to where I could get a view of what was going on, and then I discovered, not the half-dozen carpenters I quite expected to see plying their trade with feverish expedition, but instead the vision of my dapper young stage manager.

But upon this particular occasion I must say that he was neither dapper nor mentionably neat, nor even altogether good to look upon. His coat and vest had been flung aside, his sleeves were rolled up to the elbows, one suspender had slipped its moorings, an end of his collar was loosened, his necktie hung awry, his hair was disheveled, his cheeks the ripe, rich red of a lip-stick, and over all there trickled in glowing, glistening rivulets a sweltering flood of perspiration.

In appearance at least he was a subject more fit for a padded cell than for a drawing-room scene *de luxe*. He rather resembled a low-comedy movie actor after passing through a slap-stick explosion scene, or a twentieth century Daniel after an all-night session in the lion's den.

For the moment I was too astonished to speak, and he was too intent upon his work to notice my approach. With a hammer in one hand, his mouth full of nails and a do-or-die expression in his eye, he clapped another board upon a big frame, now taking shape as a capacious vault, and thereupon pounced on the unoffending structure and began to drive nails into it with the vehement abandon of a cyclone and the unerring precision of a machine.

Although I had no idea what he was about, yet I could not but admire the surpassing energy with which he went about it.

But whatever it was, the din was setting my nerves on edge. I stepped near where he stood and said, rather petulantly, I fear: "Well, Mr. Kemmet, can't you

(*Continued on page 45*)

"DUMMY JOE"

By BERTHA C. FOSTER GOLDER
Author of
"The Rose Celeste," "The Fates of Three," etc., etc.

The story of a man whose silence spoke louder than words

Illustrated by MARCEL OLIS

Joe was sitting upright, rigid as he had died that awful night. A letter was found in his pocket, sealed and stamped, and with the address partly written: "Miss Amy ———" Had he changed his mind, or——— ?

"DUMMY JOE" was the mail carrier. His mail route was from Lloydminster, across the Saskatchewan river, to Scentgrass Lake, and was the longest and loneliest in Saskatchewan. The route was as the man and the man as the route, both were notorious for their silence; hence Joe's sobriquet: "Dummy Joe."

Who was he? From whence did he come?

One day the job of mail carrier was empty, and the old postmaster of the Scentgrass postoffice, who had grown too sciatic for the long, wearisome trip himself, was searching his mind as to where to get a driver, when Joe blew in.

There was not a thing in Joe's appearance to recommend him for the job; on the other hand, there were all the obtrusive marks of the tender-foot to discredit him under the suspicious and disdainful scrutiny of the rough pioneer postmaster, who scratched his gray head long and laboriously with the well-bitten end of his stump of a pen and scowled dubiously at the smart eastern toggery of the applicant. The one and only thing that restrained a blunt negative was the claim of the young man that he was well used to horses, which claim he proved to the letter. So they let him take the job, rather than gave it to him.

From the first he was strangely reserved and taciturn. He evaded questions, evaded them politely in a quiet, peculiar way that gave no offence to the questioner. The postmistress, a well known busybody in everybody's affairs in the settlement and an adept in the art of "worming" into the business of others, failed to elicit a gleam of information from him in spite of her many and determined attacks. He was as close as a Chinaman.

Matters had stood thus for two years. Joe Smith was his name; he had had some experience with horses; he neither sent nor received any mail; he was always even-tempered; his habits were regular; he was punctuality itself, for he was always on the dot to face the trail, no matter what weather was outside.

His gaunt figure, generally clothed in a sheepskin lined coat, had become familiar and a recognized unit in the order of things at the stopping places, and he had accepted and had become accustomed to his name, "Dummy Joe," so accustomed, in fact, that he had ceased to smile in his quiet way when so addressed. His horses were the only creatures for which he appeared to have any definite interest. They were his first and last care; no matter how late, or tired, or hungry he might be, they received the same consideration. The nags responded to his attentions. From two ragged, ill-matched cayuses, he produced quite an enviable team; tough, long-winded, good-goers and fresh to the finish on the long, hard trail.

SO Joe was left alone with his job; only the women, their curiosity unsatisfied, remained, as it were, lying in ambush to surprise him at some moment into talking.

Since the New Year, the cold had increased and the storms had become unusually severe. Joe had had some trying journeys this winter, but had come through with the mail all right and with hardly a comment upon the tremendous difficulties he had had to overcome.

It was the bitterest day in the bitter month of February, and he sat in the warm kitchen of the postoffice waiting for the bags which the postmaster was now sealing. He was meditating upon the grim fight he would soon be called upon to wage against the stiff blizzard that awaited him outside. The soft, noiseless, chilling current from the remorseless north was now lifting and drifting the powdery snow and packing it into a hundred barricades across the trail. The track would soon be obliterated, but the thought brought no sense of fear; his steady nags, even without his hand to guide them, knew every inch of the trail. Yes, he would again make it all right, if the nags could face the storm.

The postmistress was making bread and cookies, her busy stout arms dusted with flour. She glanced at Joe, as he sat twirling his hat in his hands and gazing at the glowing ashpan of the stove.

"You'll have a bad trip, this one, Joe," she said in her sharp, but not unkindly, way.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered in his usual short way.

"I guess this is the worst winter you've put in yet?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where you come from it ain't so bad?"

"No." He shook his head and twirled his hat a trifle quicker.

"Ever been in British Columbia, eh, Joe?"

"No, ma'am."

He looked toward the inner room, where the back of the postmaster was visible stooping over the mailbags. An uneasy light came into Joe's eye; his mood to-night did not assist him to so easily turn her questions aside. He longed to be gone.

"I guess the winters down east ain't near as bad as here?" she continued with obstinate persistency.

"I guess not," Joe answered very measuredly and slowly. The postmistress saw clearly he was evading her attack; she grew a little vexed and felt she would have liked to literally shake his secret from him. She again glanced at him as he sat and twirled his hat, with his eyes on the back of the postmaster. She was tempted to give him what she felt, a hard dig.

"Any one can see you've not been used to this kind of life. Your people are well fixed, I'll bet!"

Joe looked around at her in his peculiar way and uttered a mere monosyllable in reply: "So!" He immediately got up and went into the room where the postmaster was working at the bags.

"All fixed, Joe! I should persuade you to stay over. The storm's a bad one already, and it's getting worse. Maybe you'd better stay over?"

Joe shook his head. "No, no, we'll get through—somehow."

He shouldered the bags and passed out into the storm.

They knew it was useless to try and detain him, but it was not without misgivings they watched him into the sleigh and saw him wrap himself in his rugs and drive off into the blizzard.

TWO weeks later a search party found Joe. He was sitting upright, rigid as he had died, frozen to death in his sleigh only five miles from the post. The horses, unable to face the storm, had turned from the trail, and on the lee side of a small bluff the three had perished together during that awful night.

In the pocket of Joe's overcoat they found his pocket-book; it contained two letters, one sealed and stamped, but the address on this was only commenced: "Miss Amy ——," as though the writer had been either interrupted while writing or had changed his mind and refrained from completing it. The latter supposition seemed justified by reason of the soiled and aged appearance of the envelope. The second letter was stamped and fully addressed, but not sealed. It was addressed to Mrs. M. Moorehouse, then the name of a small town near Toronto, Ontario. They read the contents of the letter; it was addressed to his mother:

"My dear Mother:

"I am alive and well. To-night something urges me to break this long and cruel silence and to write you, dear Mother, the only one I felt never entirely believed the odious charge they brought against me, a charge beyond my power to disprove. My father—Heaven knows how I always respected him and you!—my Amy, my wife that was to be, my very nearest friends, too, all, all believed me criminal; but you, I know, in spite of all appearances, felt your son was not a thief. See how I hang even on such a consolation in my banishment! I do not know to this day who stole that money from my care, nor where it went. Whoever did this deed, I have borne his crime and his punishment. God forgive him, for he truly needs forgiveness! I have overcome the bitterness I carried away in my heart; I have lived honestly and soberly. I have saved $200 at the most monotonous, spirit-wearing occupation a man can be condemned to. It has done me good; it has curbed my pride, but not broken my spirit. I have two fast, true friends, my horses.

"The winter might be a little shorter, the sun might be a little brighter, and the world appear a little less gray, if I were sure my mother did really believe in her

Ever loving son,
GEOFF."

At last the postmistress' curiosity was partly satisfied. She would have read the contents of the other letter, but her husband, partly out of respect for the law, and partly because of a dim uneducated sympathy for his unfortunate mail carrier and his secret, forbade her. The letter with the incomplete address they enclosed in the one to his mother and sent both along by post.

The remains of the poor mail carrier they placed in a rude, home-made coffin and buried him in the little wind-swept, lone burial ground on a knoll not far from the postoffice, marking the mound with a simple wooden slab. Then the postmaster scrawled a few lines with his stubbed pen to Joe's mother, stating the sad news of her son's death and saying, in a postscript, that his few possessions could be had at any time, or she might say how they were to be disposed of.

It was some time before he received a reply. This came in the form of a letter from an eastern lawyer, advising him that Mrs. Moorehouse had been dead some months and asking if he knew the reason why the letter addressed to Miss Amy ——, now Mrs. Fielder, had not been posted, as it contained a matter of great personal interest to the lady addressed, and quite unexpectedly furnished a clue to the actual perpetrator of the theft which Mr. Moorehouse had been so unfortunately charged with; also, that it was a matter of great concern to all the late Mr. Moorehouse's friends, and especially to his father, who was prostrated with grief, to learn how he had spent his time, his circumstances, how he met his death, and where buried. A cheque sufficient to cover any expenses was enclosed.

The postmaster replied in his illiterate way as fully as he could, and nothing more was heard from the lawyer. The postmistress' curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied at last.

ON a glorious mild evening in the June following a powerful motor car lurched over that rough trail. It reached the little out-of-the-way settlement and pulled up at the postoffice. There were two occupants besides the driver, a fashionably dressed gentleman and an extremely pale lady, whose face and demeanor indicated suppressed nervousness or anxiety; her fair hair contrasting strongly with the entire black in which she was dressed. The man quietly and briefly desired to be directed to the cemetery. The way was pointed out by the postmaster and a small weed-encumbered place which was enclosed within a rude, disjointed paling fence. It was situated on a knoll between two straggling poplar bluffs. Within that place lay all that remained of that which was mortal of the unfortunate and abused mail carrier.

The car proceeded at a slow pace toward the place and stopped at the fence. The gentleman alighted and assisted the lady from the car. He would have accompanied her (*Continued on page 36*)

WILL MY BOY BE A MINISTER?

IT is the hope of nearly every mother that her son will turn out to be a minister, knowing that if he has clerical tendencies, he must naturally be devout. However, many a boy who tried to be something else and failed would have made a good minister. Find out if your boy is fitted for a ministerial life. Read Professor Farmer's remarkable article in the May issue.

ALBERTA WOMEN'S WINNING FIGHT AGAINST HIGH COST OF LIVING

By LUCY F. LOGAN

HIGH Cost of Living has grown fat and formidable, but the women of Alberta attacked the problem with all the weapons at their command—and commandeered extra weapons when needed.

No success can be attained without the get-together spirit, and knowing this, the women of Alberta formed themselves into organizations covering the central parts of the Province. Most of these organizations had other important objects, but they all bent their best efforts to the fighting of the common foe—High Cost of Living.

Before the War many were too proud to economize, too proud and too foolish to save, but in these days of world-wide stress, with brave Belgium and famished Serbia crying for food, we have been drawn into a closer sisterhood, that we may work together for the good of all and the prosperity of the country.

What the Women of Calgary Did

In 1913 the Women's Local Council appointed The Home Economics Committee to look into the reason of the High Cost of Living in Calgary.

They found a most shocking state of affairs. The housewives were paying purse-wrecking prices for fruit from the United States, while carloads of British Columbia fruit stood rotting on the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks; and farmers, failing to find a sale for their produce in the Calgary retail stores, filled coolies with tons of potatoes, and dumped carrots into the Bow River; a wholesale market would have eventually brought these fruits and vegetables to the dining table.

The committee saw that one of the first needs was a public market. They knew that the City of Calgary had built a market two years before, but that it had entirely failed to be of any use owing to its inconvenient situation, and for want of advertising.

To tackle this problem when the city had failed seemed a waste of good energy, but in the dictionary of these capable women, the word "impossible" had been omitted.

A public meeting was called in June, 1913, and these facts were placed before it. Several things happened. It was decided to dissolve the Home Economics Committee, and to form an organization entirely separate and distinct from the Women's Local Council.

The Consumers' League of Calgary thus came into being, with Mrs. Newhall, whose energy and attractive personality made her invaluable, as President, Mrs. Hutton as first vice, and Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, now Judge of the Juvenile Court, as second vice president, and with a membership of seventy, which has since grown to about one thousand.

Relics of Cow Town Days

Many of the by-laws relating to the market were found to be relics of the Cow Town period, and with the co-operation of the Mayor and Town Councils these were rescinded or amended. Next the League sent Mrs. William Gale and Mrs. W. N. Davison as delegates to the Legislature urging an amendment to the city charter, which would permit the city to sell on commission. They presented a strong case for The League, and though the discussion was long, the clause was passed.

The success of the market was considered of first importance and one of the greatest factors in the reduction of household expenses. The city market had, in two years, achieved the name and fame of failure, but failure is not a word associated with the women of Alberta, and despite the inconvenient situation, they bent their energies to making it a success.

Organized efforts were made to bring the producer and the consumer together. Nearly five hundred letters were sent to the Farmers' Unions and Women's Institutes, asking searching and awakening questions. A carload of vegetables and fruits from British Columbia was brought into Calgary and sold by the League at the market with profit, and at much lower prices than were asked by the retailer. Later, at the market the immense productiveness of Alberta's own soil in the raising of vegetables and small fruits was abundantly proven. Every effort was made to encourage the Calgary housewives to acquire the market habit and to popularize the market basket—that outward and visible sign of an inward and practical economy. From June to September, the revenue jumped three thousand dollars. In November, throngs of housekeepers attended because of the lower prices of meat, and the market being well heated, it was patronized all winter.

Fish was another item to which these energetic women turned their attention. They brought it in by the ton from Slave Lake and stood in the markets and sold it themselves, and those who bought that fish for the first time came back for more, having learned that but few fish are its equal and none its superior.

Reduction in the price of coal and flour followed—accomplished by the same hearty co-operation, the shoulder-to-shoulder campaign of these public-spirited women, who sank party differences and cheerfully gave time, money, and energy to the work of bettering conditions and reducing the cost of necessities.

The Five-Cent Piece

In the West copper coinage was practically unknown, the five-cent piece being the smallest coin; and thrifty Easterners, expecting smaller change, were superciliously referred to as being from the "Cent Belt." A petition signed by the allied societies of the Local Council of Women was sent to the Board of Trade, asking for copper coinage. The Board of Trade replied that the retailers said the time was not ripe. But the women of Calgary are resourceful, and imported a supply of coppers from the East, and in four months were using them at the market. Shortly after the "Morning Albertan" came down to one cent, the Hudson Bay Company store capitulated, and every one had to follow suit—the women had scored another success and the use of copper coinage was established.

Then they looked into the standardization of Canadian weights and measures, made experiments with seed potatoes, investigated the price of ice, gave their searching attention to the cleanliness and sanitary condition of bakeshops, dairies, meat-shops, laundries, and were active in each and every branch of merchandise and work that in any way touched the health of the home and the housekeeper's pocket.

It was some job! But they did it, these indomitable women of the western city of Calgary.

Edmonton Follows

The Edmonton Consumers' League was formed two years ago to investigate the High Cost of Living and to counteract it by every legitimate means; to study and to teach the principles of co-operation in connection with Home Economics; to watch, influence, and promote civic legislation that would foster home production and home buying.

The first president was Mrs. A. N. Mouat, who has the gift of doing all that comes to her hand graciously, charmingly, and well. Her enthusiasm carried The League through many a hard place in its difficult pioneer days, and now as first vice-president, her interest is still keen. Mrs. A. F. Ewing, the second vice-president, is one of the representative women of the city, and is known for her well chosen word and kind deed whenever and wherever the occasion offers.

Mrs. R. G. Russell, the present efficient president, young, enthusiastic, is wise with the wisdom of those who are eager to learn—none of the heights of knowledge for her until she has travelled the valleys of investigation and made sure of the right paths for the upward climb. In her fertile brain new plans for economic betterment are constantly growing. Her earnest, practical talks at The League meetings are full of the spirit of co-operation. She urges most strongly, in the struggle for economy in the home and the betterment of conditions, the assistance of every home-loving, home-protecting woman in the city—that they serve as wheels, not brakes, on the car of progress. She emphasizes the point that the mission of The Consumer's League is to bring the consumers and dealers together on a basis of fair play.

"We wish the dealers to realize that the members of The Consumers' League are women who know what they want, intend to get it, and know where they do get it. Their intelligent discontent of abuses will right things for all concerned," is Mrs. R. G. Russell's ultimatum to the dealers.

At the meetings of The League, one is impressed with the efficiency of these big-brained, warm-hearted women—their brain and heart are in close connection with their fingers. Knowing how, and being eager to help, and eager, too, to learn, the spirit of comradeship and sympathy is apparent. The amount of work accomplished is due to the habit of cheering rather than jeering, and it is refreshing to remember that, instead of the political status of an idiot, each has attained citizenship through the granting of Equal Suffrage.

The executive and all others who give their time and attention and are constantly on the alert that full value is given for money spent should be well supported; for the work of investigation, planning, and bringing their plans to fruition is done in the midst of innumerable other duties and merely mean a curtailment of leisure—since one cannot curtail that which does not exist.

At the last meeting, reports showed that over sixty meat markets had been visited, and were now under the eye of The League. The majority of the meat men were active along lines of sanitation and proper refrigeration, but a few need to "change some trying habits to a habit of trying." The League has a list of meat shops on file classified according to value given, cleanliness, and sanitary handling of meat.

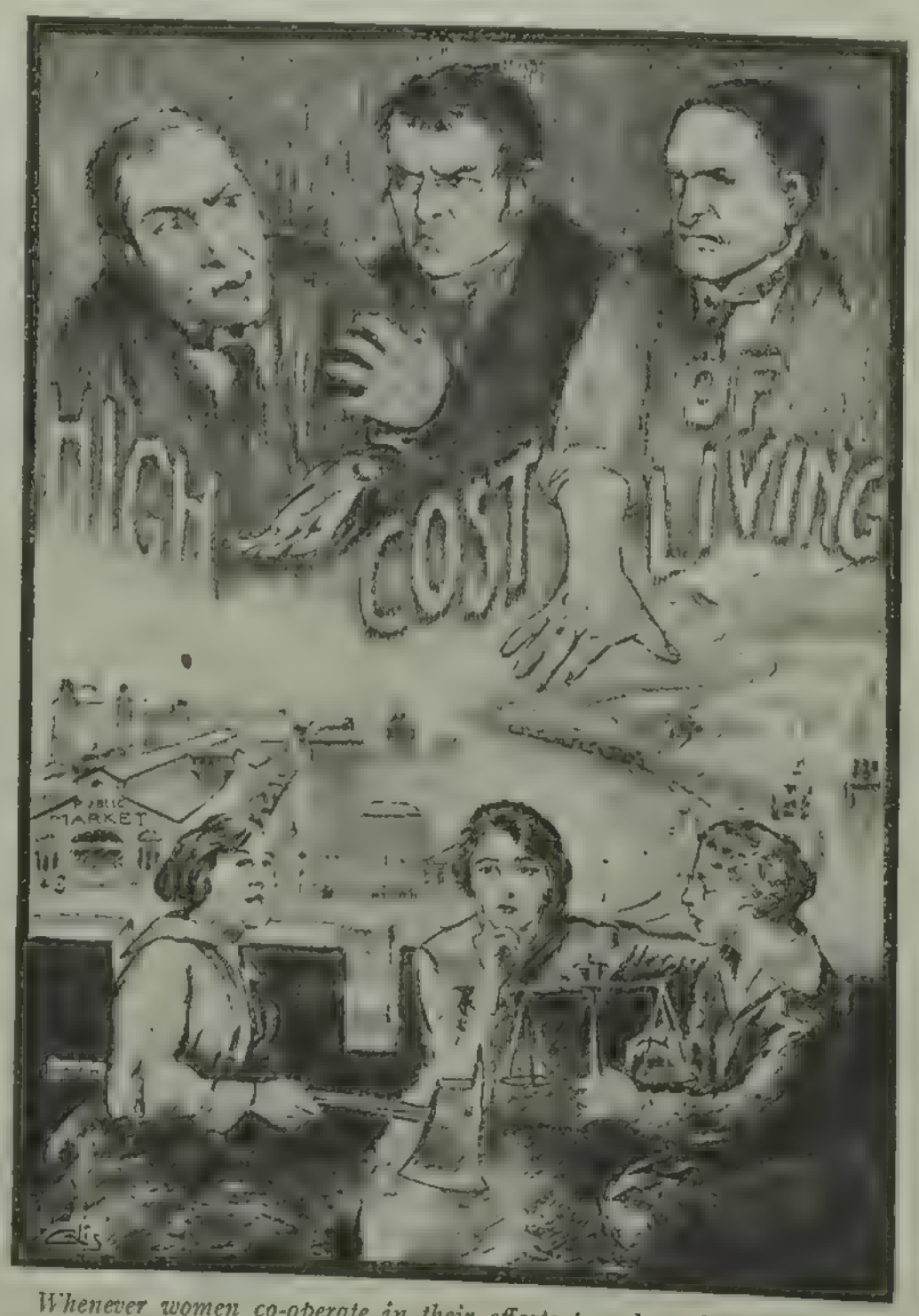
Mrs. A. L. Burt presented a report on the coal of the Edmonton district, which showed careful research; and practical suggestions were made regarding the most economical use of coal in its different forms. The ice report dealt with sanitation and the unnecessary high price in Edmonton as compared with other cities of similar conditions.

Mrs. Hutton brought in an interesting report on vegetables, urging the use of the more delicately flavoured home grown. The discussion on the fruit report showed that The League was strongly in favour of giving British Columbia fruit the preference over that from the United States—better to wait a little later in the season and get better quality at a lower price. A conference was arranged with wholesale fruit representatives. Standardized size and weight of boxes are urgently needed. Dairies, bakeries, laundries, etc., are also on the calling list of these indefatigable committees, who maintain that the regulations must be respected.

The Buy-at-Home Movement

"The Consumers' League aims to encourage home industry, to help Alberta producers to build up a prosperous foundation for our Province, and to make Edmonton able to support its people by encouraging every branch of agricultural and industrial activity that is within our midst or may come to our city. Our idea is to use, whenever possible, Edmonton-made goods, and to deal with Edmonton business concerns where prices and quality warrant. We heartily endorse the Buy-at-Home Movement," declared Mrs. Russell, in outlining the plans of the League.

The League strongly urges the use of Edmonton flour and the buying of bread made from the home flour. Not only are the older manufacturers encouraged, but the new ones also investigated. Recently a committee of The League visited a new candy factory and found conditions so excellent that appetite grew, and their approval was speedily gained. Sending away for goods, when as good or better can be bought at home, does not appeal to the sense of fair play of the League. Distance may lend enchantment to the bargain, but it is *lent*, not given—the enchantment may prove difficult to hold, when the packages are opened. Besides, High Cost of Living is encouraged by the reckless sending away (*Continued on page 54*)



Whenever women co-operate in their efforts to reduce the High Cost of Living, their activities resolve into a monster fight against the forces of greed, graft, and corruption that are responsible for the abnormal price of food.

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT DIE

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

Illustrated By HOWARD EDWARDS

ENID MORTON stood alone in the library of her town house, face to face with the disagreeable truth that she had indulged in her first quarrel with her fiancé after a betrothal of but two days. She was so genuinely angry that the passion thrilled and throbbed in her veins like fever; and the slender third finger of her left hand was blood-red, as though it blushed at the wearing of his ring.

"The doctor so soon assumes command!" she stamped, her little French heels clicking on the bricks of the fireplace, "so soon tells me what I shall do and not do with my money! I hate him—Oh, no, no! Heavens, what a speech! I'm ashamed to admit that I'm so angry, I don't know what I am saying!"

Gloomily poking up the fire, the girl confronted herself with the question whether there could really be a spark of that genuine old-fashioned thing called love in Dr. Jackson-Kay's attitude toward her. That he was immensely proud of her accomplishments, and liked to be seen in her company, she knew. That he fondled and petted her in his idle hours, she admitted, with a quickening pulse of anger. But the deep mainsprings of the man's actions she seemed to touch not at all; while that his hand was out for her half-million of money, he sometimes allowed to become painfully apparent. Further heart-searching forced Enid to the realization that her love for him was scarcely more unsophisticated—she was certainly proud of the young cleric whose exceptional ability, lordly appearance, and eloquent tongue made him the cynosure of all eyes, whether on the street or in the pulpit. In winning his attention, she had seized the prize many coveted, and had gained a short, fierce triumph which—she admitted sadly—she had mistaken for happiness; and she wondered how long it would be before she learned to despise this good-looking egotist who angled so unblushingly for the fortune which her grandfather's death had flung into her lap.

Sinking down on a couch in the shadows at the end of the library, Enid gazed absently out of the window, moodily noting how the tall stone chimneys of Bishop's Court stood out against the mellow summer sky. This residence of the Bishop, which was just beyond her hedge, a stone's throw away, was the temporary home of Dr. Jackson-Kay, godson of the pious and venerable churchman. Church property lay all around, famous, hoary buildings; to the left St. Mark's Refuge for Unfortunates, to the right the Sunday School Hall, and, dominating all, the old, gray Cathedral, rusty-dark with ivy not yet clothed in the full green of summer.

"Dr. Jackson-Kay, acting under the guidance of his adviser, the Bishop, drapes all his ambitions in the robes of the church!" mused Enid, bitterly, still restlessly angry. "It is the darling ambition of the Bishop's life to establish a school of a certain order in Burmah, and he now finds that his protégé will make an imposing head for what must become a world-famous missionary institution. Nor need finances any longer trouble the ecclesiastical brain, since one-half of my grandfather's wealth was bequeathed to promote the missionary enterprises of the church, and the other half passes into the Bishop's control on the day I give myself a bride to the man whom he has selected for me."

Then lower sank the girl's head, until her attitude suggested a new phase, humility—shame, perhaps. The peaceful scene beyond the window had cooled her mood, and helped her see a certain pettishness in her outburst. The sunset streak faded from behind the Cathedral, causing the wine-red of its windows to die away into blackness, and above the chimneys of Bishop's Court stood a single, solemn star. Lamps were lighted within the building, and her fancy pictured the venerable old man counselling his son in the faith, and initiating him into the deep rites and mysteries of his holy office.

"My lover is a man of grave responsibilities," Enid reminded herself, with a twinge of remorse; "and I have shown myself a trifler. I have vexed him, when I should have been a source of inspiration. I fear it is the vulgar trait of a newly-rich person to be so supersensitive about money, and to think every one wishes to snatch it away."

Shadows fell, velvet-piled, until the corner in which the girl crouched was shrouded in purple and black. Out on the hearth-rug played a streak of firelight, a ray of which travelled across the room, and reddened the rows of dry-as-dust books, with which her late relative had furnished his library.

Presently the creak of an opening door smote the silence, and Enid knew that some one was entering from the street. The thought flashing over her that this must be her lover returning in contrite mood, she crouched in her place, willing to have him search for her.

The intruder glided into the room almost without noise, and stood in the glow of the grate long enough to disillusion Enid about the return of her lover. Seeing a candle on the mantel, he lighted it and set it back in its place, seeming hesitant of flooding the room with the glare of electricity.

He was dressed in the uniform of a soldier, and many things about him spoke of hard duty on fiercely contested fields. He walked with a bad limp, and the corresponding shoulder hung low, but these seemed minor defects which passed unnoticed because of a more repulsively apparent deformity. His eyes were uneven! The left cheek-bone was sunk an inch out of place, and the sightless left eye protruded from its socket with a most uncanny effect.

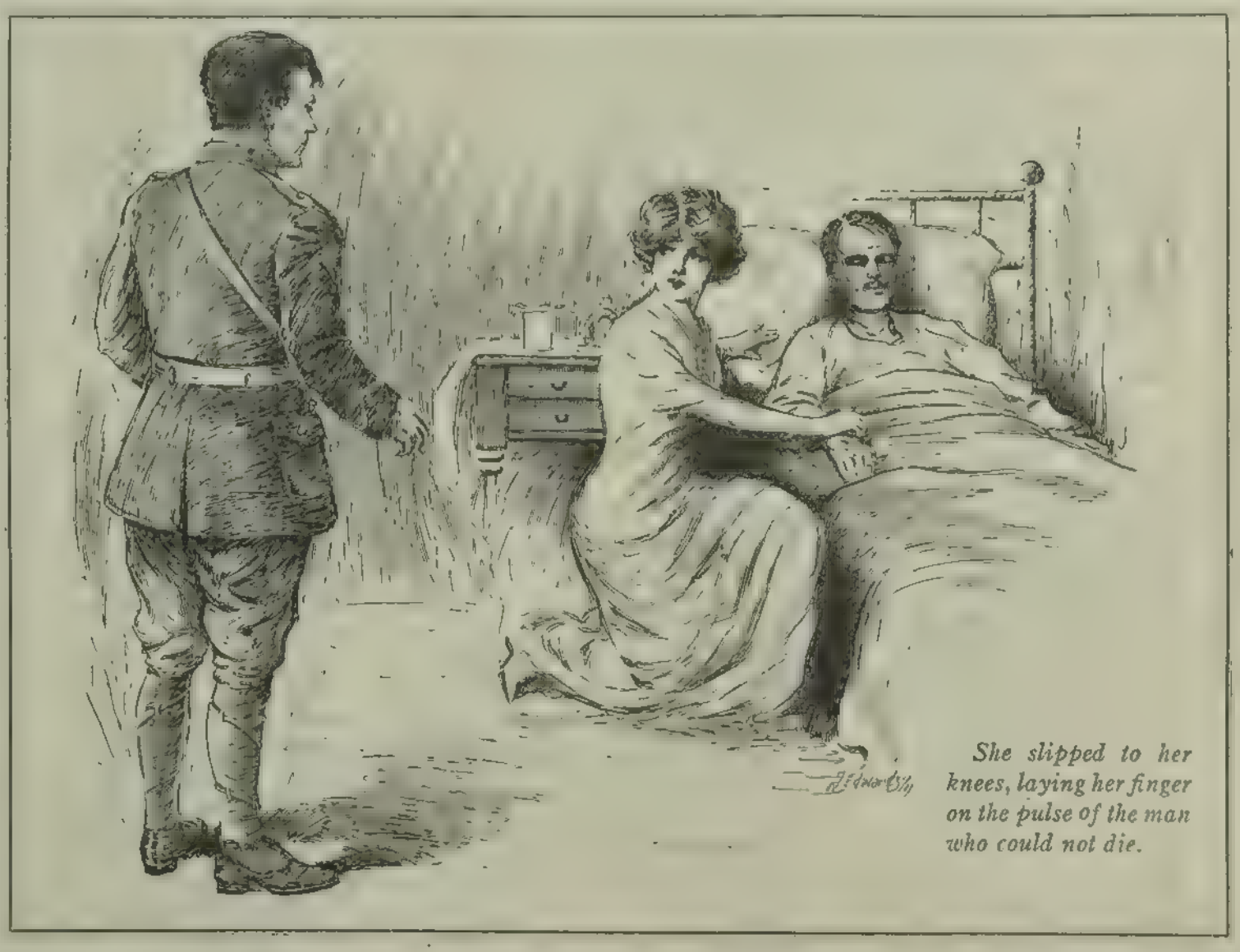
"Ah, God's mercy!" came from Enid's lips, but without sound. "What a wound was that!"

She did not cry out—it was never her way when excited but sat incapable for the moment of speech or action, held spell-bound by the gaze of those uneven eyes, which searched her corner but saw her not. Why should she fear? This was such a corpse of a man, that he inspired both pity and curiosity before fear. Enid knew that by bending forward she could touch a button which would send a call for help pealing through the house, especially summoning her mother, who was her adviser in all things. Therefore, safely from her corner she continued to gaze with the most unwavering fascination she had ever given to any object in all her life.

It might have been ten minutes thus, during which interval the fellow removed his cap and unbuckled his belt, when suddenly he startled his silent observer by the sickly, sepulchral tones of his voice:

"God! But it's a blessed thing to be at home again!"

Then Enid's fingers found and pressed the button which would summon her mother. The same instant the light of the study lamp flashed its soft aureola in a wide circle. Enid faced the intruder, her finger pointing, lips forming but one word: "Trapped!"



She slipped to her knees, laying her finger on the pulse of the man who could not die.

TWO days later, and the girl still lay in her bed in a darkened upstairs room. Her indisposition was supposed to have been coincident with the appearance of the intruder in the library, but the exact relation was unprobed, even by the servants.

The mother sat beside her, scarcely less pale and ill. This had been their position for the greater part of the two days, long intervals of silence brooding over the room, broken only by the visits of Dr. Jackson-Kay, who came and went through the house managing everything and everybody.

"Are you sure the man is safely guarded at St. Marks?" the question came from the girl's bloodless lips, after Dr. Jackson-Kay had quitted the house for the afternoon.

Mrs. Morton's eyes rested haggardly on the walls of the famous Hospital and Refuge for Unfortunates, which was outlined darkly in the fading light.

"Quite safe, child. I tell you he is mad—mad! Did not Dr. Jackson-Kay convince everybody of that fact?"

"Ah, James! Without him I should have died!"

"He was so firm, so controlled in speech and manner," continued the mother, still speaking of her prospective son-in-law. "But for him we might have failed in our attempt to get the man put away safely in St. Mark's. When the house-doctor wavered, James insisted that the—ugh!—the creature was insane; and his knowledge of medicine, as well as his high position in the church, carried weight."

"Will the—*the man* die?" Enid shuddered as she spoke.

Up to date neither mother nor daughter had spoken the soldier's name, though both knew it. With one he was "the creature," with the other, "the man."

"They say," answered the mother, almost inaudibly, "that he does not improve," and an unconscious sigh of relief broke from her lips. The lines of worry and hard work were just beginning to disappear, under the kinder treatment she had received from the world since her daughter inherited money. But two days ago they had returned—a criss-cross around eyes and mouth—while in her gaze had slept day and night the glitter of a serpent roused and preparing to strike.

"Enid," she said, "there is no doubt about his being your cousin."

"No, Mother," murmured the girl.

"I have a hundred proofs of it."

"Tell me."

"His speech and mannerisms, his resemblance to his dead mother's picture, his familiarity with this house—"

"Which was formerly his home, and which by every right should be his this day!" shrieked the girl, smothering her face in the pillow.

Mrs. Morton hurriedly closed the window facing Bishop's Court.

"Hush! Do you hear me, Enid? I command you to control yourself! It is well we have a new staff of servants here—the old ones would have recognized him. But then he is so different. His own dead mother would pass him in the street. I tell you we are quite safe. Do you note how Dr. Jackson-Kay accepts our theory that the creature is nothing but an intruder? He speaks of him as a derelict of the War. And the Doctor is very keen—if he does not see—well, the rest of the world—faugh!"

"But I cannot keep the fortune of that luckless mortal!" groaned the girl. "I am strong and need it less than he. And his grandfather intended it for him. If he had his reason, he could hunt up the papers and demand his own."

"Of course we must be very good to him," crooned the mother. "We must see that he has the best of everything—the very best. You see how it is, Enid. He could never control money—we must think and spend for him. My daughter, all the doctors agree that he cannot live very long. Why should we raise a commotion about him? Time will settle all."

"Tell me about my grandfather's household at the time they lived here," demanded the (*Continued on page 37.*)

THE TROUSSEAU OF THE SPRING BRIDE

THE Spring Bride's Trousseau contains all these dainty little touches and charming accessories which every girl loves and which the Spring Bride really must have.

This beautiful wedding gown is of ivory satin with beaded banding on the skirt. The flower pattern is carefully cut out of this beaded banding and appliqued on the waist for trimming.

The veil requires no pattern. Buy 8 yards of 72 inch wide bridal net and cut in two pieces of 4 yards each. Join these widths together with a single row of fine insertion or beading and you have a veil 4 yards square. The join marks the length not the width —of the veil. To form the cap, round off these pieces and gather to form a one inch heading drawing it in to the size of the head. Over the gathers arrange the orange blossoms. Make another gathering at the lower part of the head and let the veil hang loose from this. Weights may be sewn into the lower edge of veil to hold it in place.

Bridesmaid's Dress: Waist No. 7982.—Skirt No. 9183. 6¼ yards 36-inch silver cloth with 1 ¼ yards 36-inch pink satin and 5⅞ yards light pink silk net. Patterns, 15 cents each.

Flower Girl Dress: No. 9784.—Sizes 4 to 10 years. Six years old requires 2¼ yards 36-inch pink silk tulle. Pattern, 15 cents.

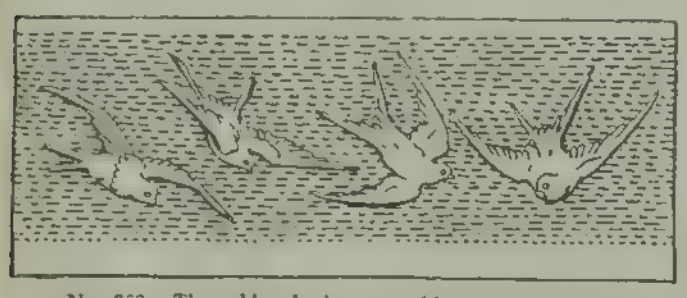
Bride's Costume: Dress No. 9781.—This skirt was cut off to form the tunic, and skirt No. 9388 used as the foundation. 5 yards 36-inch satin with 4⅛ yards georgette crepe and 4⅛ yards beaded banding. Patterns, 15 cents each.

No. 2535.—Negligee of all-over lace, made over a slip of coloured crepe de chine or lawn.

No. 1004.—Underskirt and camisole of wash satin or crepe de chine. The camisole is smocked at the top and shirred at the lower edge.

No. 2359.—Underskirt of fine lawn or nainsook trimmed with lace and ribbon.

Going away Frock: Coat No. 9773.—Size 36 requires 2½ yards 44 inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch goods for collar, cuffs, and belt, and ¾ yard satin for revers. Two-gored skirt. No. 9613.—Size 24 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch material. Patterns 15 cents each.



No. 752.—These blue birds are emblematic of happiness and belong to the Spring Bride's Trousseau. They make a pretty border for towels and may also be used effectively on scarfs. Work solidly or in outline stitch in blue.

No. 753.—White Washable Satin or Crepe de Chine Night-gown, trimmed with pin tucks and lace insertion. This style is so daintily pretty that the bride must have it. It can be made in fine nainsook or taffeta.

No. 754.—Underskirt of white taffeta to wear under the wedding frock. For other wear colours may be used.

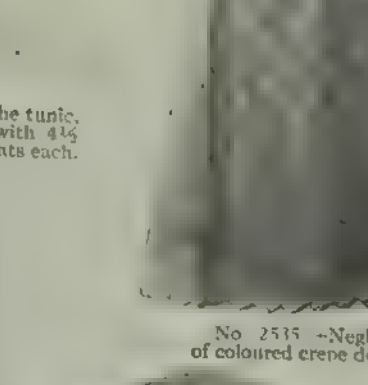
No. 755.—Chemise of fine lawn or cambric daintily trimmed with small filet medallions inserted, and a row of insertion. The edge is worked all round in buttonhole stitch.

No. 756.—A very dainty Camisole made of ribbon and lace, with a sweet little spray of tiny rosebuds to fasten it.

No. 757.—Combination Slip Waist and Drawers of fine lawn with lace medallions and insertions, and finished with ribbon.

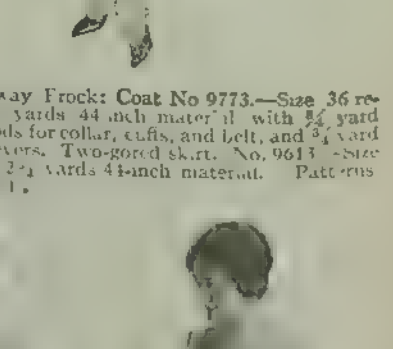
Semi-precious Bead Chains and Ornaments.

No. 758.—Boudoir Fittings of soft, rich rose brocade and gold braid.



No. 763.—A Basket Set for the dressing table.

No. 764 Work-bag



No. 759.—Combination Slip Waist and Drawers of fine lawn or nainsook trimmed with Irish lace and fine Cluny.

No. 760.—Boudoir Lounge Cushion of heavy gold braid applique and gold lace edge.

No. 9514.—Set of Five Bags for sewing or knitting, made of silk, satin, velvet, or cretonne. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 761.—Combination Camisole and Drawers of fine lawn trimmed with bands of plain net and ribbon, and finished with ribbon bows.

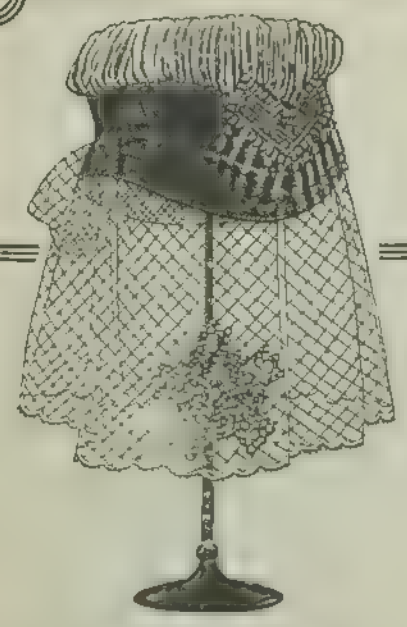
No. 762.—Night-gown of fine nainsook or lawn, trimmed with lace insertion and a bit of hand embroidery. Very dainty boudoir cap.

Use any of these designs to make complete sets of lingerie, as it is much more dainty to have the different articles to match.

Patterns on this page mailed for 15 cents each. Directions for making designs shown for 5 two-cent stamps. Write name and address clearly. Address, Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

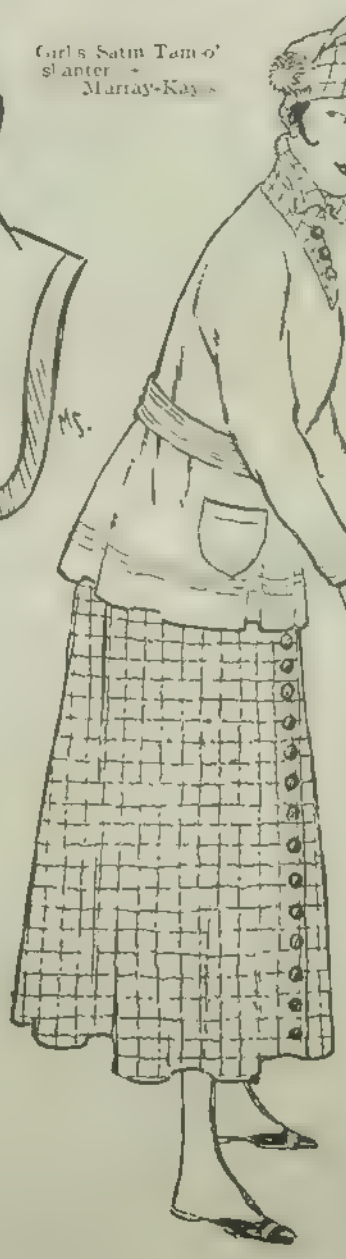
The Newest Things The Shops Are Showing You May Make or Buy

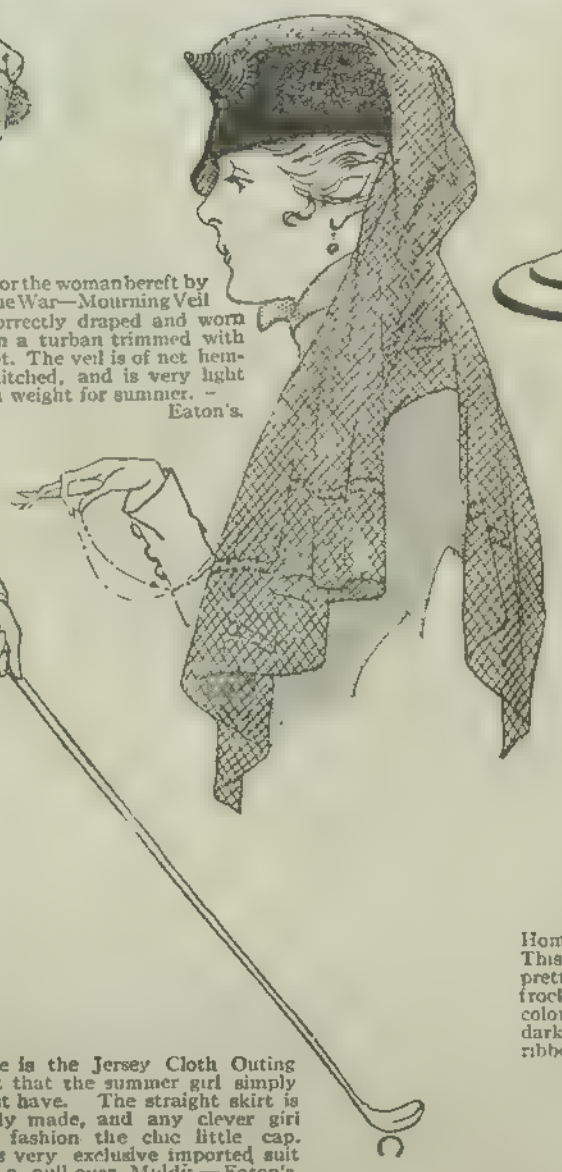
From these you may gather hints of the newest lines and touches



The New Jet Patterned Veil, showing the latest mode of arrangement. The turban is all black, ornamented with a bright, coloured Indian buckle.—Simpson's.

Girl's Satin Tam-o'-shanter.—Murray-Kay's.





For the woman bereft by the War—Mourning Veil correctly draped and worn on a turban trimmed with jet. The veil is of net hemstitched, and is very light in weight for summer.—Eaton's.

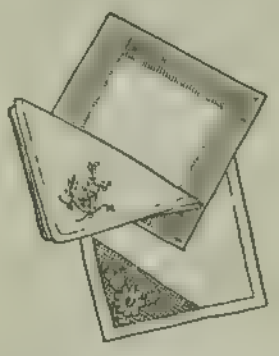
Rajah Silk Outing Hat, trimmed with scarf of the new figured rajah silk. Hats of this style are from $4.00 up.—Simpson's.

Home-made Crocheted Wool Eton. This Eton is easily made, and is pretty in colours to match one's frock. Make the jacket of one colour and the edge of a lighter or darker shade, beaded with satin ribbon.

The Stole Collar that will be worn so much this summer and is so simple and youthful. It is very pretty in white satin or georgette crepe.—Simpson's.

Khaki Flannel Middy with scarlet trimmings, that any girl can make. The combination of colours is new and very striking, and with a cap to match, the spring girl is ready for anything.

Puritan Collar of batiste or handkerchief linen. Very dainty is the hand embroidered spray and the hemstitched edge. The turn-over collar is particularly charming. This style does not suit every one, but if you can wear it, you'll look perfectly sweet.

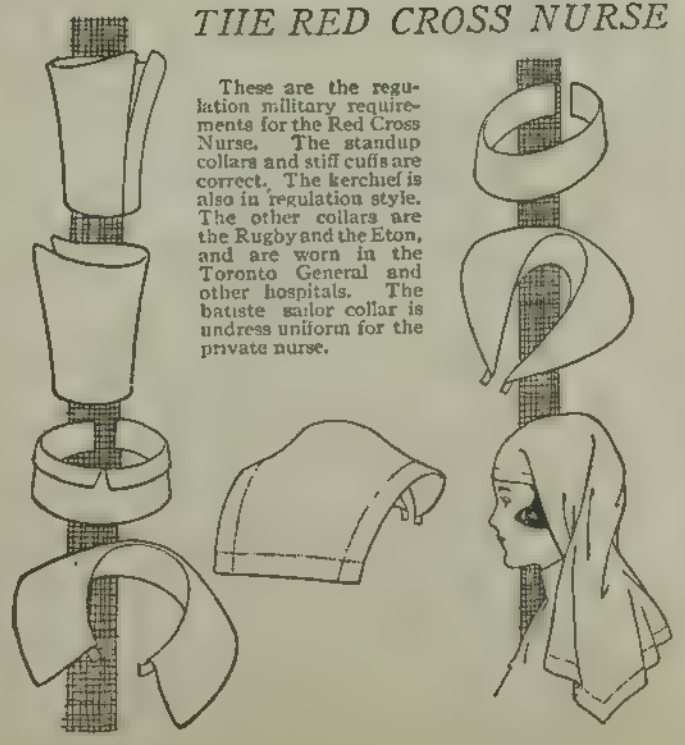


The New Handkerchiefs match the costume in colour, sometimes in the entire handkerchief, but more frequently in the border, hemstitching, and embroidery. These are in fine linen or silk crepe.—A. T. Reid's.

Boudoir Cap of crepe. Make it to match your dressing sacque. Run elastic under the ribbon so that it may be easily laundered. Dainty Val. edge trims the turned-back front and the flounce. The beauty of this cap is that the pattern is just as practical for a batiste dusting cap.—Eaton's.

Here is the Jersey Cloth Outing Suit that the summer girl simply must have. The straight skirt is easily made, and any clever girl can fashion the chic little cap. This very exclusive imported suit has a pull-over Middy.—Eaton's.

THE RED CROSS NURSE

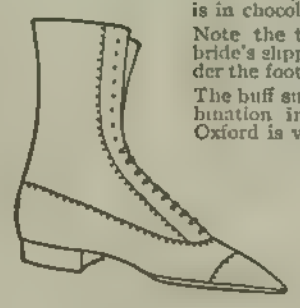


These are the regulation military requirements for the Red Cross Nurse. The standup collars and stiff cuffs are correct. The kerchief is also in regulation style. The other collars are the Rugby and the Eton, and are worn in the Toronto General and other hospitals. The batiste sailor collar is undress uniform for the private nurse.

Our Shopping Service

OUR Shopper, who is experienced in department stores, offers her services to our subscribers. Through her expert knowledge of how to buy, she saves you money. Write her fully, telling her exactly what you are planning—she will look up material, suggest styles, send you samples, and do your buying. Money must accompany orders; send by express or money order, or postal note, made payable to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Your letter will receive prompt attention, and, when advisable, Our Shopper will put you in touch with the various saleswomen of the different firms. Write your name and address clearly. Address Miss Prudence Worth, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

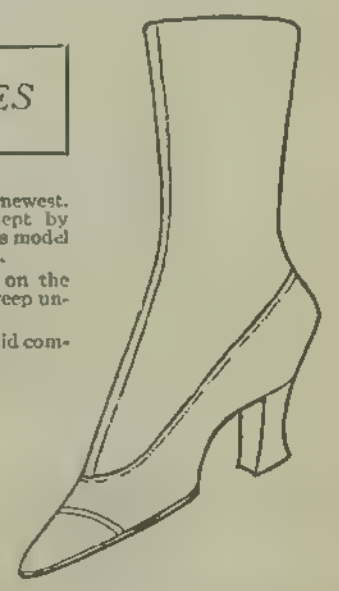
A CORNER IN SHOES



The low heel is really the newest. The small appearance is kept by the cleverly tapered toe. This model is in chocolate coloured kid.

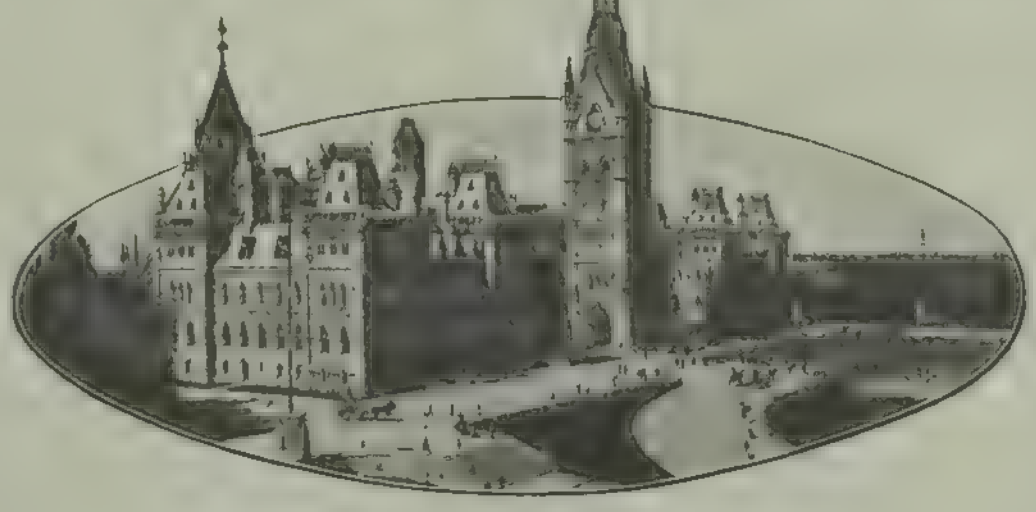
Note the true French heel on the bride's slipper. It will not creep under the foot.

The buff suede and brown kid combination in the low-heeled Oxford is very pretty.



NATIONAL SERVICE FOR THE WOMAN

A Page for the Canadian Woman Who Wants to Help the Empire Win The War



Edited by KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

Your Health for National Service

IN August, 1914, Canada had practically no army. But Canada had men who quickly responded to the country's call. These men were not only untrained and unskilled in war, but they were not *up to their own physical standard*. They were far below the standard of health to which each one could attain, and did attain.

What the Nation did with these men, each man, woman, and child should do. War's efficiency requires the best in health from the soldier; the Nation's efficiency requires the best in health from each citizen; the individual's efficiency requires the best in health from himself.

During the twenty-seven months following the outbreak of the War, 17,350 persons died throughout Canada from typhoid fever and tuberculosis; during the same period 15,766 men of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces died. As a nation we lamented these 15,766, but it was a pricee that had to be paid. *As a nation* we did not lament those 17,350 deaths, *which might have been prevented*.

Talk to your School Nurse; to your Health Officer. Write to the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, and to the Department of your own Province for bulletins, leaflets, and pamphlets on health. If your library does not contain books on health and disease, see that they are bought. If you have not a library, agitate at once until you get one.

Get in training.

Beat Germany in Your Own Back Yard

Long, long years before the War, Germany recognized the important part food would play in the War when it came, and the German people were taught thrift in food and in food production. Land, no matter how small the space, was not allowed to go to waste; land, no matter how poor, was fertilized and cultivated; the people, no matter how uneducated, were taught to understand soil cultivation and crop rotation.

After thirty-two months of war, we are but beginning to wake up to the meaning of thrift, to a realization of the vast quantities of food that are wasted every day, to an understanding of what can be done with even a patch of ground four feet square.

The French and English women have proved that there is no form of agricultural work that a woman cannot do, and find health and pleasure in it.

The Federal Government is doing all it can to distribute information on farming and gardening, and has numbers of helpful bulletins, leaflets, and pamphlets which are free. Write the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. The Provincial Governments are doing the same, and are preparing bulletins, leaflets, and pamphlets dealing with the particular soils and needs of each Province. Write the Department of Agriculture of your Province.

"Vegetable Gardening" and "Potato Growing in Alberta" are both excellent, and may be obtained free from the Department of Agriculture, Alberta. "Gardening on a City Lot," sent out by the Department of Agriculture, British Columbia, is splendid for the beginner in the city. "Vegetable Growing," which gives diagrams and pictures, is particularly helpful and may be obtained from the Department of Agriculture, Ontario. "The Home Garden," and "A Patriotic Gardening Competition," are both issued by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. "Crop Rotation and Soil Cultivation," from the Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and Bulletin No. 223, on soils and fertilizers, from the Department of Agriculture, Ontario, both give helpful information to the beginner.

See also advertisements of seedsmen in this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Do You Know the Laws?

In five Provinces women have the vote, and it is but a question of time until Equal Suffrage will be a fact throughout the entire Dominion. What do you know about Canadian politics? What do you know of the men who are making the laws? How can you vote intelligently unless you do know?

Go to your library and ask for Agnes Laut's "Canadian Commonwealth," Parkman's History, and those by Bourinot and Charles G. D. Roberts; and "Sons of Canada," by Augusta Bridle. If these are not in your library, see that they are bought.

The problem of the returned soldier is urgent, and you should know what has been done and what is to be done. A Quarterly Bulletin, giving all this information, is issued by The Military Hospitals' Commission, Ottawa. Send for it.

The Fifteen-Cent Investment

The War is costing Canada, in round numbers, one million dollars a day. Part of this huge amount is made up from the war taxes, which we pay every time we buy a postage stamp, a patent medicine, a railroad or steamboat ticket, etc., and in the increased price of many articles. But all the revenue received from these sources is not sufficient to entirely meet the heavy expense of the War.

Therefore the Government has had to borrow money. The first War Loan was issued in December, 1915; the second in October, 1916; the third on the twelfth of March, 1917. All these Loans bear interest at 5 per cent. and are for amounts from $100.00 up. In addition to these, the Government issues War Savings Certificates which may be bought at any time and at any post office or bank for $21 50, $43.00, and $86.00, maturing in three years at $25.00, $50.00, and $100.00. These War Savings Certificates are for those who can invest only small amounts.

The huge amount needed to carry on the War must be supplied either by us or borrowed from other countries. If we must borrow from other countries, the heavy interest must be paid out of Canada; if we supply it ourselves, the interest is paid to ourselves and remains in Canada.

If every man, woman, and child saves and invests fifteen cents a day, we can supply the money needed to carry on the War ourselves and keep the interest money in Canada.

A Penny Savings Bank is a good beginning for a real savings account in a real bank. All banks will open accounts for one dollar and upwards, on which interest is paid at the rate of 3 per cent. Banking may be done by mail just as easily as in person.

Marry your money to a bank account and watch the family interest grow! Make the fifteen-cent investment a real live business proposition and invest your savings in that huge enterprise—THE DOMINION OF CANADA. Become a shareholder and take an interest in the company.

The Paper Scheme

Paper is scarce. Newspapers are cutting down the number of pages; magazines are forced to raise their prices; shops are skimping on wrapping paper.

It is a National Service to save all scraps of paper, all old books, papers, and magazines.

Write to E. C. Grant, Esq., 22 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, who is the Honorary Manager of the Paper Scheme, which is now a big business carried on by the Laurentian Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, where thrift—and cash payments for waste paper—go hand in hand. Mr. Grant will tell you how to co-operate with the main committee, and how to organize a Paper Scheme for yourselves.

What a Dry Canada Would Mean

Men! More Men!! And again, More Men!!! is the need of the country. More Workers and yet More Workers is the demand of the Government. Increased efficiency and production is the call from pulpit and press.

And yet we permit the manufacture, use, and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Medical authorities agree that the habitual use of stimulants—even in small quantities—reduces the efficiency of the user by about fifteen per cent. Before Prohibition was passed in any of the Provinces, Canada had, at the lowest calculation, at least one million such "users," and about one hundred and fifty thousand persons were, at the same time, employed in distilleries, breweries, etc.; in bars, hotels, restaurants, clubs, and in other occupations involved in the making, selling, and distribution of alcoholic drink; and as extra policemen, jailers, wardens, hospital and asylum attendants, shippers, porters, expressmen, and in many other occupations which are by-products of the liquor traffic.

Prohibition in some of the Provinces has freed a part of this great army, and *Dominion Prohibition would free the rest.* Then we should have men of increased efficiency and men for production.

Many of the men thus freed from an occupation which is not necessary to the country's welfare would enlist for active service in the country's defence. Many of the "users" would be suited to production, and the out-door, active life would be most beneficial. The rest would take the jobs and fill the places of those who could aid in production.

Dominion-wide Prohibition would mean generally increased efficiency and largely increased production.

At present certain Provinces prohibit the sale of liquor, but allow the importation of it. Other Provinces allow the manufacture, but not the sale.

From the view-point of the man who believes in equality, this is an unjust law. It permits the rich man to buy all the drinks that he wants, and deprives the poor man of any drinks at all.

From the view-point of the Prohibitionist, it is an unjust law, for while protecting the poor man, it allows the rich man to drink himself to death in his own home if he wants to do so.

Liquor may be made in A, but not sold there. So it is shipped to B. The people in A may then order it and have it shipped back again.

From the view-point of the express companies, this is a very good law. But from the view-point of any one who believes that National Service means necessary work—and necessary work only—it is an atrocious and ridiculous law.

How can women help to have this law adjusted?

Every woman who favours Prohibition knows what she is willing to do, and what she *can* do, in her own home to support it. I heard of one woman who smashed a whole case of brandy that her husband had imported from Montreal. I dare say that he had the next case delivered at his office.

The woman who is bent upon Prohibition need not drink anything alcoholic herself, nor need she offer it to guests. And every woman knows how much legislation she can enact at home! She can also interview or write to the representative of her district, and go on record in favour of Prohibition.

Free discussion in the woman's clubs upon this subject can be crystallized into resolutions in favour of Prohibition—in the wet areas—and an adjustment of the law—in the dry areas. Copies of these resolutions should be sent to the Provincial and Dominion Members of Parliament for the districts where they are passed, and should also be published in the local press.

Make your opinion public if you want to make public opinion.

To-morrow's Citizens

Right thinking is necessary to right living. You cannot live right if you do not think right. And if you really think right, you cannot help living up to it!

The Canadian citizen of to-morrow depends very largely on the beliefs of the Canadian mother of to-day. Books that will help you are "The Century of the Child," by Ellen Key; "How to Know Your Child," by Miriam Finn Scott. These should be in your library.

Bulletin No. 186, "Children: Their Care and Training," may be had free from Mr. J. J. Kelso, Department of Agriculture, Ontario, and is short, definite, and very much to the point.

"I am superior to my child," was once the parent's cry, but now we know that if our children are not better than we ourselves, we have failed in our duty.

Each generation *must* be a step forward.

The Object of This Page

THE tide of National Service is sweeping the Empire from the centre of its throbbing heart in London to its farthest bounds in the islands of the sea; and we, in this broad and wide, prosperous and resourceful Dominion are not behind in our wish to accomplish, in our desire to "do our bit."

Woman is serving the Empire well—in recruiting, in caring for the soldier, in giving of her best. But in these great works, which are most imperative, others equally important have been neglected.

The Government is now bringing these less imperative, but equally important, subjects before our notice, and in our National Service Page we shall, each month, give you practical information on definite ways and means by which you may "do your bit" and help to win the War.

The Government stands back of us with its accurate and reliable information, its pamphlets, publications, statistics—free for the asking—and its demands for your hearty co-operation.

Write for information on economic subjects to Kathleen K. Bowker, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Careful Consuming

It is possible to eat much and yet be underfed. It is not the amount we eat, but the amount we digest and assimilate, that furnishes nourishment. And food to be digested and assimilated must be in the correct proportion and proper combination.

The body needs: protein to build and repair tissue; fat and carbohydrates to give heat and energy; mineral water and ash to aid digestion and build bone; water, which helps all other foods in their work.

In serving fats, do not serve rich desserts. In serving lean meats, blend richer foods. In serving pork, use acid fruits. Beets, cabbage, and cauliflower may be used with potatoes. Milk should not be used at the same meal as meats, nor butter when fats are served.

By studying food and food values, you can greatly increase your health and greatly decrease your food bills. Bulletin No. 245 on "Food Values," by R. Harcourt, may be had free from the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and the Department of Agriculture, Ontario.

Cheese Instead of Meat

Do you know that there is as much nourishment in a pound of cheese as in a pound of meat?

The price of all meats has gone up, and up, until the thrifty housewife must needs look for a substitute or let her family suffer.

Cheese is one of the best of these. Cream cheese, as most of us know it, is a yellow substance bought in pots, but this same cream cheese can be easily and successfully made at home. The Dominion Experimental Farm turns out large quantities, but cannot supply (*Continued on page 53*)

A VARIETY OF ATTRACTIVE BAGS

THE beaded bag is very popular, very convenient, and very expensive to buy. It is a pretty idea to have it match the dress or suit, and it can easily be made at home from these patterns and designs if the directions are carefully followed.

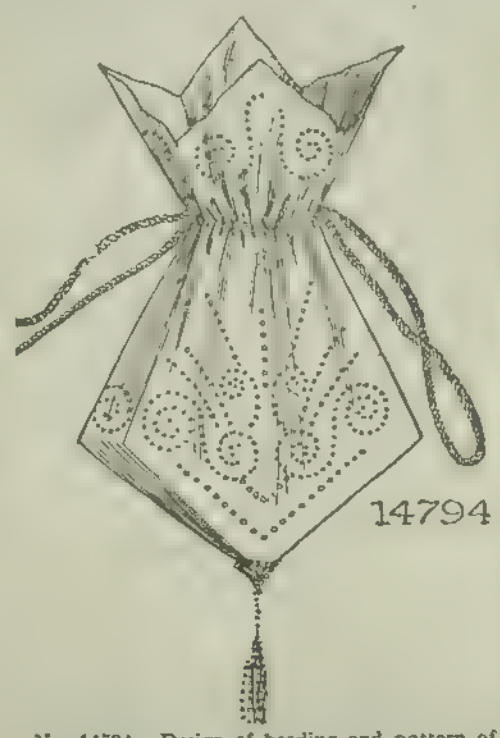
The designs may also be used for dress ornaments and home decorations. Beads and French knots are used, or the designs may be worked in solid or in outline stitch.

If you have never sewn or embroidered, you would find it easy to do so with the aid of our Home Embroidery Book, which illustrates all the stitches and gives very careful directions.

The bags may be made of silk, satin, or chiffon velvet, with the design in steel, jet, or coloured beads, or in embroidery silks.

The patterns can be used for very ordinary sewing and knitting bags, as well as working the designs. If the designs are reversed before cutting out, so that a design comes in the centre, and then outline in cotton the colour of the figure to bring it out.

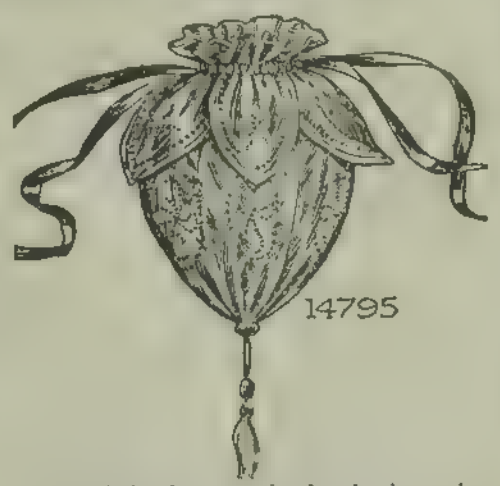
No. 14288.—Six transfer motifs are given.
No. 9514.—Set of five bags. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 14794.—Design of beading and pattern of bag given. This four-piece bag, attractive as well as simple, may be made of black chiffon velvet, silk, or satin, worked in steel, jet, or coloured beads, with tassel to match beads, and a silk cord or ribbon for draw-string. The design may also be used for dress trimmings. Material for bag required, ¼ yard 36-inch material, with 1¼ yards 1-inch ribbon or silk cord. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 14620.—Chinese design, 17 motifs in pattern, 3½ by 5 inches. Price 15 cents.

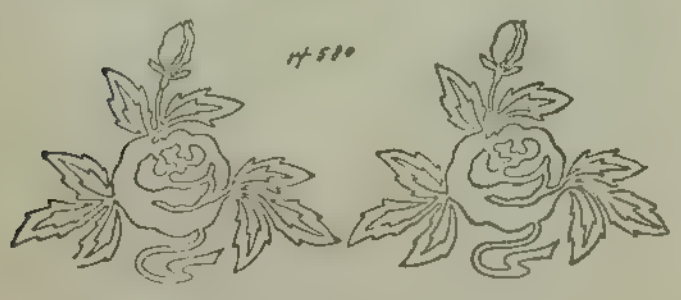
No. 9514.—Set of bags with 5 distinct designs in pattern. Material for bag required, ⅛ yard 30-inch or wider material, with 1¼ yards silk cord or ribbon. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 14795.—An attractive bag in six sections made of black chiffon velvet, silk, or satin. Any colour beads may be used, but the cut steel beads worked on the black chiffon velvet is very effective. Material for bag required, ⅝ yard 32-inch material and 1¼ yards 1-inch ribbon, or silk cord. Pattern, 15 cents.

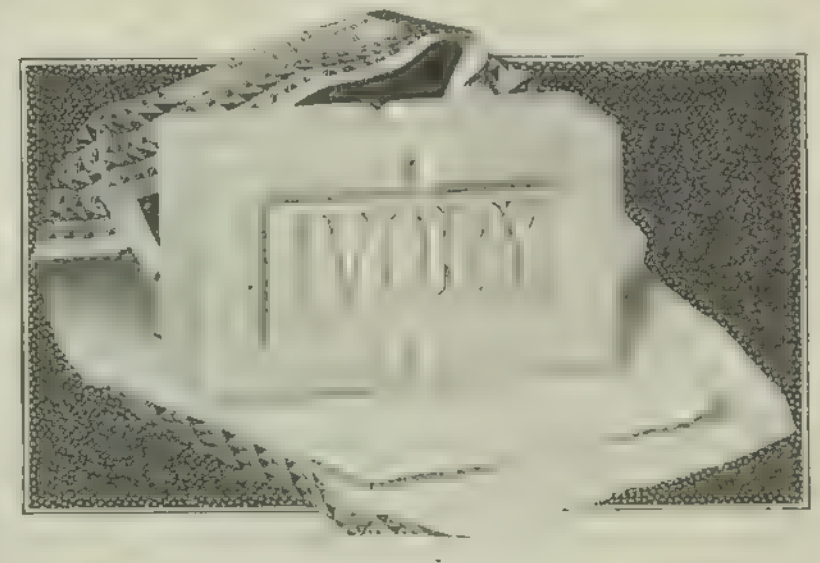
No. 14796.—Beading design and pattern of a one-piece bag given. This bag may be made in black or coloured stripe silks or chiffon velvets and may be worked in steel, jet, or coloured beads. The bag requires ½ yard 27-inch material, with ½ yard 27-inch lining and 1¼ yards 1-inch ribbon. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 14107.—Simple design for a sewing bag. 19½ inches in diameter. This may be stamped on linen or silk. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 14580. — Conventional rose motifs, suitable for bags. 6 motifs in the pattern, each 6 by 7½ inches wide. Pattern, 15 cents.

Patterns of bags shown above mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents, and the Home Embroidery Book for 20 cents. When ordering, be sure to state clearly your name, address, and number of pattern wanted. Address, Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.



Does your face smart and burn after the toilet?

DO not think that you have to stand this discomfort simply because your skin is unusually tender.

No matter how delicate your skin may be, it will not be irritated if you will use soap that does not contain uncombined alkali and other harsh ingredients.

Ivory Soap is made of the choicest oils and is manufactured so skillfully and so carefully that no free alkali remains in the finished product. It is pure soap of the highest grade—nothing else.

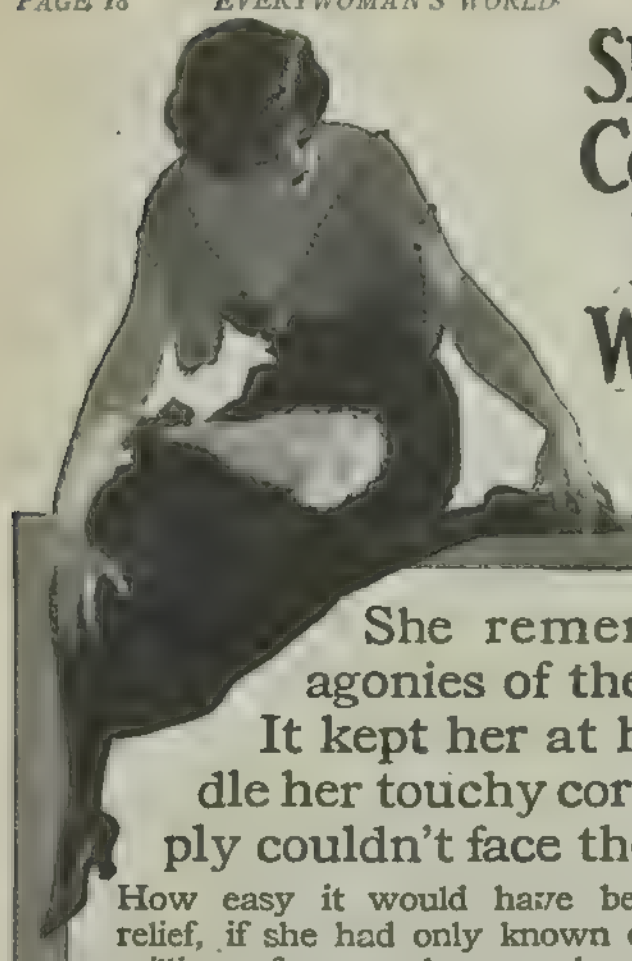
Millions of people have used Ivory Soap for many years because they never have known it to irritate the skin in the slightest degree. No skin—not even a newborn baby's—is harmed by Ivory Soap. Any skin feels grateful for its use.

IVORY SOAP

5 CENTS

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada



She Couldn't Go- Her *Corns* Wouldn't Let Her

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again.

How easy it would have been, what instant relief, if she had only known of Blue-jay. Other millions of men and women have found relief this way. Blue-jay stops pain instantly. And the miserable corn is gone, roots and all, in 48 hours.

New shoes—smart styles—have no terrors to Blue-jay users. These soothing plasters, inset with a medicinal wax, have ended millions upon millions of corns.

Many tests conducted by experts show that the first application removes 91 per cent. Stubborn cases require a second or third treatment. Why wait longer? Why suffer?

Bauer & Black
Chicago New York
Toronto
Makers of
Surgical Dressing, etc.

Blue=jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c
at Druggists
Also Blue-jay
Bunion Plasters

"Swift's Premium"

Ham or Bacon
A Welcome Easter Visitor

—brings an added pleasure to Easter Morning Breakfast.

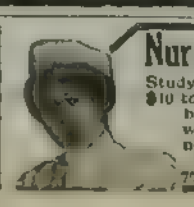
Be sure you plan to give the folks "Swift's Premium" Ham or Bacon on Easter Morning. Don't be satisfied with ordinary Ham or Bacon. Let the treat be worthy of the occasion.

Remember only the choicest of Hams and Bacon are selected as good enough to be branded "Swift's Premium."

Be sure to see the Brand "Swift's Premium" "Canada Approved" when buying.

Swift Canadian Company
Limited
Toronto - Winnipeg - Edmonton

ANNOUNCEMENT of the prize winners in Overland Touring Car Contest will be made in May issue.



Nursing Taught by Mail

Study private nursing at home. Earn $10 to $25 a week! Instructions given by competent teachers familiar with latest nursing methods. Send now for full particulars free.

Royal College of Science
Toronto, Can.

SHOWING THE NEW LINES

9759.—Boys' Russian Suit, cloth or tub material. Detachable collar. Bloomer trousers, gathered into band or finished with elastic. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Four years takes 3 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15 cents.

9707.—One Piece Dress. Long or short sleeves. Braid trimming is very new. Sizes 36 to 42 bust measure. Size 36 takes 6 yards 44-inch material, with 11 yards of braid. Pattern, 15 cents.

9720.—Overblouse. Slipped over head or closed in front. Round or pointed collar. Sizes 34 to 44 bust measure. Size 36 takes 1¼ yards 30-inch material. Collar needs ⅜ yard material. Pattern, 15 cents.

9604.—Girls' Dress. Long or short sleeves. Suitable for serge or plaid materials. Pretty and serviceable for school. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Eight years takes 4 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15 cents.

9567.—House Dress. Surplice blouse and three gored skirt. Very easily laundered. Sizes 36 to 44 bust measure. Size 36 takes 6 yards 36-inch material, and 6½ yards tape binding. Pattern, 15 cents.

9655.—Children's Dress. Very smart, but simple to make and to launder. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Four years takes 2¼ yards 36 inch goods if made of one material. Pattern, 15 cents.

9584.—Dressing Sacque. Collar may be omitted and neck finished with scalloped embroidery. Sizes 36 to 46 bust measure. Size 36 takes 2¾ yards 36-inch material, and 3 yards edging. Pattern, 15 cents.

9640.—Girls' Dress. Closed at back. Sleeves loose or gathered into band. Separate bolero. Sizes 6 to 11 years. Eight years takes 4½ yards 36-inch material, and 7 yards braid. Pattern, 15 cents.

9773.—Ladies' Coat. Very chic. May be made with or without belt. Sizes 34 to 42 bust measure. Size 36 takes 2¼ yards 44-inch material, and ¾ yard for collar. Pattern, 15 cents.

9650.—One Piece Dress. The pockets and pointed collar give distinction. Sizes 36 to 44 bust measure. Size 36 takes 5 yards 42-inch material, and ¼ yard satin for collar. Pattern, 15 cents.

9697.—Two Piece Skirt. Closed at left side. Designed for plaid material. Sizes 24 to 30 inches waist measure. Sizes 24 takes 2½ yards 44 inch material, and 3 yards braid. Pattern, 15 cents.

9776.—Children's Rompers. The one piece bloomers are buttoned to waist. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Four years takes 1 yard 36-inch material for waist, and 1¼ yards for bloomers. Pattern, 15 cents.

Patterns for designs here illustrated may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, or for 15 cents from our Pattern Department. Write very plainly, giving name, address, size and number of pattern wanted. Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

VERY PRACTICAL FASHIONS

9606.—For Misses and Small Women. Separate gumpe with collar and sleeves attached. Sizes 14 to 20 years. Sixteen years takes 4½ yards 36-inch material, 1½ yards satin, 3½ yards braid. Pattern, 15 cents.

9661. Girls' Dress. Two gored gathered skirt. New designed collar and revers. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Eight years takes 2¼ yards 40-inch material, ½ yard for collar and revers. Pattern, 15 cents.

9705.—The Coat Dress is the very latest fashion. This gives the new sleeve. Sizes 34 to 42 bust measure. Size 36 takes 5½ yards 36-inch material and ¾ yard satin. Pattern, 15 cents.

9633. Shirtwaist. Simply made in batiste, lawn, or novelty stripes, is easily laundered. Sizes 34 to 46 bust measure. Size 36 takes 2½ yards 36-inch material, ¼ yard for collar. Pattern, 15 cents.

9645.—Shirtwaist The collar and cuffs are the outstanding features. Sizes 34 to 42 bust measure. Size 36 takes 1¾ yards 36-inch material, ½ yard contrasting goods, 5½ yards braid. Pattern, 15 cents.

9786.—For Misses and Small Women. Most graceful lines. Suitable for wash materials. Sizes 14 to 20 years. Sixteen years takes 5 yards 44-inch material, with ½ yard for collar. Pattern, 15 cents.

9688.—Children's Dress. Charmingly simple and easily laundered. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Eight years takes 2½ yards 36-inch material and ½ yard contrasting goods. Short or long gathered sleeves. Pattern, 15 cents.

9753.—Boys' Russian Suit. Splendid style for washing material. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Four years takes 1⅞ yards 44-inch material, ⅜ yard contrasting goods for collar and cuffs. Pattern, 15 cents.

9673.—Five Gored Skirt. The front and back panels and the yoke are cut in one. Sizes 24 to 32 waist measure. Size 24 takes 4 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15 cents.

9787.—Very chic of checked cloth with black satin collar and cuffs. Sizes 16 to 20 years. Sixteen years takes 2¾ yards 44-inch material, ½ yard for collar and cuffs. Pattern, 15 cents.

9725.—Four Gored Skirt. Front gore and yoke cut in one, with slightly raised waistline. Closes at side back. Sizes 24 to 34 waist measure. Size 24 takes 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Pattern, 15 cents

Patterns for designs here illustrated may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns and for 15 cents from our Pattern Department. Write very clearly giving name, address, size and number of pattern wanted. Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S World, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto

HERE'S a luxury within the reach of everyone—a hair-bath in the whipped-cream-like lather that LUX makes in hot water. Your hair takes on a soft, luminous silken quality that makes it a crown of beauty indeed. The scalp is stimulated, your head refreshed.

LUX makes water soft as summer rain. These wee satin-smooth flakes of the purest essence of soap dissolve absolutely in hot water so that not the tiniest particle of soap can remain to clog the pores. Try it to-night.

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LUX

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22

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For your Infant or Invalid

Benger's Food is appetising and delicious. Even the fresh new milk used to prepare it is made lighter and easier to digest!

In the tin one food may look like another, but there the resemblance of any other food to Benger's ends. You prepare

BENGER'S Food

in a way different from others! Fresh new milk is always used, and in a few minutes (see directions) both the Food and the milk become blended into a dainty cream by a gentle first process of digestion, self-contained in the Food.

To this, and to its great nutritive power, Benger's owes its unique position as "*the Food the Doctor orders.*"

Benger's Food is entirely British in origin, ownership, and manufacture. It is sold in sealed tins, price 1/6 & 3/-, by all Stores, Grocers, etc. Carefully follow the directions when preparing it.

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Flannel

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"Viyella" is especially adapted for children's and infants' wear.

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading retail stores.

Look for the name on the selvage every 2½ yards.

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Then don't crowd the furniture. You can utilize the space to best advantage with an

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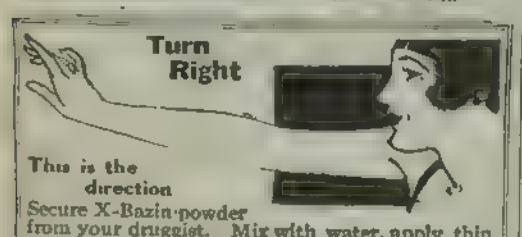

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The Good Mother and Parents' Assistant

ADENOIDS AND OTHER THINGS

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

ADENOIDS are little growths in the passage from the nose to the throat. They resemble small bunches of grapes, and if they develop sufficiently to fill the air passage, the child suffers from lack of a proper supply of air entering the lungs.

This condition is very common among children and is one which is generally neglected, since the growths come gradually and do not call for the attention of the doctor. But the results are far reaching and serious.

In young babies the signs are an inability to nurse properly and noisy mouth breathing; in older children the symptoms are more numerous and include a persistent discharge from the nose and colds in the head, which make it necessary for the child to breathe through the mouth. One of the too frequent results is deafness, at first slight, then, as the disease progresses, more pronounced

The general health is impaired; the child becomes anæmic, as a result of the insufficient amount of air supplied to the lungs.

This anæmic condition, coupled with his deafness, makes him appear inattentive, dull, and uninteresting. He does badly at school and is considered stupid, and, in extreme cases, mentally deficient.

The remedy is a simple operation by the doctor, which takes about one minute only, and which requires that the child be kept in bed for a day and in the house for a week.

The best age at which to remove these growths in young children is about two years, and in older children as soon as their presence is known. The best time is spring or early summer, so that the throat may regain its normal tone during the warm weather.

Improvement is noticed almost immediately. The child breathes through the nose, his expression brightens, he becomes alert, attentive, the deafness decreases or disappears entirely, and his general health improves.

A Creeping Pen

TO the busy mother who must do her own work and care for baby at the same time, a creeping pen is almost invaluable. She knows where he is, that he is safe, and that he cannot fall and injure himself.

She goes about her work with a mind free from anxiety, and without an ear strained and an eye on the watch for possible mishap.

But the benefits are not all to the mother—the baby shares. He is not dumped down on a mat, where he catches cold from the draught which is always strong on the floor; he is not deposited in the middle of the bed, and told to "sit still and don't fall off;" he is not obliged to creep along the floor, gathering pins and splinters in his progress; and he does not have to learn to walk by clinging to his mother's skirt as she passes about from table to sink, from sink to range.

Father can easily make a creeping pen in a few spare evenings, and the cost is small. It should be square, with each side about four feet long and eighteen inches high. If it is hinged at three corners and latched at the fourth, it can be folded together and carried from room to room and laid aside when not in use. It is better to make it of spindles and a rail like a stair rail, so that baby may have something to hold to when he tries to stand and to walk.

It is better, too, if raised a few inches by a flooring of thin, light boards, as this prevents dangerous draughts. This flooring should be hooked to the rail on all four sides to keep it steady and in place, and should be covered with something soft; a cork mat is the cleanest and best, but a blanket or rug will answer.

When the pen is used in the yard, the floor may be of clean white sand, which is splendid for the baby to play in. Few things give such keen joy to children as a pile of clean white sand. In summer a lath should be placed upright at each corner and mosquito netting carefully stretched over the top and sides as a protection against flies, mosquitoes, and insects. If two strong posts are placed in the ground at opposite corners, a small hammock may be swung between, and Baby can take his nap out in the pure, fresh air in comfort and safety.

If Father will add casters to the four corners, the pen can be moved around with ease, and the floor rug and lawn are saved wear. A tennis net may be used instead of the rail and spindles, and makes the pen much lighter in weight.

Toys

BABIES want to put everything into their mouths—it is the way they test things and learn.

Toys should be chosen with this fact in mind, and none should be bought that cannot be used in this way. They must be washable, if they are to be clean, and they should not be painted or have paper pasted on. Sharp points and corners hurt, and are dangerous to mouth, eyes, and skin. Hairy and woolly toys are unsafe, since both hair and wool may be pulled off and put into the mouth. Objects that are small enough to be swallowed—toys or any other thing—should not be allowed within Baby's reach. Toys with loose parts, as bells and tassels, are objectionable.

Simple toys are best, and left to follow his own inclinations, Baby will be quite happy with a handful of clothes pins or a string of empty spools.

Too many toys distract his attention instead of amusing him, and expensive toys are a needless waste.

Toys that are given to a child should be enjoyed by the child. A beautiful doll with a string tied about her waist and hanging on the wall may be a thing of beauty, but she certainly is not a joy forever to her small, bereft mother. And a box of mechanical construction pieces given to a small boy, and then taken away until he is old enough to take care of it, is really defrauding that small boy of what is rightfully his. He can learn to take care of it, and he should be taught to use the pieces intelligently.

Toys that Father makes with the small child's help are more prized and more valuable than a far more expensive toy in the making of which he has no part. In fact, the toy he makes himself, "wobbly" though it may be, is more precious than anything the stores can supply.

The wee girl should be taught the first rudiments of needle and thread on her own dolly's clothes, and in a surprisingly short time she will sew buttons and tapes on her own things, and having once sewn buttons where they belong, buttons and button-holes take on a new meaning; after that she takes pride in seeing that the right button meets its proper button-hole.

Flies

THE day of the fly is at hand. If we forget that he is about due, he will not. If we neglect to prepare for him, he will not. His preparations are made, and he is ready to do all in his power—and that is a very great deal—to help in keeping up the high rate of infant mortality.

One of these days the first fly will crawl out of the manure pile, the garbage can, or the hole in the chimney in the attic, where he has kept comfortable all winter.

One fly isn't much, and by himself cannot do a very large amount of harm—one baby's life, or maybe two—but when he is multiplied by his uncles, his cousins, his aunts, and his numerous progeny, he counts up to a considerable number. Prevention is the only safe course with the fly—since you can't cure him. And the only way to prevent the fly is to starve him. He will not stay where every one and everything is clean. He hates cleanliness as the devil is said to hate holy water. And wherever and whenever you see a fly, you may be absolutley sure that there is some dirt or filth somewhere near.

The fly is sociable; he loves people and he is particularly fond of babies—who blames him for that? He is also generous and loves to share. He is not content to feed and enjoy filth by himself, but he carries all he can on his feet and wings, to the butter, the bread, the jam, and to the baby's milk. This means diarrhœa, and perhaps typhoid, and maybe we miss the baby's fluffy head when we come to put the kiddies to bed—we count one less when we talk of "when the children grow up."

SWAT THE FLY!

The Garden Variety of Child

CHILDREN love to play in the earth and, whether you will or not, they will dig and delve every chance they get. They also love to watch things grow and will pull up flowers to see what is happening down in the brown earth. Add to these facts a third that is being pressed home to us by the Government, by thrift, by necessity—that of raising vegetables.

The incentive for this is three-fold—patriotic enthusiasms, which are strong; economic reasons, which are urgent; health development and maintenance, which are vital.

The combination required for a garden is two-fold—a plot of ground, a spade, some seeds; a child, some play-work, health.

The farm has the advantage over the city home, in that there is plenty of waste land that may be turned to profitable use; but in the amount of gardening done, city children lead. The farmer hasn't time to "bother with such work," the farmer's wife fails to see the necessity of "green stuff," and neither recognize the health-giving possibilities and the advantage of systematic work to the child.

Celery is good for the nerves; raw cabbage aids the kidneys; onions and lettuce induce sleep; dandelion is a liver tonic—we might go on through the whole list of vegetables and find each one a specific.

Children are active, restless little creatures if they are well, and if right and good and profitable occupation and recreation be not furnished, then they are obliged to supply their own occupation and recreation as best they may, and this usually results in mischief or worse.

It is so easy to kindle and keep bright a child's interest and enthusiasm, and it takes so little to win him to do the right thing and to walk in the right way.

Get a book or two on vegetables and gardening and help him understand it, then spade up a small plot of ground, and you have supplied him with safe and healthful amusement and recreation for all summer.

LACTAGOL
for Nursing and Prospective Mothers

YES, Nurse; Doctor was right. LACTAGOL has made a difference already. See how the full, rich nurse it has brought me is telling on baby's strength and daily improvement. And Doctor says he'll have fifteen times greater chances of robust health.

No mother need endanger her babe with the diseases that linger in nursing bottles when LACTAGOL will naturally increase the quantity and enrich the quality of mother's milk though weeks have passed since nurse has failed.

Physicians everywhere recommend LACTAGOL. Nursing Homes use it regularly.

Regular size, $1.25—3 for $3.50
Small size, 75c—3 for $2.00

LACTAGOL is sold by all good druggists, or can be had direct on receipt of price, delivery free

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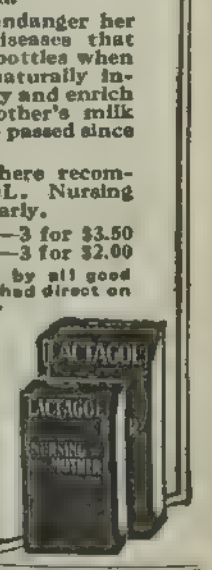

OUR BABY

The Picture of Health—Why?

BECAUSE, instead of listening to many advisers, her mother studied Mrs. Hewer's book, "OUR BABY" and went her own way having a good, sound reason for all she did with regard to the health, food, clothing and general care of her baby.

"The best all round baby book on the market."—Toronto Sunday World.

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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Use the coupon in the can for Recipe Book.

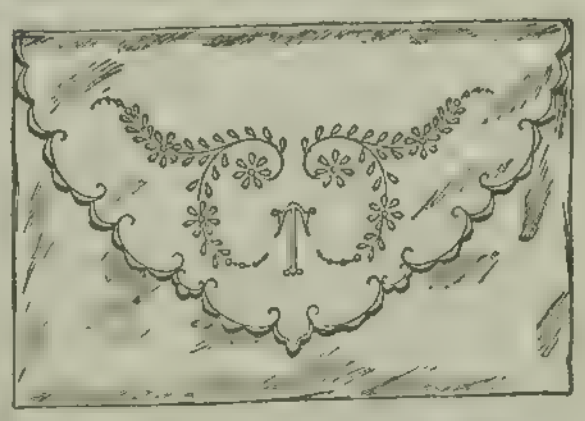
BEST BY TEST

ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS FOR THE BRIDE'S HOME

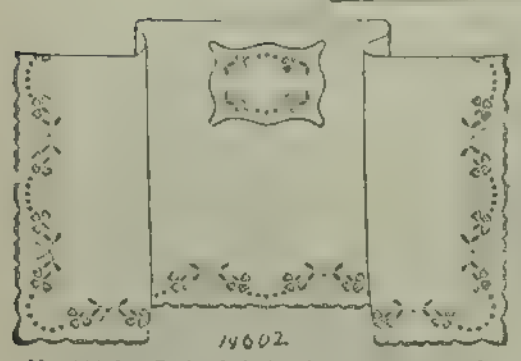
No. 13226.—The shamrock is very popular for embroidering bed linens, worked solidly in white. This pattern contains two transfers each 4 by 22 inches, and makes a very handsome set of sheets and pillow cases. Pattern, 15 cents.

Nos. 14701, 14702.—The sheet design, No. 14701, is 7¼ inches by 2½ yards, and the pillow cases, No. 14702, are 22 inches long. These make a very beautiful set. They should be worked solidly in white, except where the eyelet stitch is used. Patterns, 15 cents and 10 cents respectively.

No. 14776.—A pretty little design for a day pillow case. The pattern will make one pair of pillows. Pattern 15 cents.

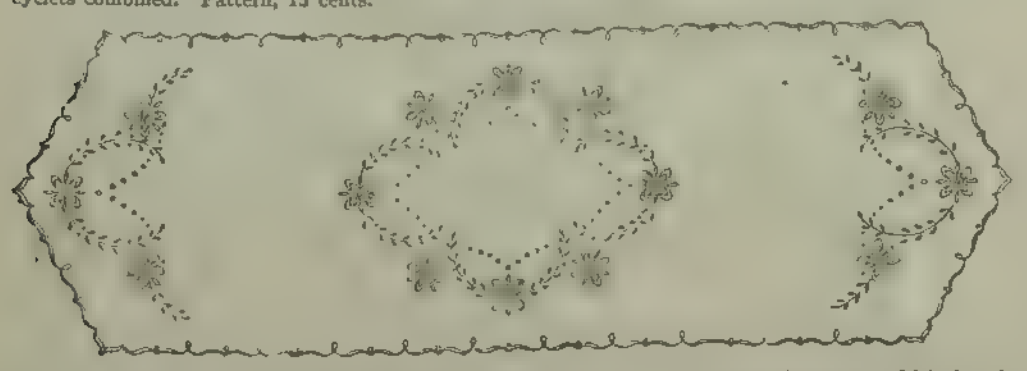


No. 14773.—A very new and beautiful design for an envelope day pillow case, 22 by 30 inches when finished. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 14602.—Garland design for a bureau scarf, 18 by 42 inches, and pin cushion cover, 5½ by 7½ inches. They should be worked solidly and eyelets combined. Pattern, 15 cents.

No. 14631.—This chrysanthemum design for bureau scarf, 40½ by 16½ inches, and pin cushion cover, 7¾ inches square. Pattern, 15 cents.



No. 14703.—Here a pattern consisting of a centre motif, 17 by 22 inches, and corners 12½ inches, is adapted to a runner 54 inches long. Price 15 cents. The scallop, 14751, 12 yards and 33 corners in the pattern, has been used to finish the edge, nicely adapting itself to the novel pointed ends of the scarf. Pattern, 15 cents.

Patterns of designs shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 15 cents. When ordering, be sure to state clearly your name and address, and number of pattern wanted. Address Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

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Active Canadian Workmen and Live Canadian Boys

WHEN you make a man's working shirt, or a blouse or pair of knickers for your boy, out of "ROCKFAST" DRILL, you have a garment that will stand almost anything. Without being stiff or too heavy, it is wonderfully strong and durable—close and even in weave—free from flaws and weak spots. It is the best and most satisfactory material you can get for these purposes.

Our "Rockfast" Drill, "Steelclad" Galatea and Romper Cloth make up a complete line of service fabrics for every member of the family. Being made in Canada, and paying no duty, they give you the greatest value for your money.

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The newest thing out—

the MOIR Easter package contains a choice assortment of fruit, nuts and cream centres

MOIR'S *Chocolates*

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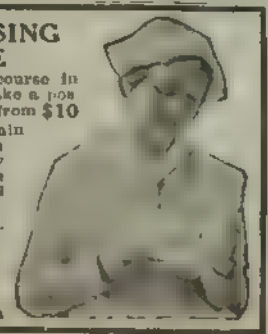

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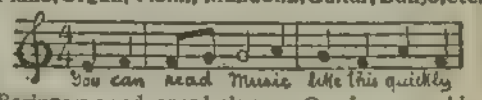

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Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES,

I have been thinking that after all it is perhaps a lot of trouble for some of you little Bunnies to write a letter, and perhaps that is the reason why you, my little Bunny who is now reading this letter, have not yet joined the Bunny Club. So, after this, I am going to make it very easy indeed for you and for all your little friends to join.

After this, all that a new Bunny will have to do is to send in his name, age and address, with the application fee of five cents, and he will be made a member of the Bunny Club and have his badge sent to him. So just write on a piece of paper as I have shown below, and send it in as quickly as you can, and have your little friends do the same.

BUNNY CLUB APPLICATION

Name.... ... . Age. .

Address . . ..

Application fee of five cents enclosed.

Look on page 51 and see the names of the Bunnies who won the February prizes. Are you all trying to win a prize in Uncle Peter's competitions? I hope you are.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

Competition

Look at this little picture. This man has been fishing. What did he catch? There is nothing on his line. See what you can do for him! Draw this little picture over again as well as you can, a little bigger, and show what he has caught on his hook. There is nothing there now. Put something there! It

need not be a fish; people sometimes pull very funny things out of the water.

For the best picture, *according to age*, a prize of Two Dollars will be given, and for the six next best pictures six other selected prizes. See what you can do, Bunnies. All pictures and letters must reach me not later than May 20th. Don't forget to write your name, address and age on the back of each one, and address it to Uncle Peter, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

The Golden Rhyme

Bunnies, Bunnies, are you thankful
For the things of everyday—
For the Sun that lights the world up
So that we may work and play?
For our homes and for our parents?
For the Summer flowers so gay?
Bunnies, we must all be thankful
For the things of everyday.

John Bunny says Farewell to Mr. Red Fox

Listen, Bunnies, young and old,
While I a striking tale unfold,
A tale that will this lesson teach—
That we should never overreach!

"JOHN," said Mrs. Bunny one evening, looking up from the pages of Everybunnies' World, "I am really anxious about the little Bunnies since Mr. Red Fox has been round here so much."

"Yes, my dear," said John, "I have been thinking a great deal about him, too, and I think I have a plan made that will get rid of him altogether. You remember that length of drain pipe which is standing on end by the edge of the wood. Well, I shall catch Mr. Red Fox right in that pipe."

"You are really wonderful, John," said Mrs. Bunny, who had a very high opinion of him, as all wives should have of their husbands. "I'm quite sure you will be able to manage it, though I cannot see how!"

"Leave it to me, my dear, as the man said to his rich uncle who did not know what to do with his money," replied John.

The next day John went out and hunted up Mr. Owl. "I want you to come and keep watch for me, Mr. Owl," said John, "and I promise you'll see some fun." So John led Mr. Owl over to where the pipe was standing, not very far from his house. Then he began to dig. My, how hard he worked! Soon his little white tail had disappeared below the ground, and on he went toward the pipe, until he thought he must be right under it. Then he came up through the ground. He did not hit quite the right place the first time, but as he was now quite close to the pipe, he got it right the second try and came up inside it.

Mr. Red Fox didn't show up that day, so the next afternoon John Bunny and Mr. Owl went over to the pipe and waited for him. As Mr. Owl was sitting up in the tree, he had a good view, and after awhile he called out to John that he could see Mr. Red Fox coming. Now the path led right past the pipe, and on came Mr. Fox, until he was quite close to the pipe; in fact, he was going right past it as he had often done before, not even taking the trouble to say "Good-day" to Mr. Owl, who sat up in the tree and watched him.

Just at this moment Mr. Owl gave the signal, and John Bunny, from the inside of the pipe, called out, "Good-day, Mr. Red Fox."

Mr. Fox stopped short. Where could the voice have come from? It sounded like a Bunny voice, and yet no Bunny was in sight.

"Somewhere a voice is calling," said Mr. Fox.

"Here I am, right inside this pipe," said John. "Will you please try to help me out, Mr. Fox?"

Mr. Fox had to laugh. He had been hunting all the afternoon and had not caught anything, not even a mouse. *Could* he help a nice fat rabbit to get out of a pipe. Well, he *thought* so, indeed! He didn't even stop to wonder how John Bunny got *into* the pipe, he was in such a hurry to start helping him to get out again. He came over to the pipe, and looked in.

"I can't possibly reach you, John," said Mr. Fox.

"Pile some stones by the side of the pipe, and stand on them," said John.

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Fox.

It was a lot of work carrying those stones over and balancing them by the pipe, but Mr. Fox didn't mind, for he had visions of rabbit pie in his head all the time to keep him cheered up.

Mr. Owl began to see the joke, and he simply had to laugh. However, Mr. Fox was far too busy to take any notice of *him*, and he kept on working, piling one stone on the top of another, until he had quite a nice heap. But as this was the first time in his life Mr. Fox had tried to build a wall, he made a mistake in putting the little stones at the bottom and the big ones on the top. It was more trouble to do it that way, and besides, it was not nearly so safe. But it's hard to do a thing right the first time you try it, isn't it?

It was hot work, and after awhile Mr. Fox sat down to rest for a minute.

"Don't go away and leave me, Mr. Fox," called John from the pipe. "It was very kind of you to stop to help me, especially when you were going home to your dinner."

"Don't mention it, John," said Mr. Fox. "I'm glad to do it."

"Still I'm sorry to have delayed your dinner," said John.

"My dinner can wait till I get you out, I shall enjoy it all the better for having met you," said Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox laughed to himself over this conversation. John Bunny couldn't see him laughing, of course; but then, neither could Mr. Fox see what a nice little quiet laugh John was having all to himself at the same time.

When Mr. Fox was satisfied that he had built high enough, he climbed up and leaned over into the pipe. There was John at the bottom, but Mr. Fox could hardly see him, for he filled up the top of the pipe so much that he stopped nearly all the daylight from coming in.

He leaned still further forward, and still he could not reach John.

"Stand upright, so that I can catch hold of your ears, John," said Mr. Fox, all out of breath.

He had leaned over so far, that he couldn't see John at all by this time, as all the light was shut out. John got down as low as he could, half in the hole and half out, just in case of accidents. He took a long twig that he had brought in with him and reached up and tickled the end of Mr. Fox's nose with it.

"Another inch or two and you'll be far enough, Mr. Fox," called John.

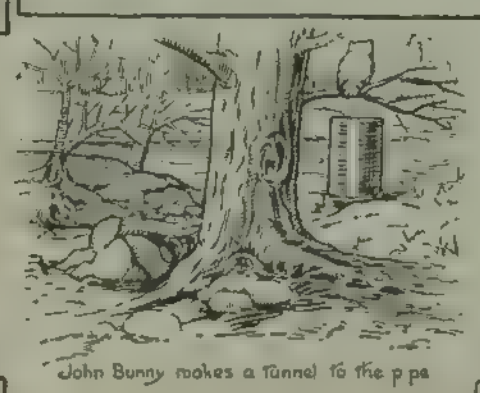
Mr. Fox reached down as far as ever he could, and as his hind feet were pushing outwards all the time, the stones suddenly gave way, and Mr. Fox slipped head first into the pipe. Of course John slipped back into the tunnel at the same time, so he was safe. It didn't take him long to get through and out into the air again.

Say, Bunnies, do you think John laughed to see Mr. Fox stuck fast in the pipe, with his two hind legs and his big tail sticking out at the top? Why, he laughed so much that the little Bunnies all came out to see the fun, too. Look at them in the picture, peeping over the edge of the bank.

About half an hour later, Mr. Smith, from the big house, coming along that way, was immensely surprised to find a perfectly lively fox unable to wag anything except his hind legs and his tail. He went back and got one of his men, and they tied Mr. Fox up pretty safely and took him away. The next day they sent him off to a park where lots of animals are kept in cages, and Mr. Red Fox never had any more trouble about getting his meals after that. He got them quite regularly three times a day, but I expect he often missed the freedom of the woods.

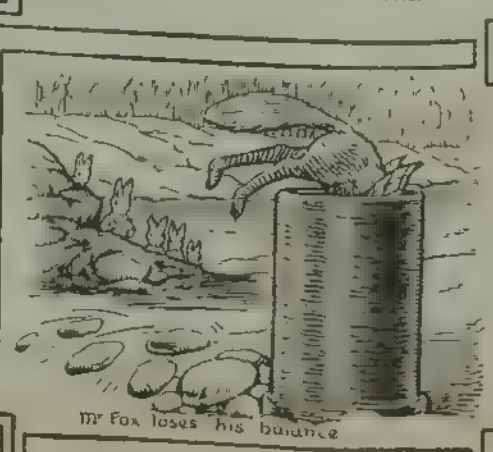
That night John Bunny gathered his large family around him. "It's a mighty good thing for all you little Bunnies," said he, "that you've got a good father to look after you and keep dangers away from you. Take a lesson from Mr. Fox, and don't be greedy. If he had not been so greedy, he would have been running about the woods now. Another lesson, Bunnies, is this: When you see some one in a bad fix, stop to consider how he got into it before doing anything rash, in case you may, in helping him out, get caught yourself!"

Uncle Peter.



John Bunny makes a tunnel to the pipe

Somewhere a voice is calling" said Mr Fox



Mr Fox loses his balance

Say, Bunnies, how do you like the Bunny Cover? Isn't it a pretty Cover for Easter?

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(Continued from page 7)

fetching and fascinating, I suppose, when they are too young or too old to see through all the make-up.

I had put on my black crepe de chine, and the skirt wasn't short for two reasons that would have been obvious and that you couldn't have told apart if you had seen them. And to lessen that obviousness to the eye, I always wore black stockings.

"It was a very well sustained effort," said Mother, referring to the "rescue," "from all I've heard." She didn't care very much for Cora.

"Bella seemed to sustain Mr. Miles without apparent effort," cooed Cora, smiling, and rolling her blue eyes from Mr. Miles to me. She got a chuckle out of Dad for that. He never could see through Cora.

"If there had been any apparent effort on shore, perhaps I shouldn't have had to make any," I retorted, unsmiling.

Mr. Garry Miles turned his grave eyes on me. He really was awfully serious looking.

"I owe you my life, Miss Harris," he said with unaffected gravity. "I only hope I shall live long enough in Harriston to be able to prove my gratitude. You were simply splendid. You kept so cool about it."

"No cooler than you did," I said, rather disagreeably. I saw Mother look with mild reproach. "And, anyway, that's what I went into the river for."

"Well, you demonstrated that large bodies don't always move slowly, didn't you, Bella?" purred Cora again, looking for more trouble.

"Some small minds demonstrated pretty well that they couldn't move at all ashore," I hit back. *Demon-strafed* is what Cora and I were *thinking*. Cora smoothed her white skirt, and said nothing, not having another shaft in her quiver. And presently I excused myself, and went indoors and to my room.

I DIDN'T see him to speak to again that evening; and after awhile Cora, of course, took him in tow over the lawns to the Neville mansion. From my bow bedroom window I saw them, both tall and slender, and in white, and quite romantic in the waxing light of a three-quarter moon. And I saw him leave, for I was sitting at my window sill, glum and sullen and depressed; Cora going down with him to the gate at the hedge, where they stood for a long time, Cora's laughter floating up to me. It was long past eleven, for I pulled down the blinds and switched on the light and looked at my wrist watch.

Somehow—and it wasn't because the night was warm—I didn't sleep much that long night, and yet it was one of the shortest by the calendar in the year. And when I did sleep in snatches, I dreamed dreadfully. I was always in the water, and he was drowning, and I had him by his black hair, and his face was so white, and his eyes *staring*. I woke up twice, gasping and shuddering. And I was glad to be up and dressed very early, soon after the sun had risen. Lying there, in the loneliness of my room, in the waking hours, watching the shadows of leaves moving lazily across my muslin window curtains and the wall—lying there, wide-eyed and sullen, I had done a lot of thinking, along certain lines. And those lines were Cora's—and my own; that is, the lines I didn't have.

I was the only one up so early, and had the outhouse where the scales were, to myself, and there I deliberately weighed. One hundred and eighty pounds, before breakfast, and at five a.m., when a body is said to be lighter than at any other hour of the day.

Twenty-two years old, snatched suddenly by the chance of another girl's scream into an atmosphere of Romance, and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds—the weight of a heavyweight prize-fighter—and forty pounds more than I should weigh to look like twenty-two.

It was fierce! It was worse! And I wanted to be a heavyweight prize-fighter and *say* it.

What chance in the world had I against Cora Neville, except in the ring or the water; and fat chance I had of coaxing her into either! I couldn't remember that Cora had ever got that imported striped bathing suit of hers, or her make-up, even damp. The striped parasol she had held over Garry Miles had been bought to match.

I slammed the one hundred and fifty pound weights back on top of the scales, ran the pointer with a vicious slam down to the zero end of the wretched beam that had shown me to be thirty pounds *over weights*, and tramped out of the shed, banging the door, and back to my room, where I sat, elbows on my dressing-table, my chins in my hands, glowering in my oval mirror at the perfectly round image reflected there. Such arms! Fifteen inches, upper, if a fraction of one. And somewhere back of all that chin and cheek and neck was *my face*. And somewhere back of all that lumbering mountain of bust and hips and arms and legs, was I, myself, my figure, my *divine* shape.

MOTHER had always called me "pretty;" but I could see, now, how partial she was; because I knew now that there was nothing "pretty" in *fat*.

I was so "down" that I felt I had no appetite, and made up my mind that I wouldn't try to eat any breakfast. But when breakfast time came, I was so famished that I ate a bigger breakfast than ever, and about everything that—I knew later—I should not have eaten. A bowl of breakfast food—starchy food, you see—with no end of sugar and cream, all *fat*. And a *salmon* steak, with fresh rolls, and coffee—with lots of sugar and cream, of course; and sliced bananas and (Continued on page 32)

Recipes showing how Royal Baking Powder saves eggs

In many recipes requiring several eggs, excellent results may be obtained and considerable saving in cost realized by reducing the number of eggs and using an additional quantity of **Royal Baking Powder,** about a teaspoon, for each egg omitted. The following recipes are given as practical illustrations:

WHITE LAYER CAKE

½ cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
⅔ cup water
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
whites of 2 eggs
1 teaspoon extract

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening and sugar together until very light; add water slowly almost drop by drop and beat constantly; add flavoring and stir in the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together twice; fold in the whites of eggs which have been beaten until stiff and dry, pour into two greased layer tins and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Put together with any filling or icing.

EVERYDAY CAKE

1 cup sugar
¼ cup shortening
1 egg
¾ cup milk or water
1¾ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon extract

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening; add sugar, flavoring and egg well beaten. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Bake in loaf, layers or patty pans. May also be used for cottage pudding.

CORN BREAD

1¾ cups corn meal
¼ cup flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar (if desired)
2 tablespoons shortening
1½ cups sweet milk.

The old method called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS: Sift the dry ingredients into bowl; add milk and melted shortening, beat well, and pour into well-greased pan or muffin tin and bake in hot oven about 25 minutes.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients sent free on request

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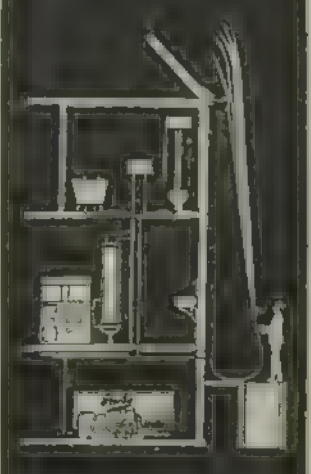

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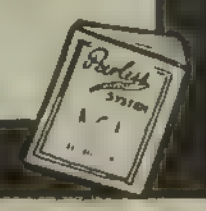

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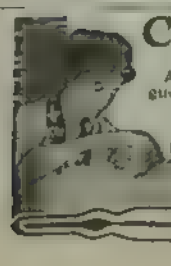

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The Girl Who Is Engaged

MEN LIKE DOMESTIC WOMEN BUT THAT IS A SELFISH LIKING

By ELIZABETH BURTON

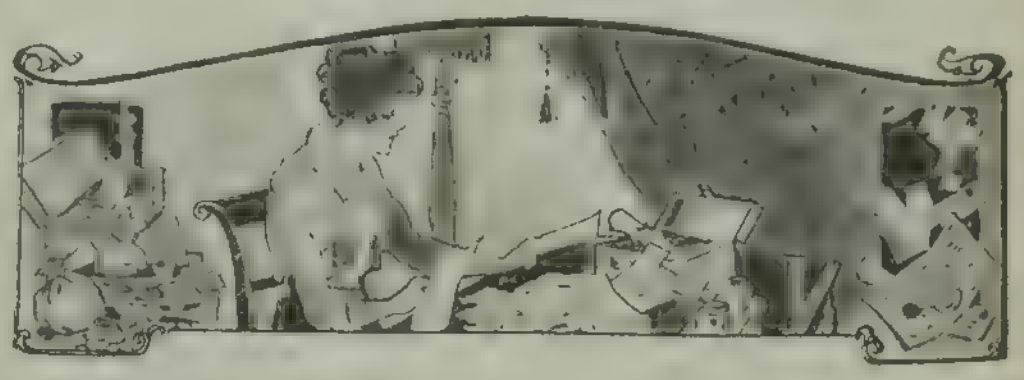
THERE is an old-fashioned bit of poetry in Longfellow's works, which says in happy comparison:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman."

We must admit the economic changes which have taken place during the last generation, and the increasing self-reliance of woman. Yet the old ideals remain, and the girl of to-day, in thinking of marriage, looks upon her future husband as one who will protect her from the strenuous struggle with the world. A business woman who has been married for some years said recently, regarding her house work: "I believe it is harder work in some ways than the old office routine. Working for a family is very different from working for a firm."

There is no doubt about the Eternal Feminine preference for home making—granting that woman's partner in the work of home-making is worth while. This instinct for domestic affairs is to be found in most women, and men rightly value its importance.

"A man always likes to see a woman what he calls 'domestic,'" said a lively girl not long ago. "But that is purely selfish on his part. He wants to make sure that his dinner will be well cooked."



This masculine appreciation of woman's domesticity is not all selfishness. It is as healthy and normal as woman's admiration for man's strength and daring. A man knows, without having to reason about it, that the home-loving woman is the real strength of the nation; and it is only the youth whose instincts have become perverted who really prefers the chorus-girl and the joy-riding type.

I once heard a woman say: "But I want to be something more than a feminine supplement. I want to have ideals of my own and develop them in my own way. I'm tired of the woman who constantly quotes her husband on every subject, as though what Tom, Dick or Harry said is conclusive, even when the discussion turns on fireless cookers or vacuum cleaners."

Just what is involved in being a feminine supplement is not easy to explain or define. Evidently the protesting lady considers that it involves "having no mind of your own," and being generally merely an echo of masculine views. Most of us resent such a part and would refuse to play it. In fact, I have sometimes suspected that most of the women who so glibly remark, "Well, my husband says," or "As John told me," are really expressing their own sentiments, but wish them to have the added weight of supposed masculine authority. Perhaps the husbands, innocent men, would be quite astonished if they knew how often they are dragged in to add dignity to feminine debate.

Becky Sharpe, of Immortal Fame

THERE is an old-time novel, "Vanity Fair," an immortal book, which contains two sharply contrasted feminine characters, Becky Sharpe and Amelia Sedley. Thackeray, the author, seems to prefer Amelia, but Becky is usually the choice of the reader. Amelia is insipid in the highest degree and so lacking in self-reliance that she becomes at times a deadly bore. Becky is the eternal adventuress, vivacious, amusing, utterly dishonourable, and even cruel. Amelia invariably adopts the door-mat attitude toward man and succeeds in being a very tiresome wife to that gallant young officer, George Osborne, whose career is cut short at Waterloo. It may be doubted whether Amelia, good and gentle though she be, exerts a really healthful influence on those around her. She is so abjectly unselfish that she spoils those associated with her. Becky, on the other hand, is undeniably a vampire. Every man is her natural prey, and she uses every device for making her fortune out of those who are so unlucky as to be her friends. She is the evil genius in many a life, yet is so merry and sparkling withal, that it is sometimes difficult to credit her cruelty. Now we believe that it is quite possible for a girl to be the happy medium between Amelia and Becky, to be neither a door-mat nor a vampire, but a good comrade, as well as a sweetheart.

Have you ever visited a home in which the head of the household is a thoroughly spoiled man, dominating every one so thoroughly that the dinner table presents a rather cowed circle, where *paterfamilias* holds forth on all subjects, none daring to suggest an individual view? Such a household, we admit, is not often seen in Canada; but even in our land of the Ever-so-free, the tyrant type is occasionally encountered, and it is largely woman's fault that he exercises such unpleasant control. When he was a small boy, he probably had an adoring mother, who indulged his every fancy and made him believe that the world was waiting to do him homage. He grew up with the idea that, either as son or husband, he could do no wrong, picked out a meek and worshipping maiden for his wife, and made her more or less unhappy ever after. Sometimes a daughter inherits this gentleman's imperious temper, and then are seen the most exhilarating domestic situations. He is a person to be shunned, this domestic tyrant, and other people long to tell him their honest opinions concerning his home and fireside policy. The feminine supplement his wife is obliged to play is the last part to be desired by any self-respecting woman.

Harmony is the Essence of Happiness

WHEN we try to define beauty or happiness or any quality or condition, we find ourselves in all manner of perplexities, and not even a dictionary is sufficient to rescue us from our difficulties. Once upon a time I heard a wise man say that congruity was the essence of either beauty or happiness. At the time, the remark was not very impressive, but it has often recurred to memory and it has been more forcible as the years have shown how painful the incongruous may be. Of all things to be desired in a home, peacefulness is one of the chief; and this is to be attained only where there is harmony.

The woman who is on the defensive against becoming a feminine supplement is surely not in love with the man to whom she is engaged. Such an attitude is scarcely compatible with the sympathy and mutual helpfulness which should exist between those who are about to make a home together. The girl who goes about openly declaring that she is not going to be a "household drudge" is making a mistake in marrying with this idea foremost.

"I'm not going to be a slave to any man," declared a merry eyed girl the other day, raising her dainty chin high above her collar of red fox fur. Does any rational man want a slave for a wife, or wish to see the woman he loves anything but happy and comfortable? Perhaps the girl in question had seen an unhappy home, where woman had a subservient place. But such homes are rare in this country and this century, and one cannot but feel that the woman who enters upon marriage in the attitude of one who defies anything resembling an extra task or unexpected burden is not likely to emerge successfully from the encounter with the problems of Double Blessedness.

The threadbare tale of the husband who said, "What did you do with the last quarter I gave you?" in response to a wifely request for funds, may be all too true. But we refuse to believe that he is typical of Canadian husbands, and the woman of to-day knows that such a man is, happily, of a vanishing order.

The woman who takes a sympathetic interest in her husband's work, and yet attempts no untimely interference, is more of a true helpmeet than she who prides herself on knowing nothing whatever of his affairs. There are some matters in which woman's part must be supplementary, but that does not mean that it is unnecessary or trivial. She has her own great sphere of home-making, in which man's part, however well it be played, cannot equal hers in magnitude.

Why should we talk of "supplements" at all, when the work of each should be the complement of the other? The woman who is so anxious not to have her individuality submerged had better remain single until she meets a man for whom she cares to such an extent that no thought of being a slave or a supplement ever enters her mind. There is no such condition as absolute independence, and the girl who is determined to give little of either love or service will find herself starved in soul and small in mind. Giving enriches the nature which bestows, and where there is the right spirit, there is neither fear nor servitude. Being a wife is something greater than any supplementary consideration which the ultra feminist may imagine.

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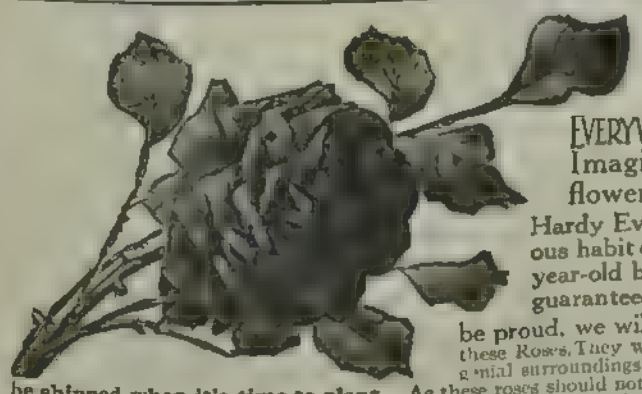

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WHY WE MUST NOT HAVE WIDER DIVORCE LAWS

(Continued from page 3)

temporary estrangement to break up a home, when at heart the parties are true to each other. Keays, in a powerfully written story, "He that Eateth Bread with Me," gives a strikingly suggestive illustration of this kind. A husband who is dissatisfied in some way with his marriage relationship falls in love with another woman, and divorces his wife, who, true to her marriage vows, suffers long and is kind. She realizes that it is the divorce-made-easy laws which undermine the moral nature of men and blind them to the sin of what they are doing. Finally the man grows weary of his second wife and seeks again the hand and heart of the woman whom he has so cruelly wronged, but whom he has come to look upon as the good angel of his life.

The way to redeem the home from strife and bitterness, and save society from the scandal of divorce, is for the wronged one to suffer long and be kind. John Wesley believed that God overruled his prolonged sorrow for his good, in making him more faithful to the great work which had been divinely given him to do.

"Can angels' wings in these deep waters grow?
A spirit voice replied, 'From bearing right
Our sorest burdens, comes fresh strength
To rise again, demand the light,
And quit the sunless depths for upper air.'"

Tempted to Marry in Haste

In making divorce easy, young people especially are tempted to enter upon the marriage relationship in a reckless and foolish way. They marry in haste, knowing that if the venture should prove unsatisfactory, they will not repent any longer at leisure than is necessary to set the divorce machinery in motion.

It is true that some will enter thoughtlessly and recklessly, lightly and wantonly, into these solemn obligations, whatever the divorce laws of the country may be. Their conception of marriage is that the only essentials are "the man, the maid, the money, and the minister." Some in every land will act in such a way as to make the world believe that all marriages are not made in heaven; but the tendency of easy divorce laws is greatly to increase the number of unhappy marriages, as Dr. Peabody has shown by reference to the conditions of things in some parts of the United States.

The stricter laws, such as we have in Canada, are educative. They lead those contemplating matrimony to realize that marriage is a sacred thing which is binding upon the soul while life lasts; that marriage is not a mere contract, but a vital union, ordained of God, which man has no power to dissolve; that the words "husband" and "wife" are amongst the most sacred and endearing terms in human speech.

Divorce Courts Spread the Evil

This is a question in which the nation is deeply interested. Christian marriage and the stability of the family are essential to the very existence and well-being of a country. This makes it necessary for the state to safeguard the home in every way. Canadians are proud of the way the Dominion Parliament has rejected every proposal which seemed in any way to make divorce easy in this land. Several times efforts have been made to remove from Parliament the power of granting divorces, and to lodge that power in divorce courts, as is the case in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia, where pre Confederation courts were retained; but the very fact that the divorce courts of these Provinces had granted a much larger number of separations in proportion to the population than Parliament had done, influenced the latter in rejecting these bills. Any legislation which gave additional facilities for obtaining divorce was repugnant to the moral sense of our Canadian law-makers. "These shocking divorce statistics!" is the way one of the best informed and best beloved of American writers on this subject has described the situation in the United States, where the courts make divorce easy.

Our Own Canadian Home

Canada is a country of homes where the children have not been depraved by the divorce laws from knowing their fathers or mothers. Some one has said that no one but a Scotchman could have written "The Cotter's Saturday Night," because nowhere but in Scotland is home life so sacred a thing. There are portions of Canada which the writer knows well, where a Canadian Burns might find inspiration to write a beautiful poem on the happy home conditions, where almost every house is a Bethel, where life is touched with a heavenly spirit which makes it happy and helpful, where any thought of divorce, cherished in the heart, would be looked upon as the unpardonable sin.

The Bible and Divorce

For those who acknowledge the supreme authority of the Bible in this matter, who look upon Jesus as the divine author and interpreter of all that is best in our social and religious ideals, this question of making it easy to get divorce in Canada is quickly settled. When the Pharisees came to Jesus asking, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" he replied: "Have ye not read that he that made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh!' Whom, therefore, God hath joined together let not man put asunder." Jesus told the Pharisees that day that nothing but marital infidelity could separate man and wife.

The great Teacher saw the terrible evils that resulted from the great freedom of divorce in his day, which was granted because a man thought that he had ceased to love his wife, or had seen some one whom he liked better, or even because his wife cooked his dinner badly. Jesus taught the sacred character and binding force of marriage ties, that divorce was contrary to nature, for marriage was divinely associated with the very constitution of human life—that it was contrary to the law of God, who interpreted the human relationship in language not easily misunderstood.

Our Canadian laws of divorce are to-day in harmony with this divine teaching, and any effort to make it easier to obtain divorce is an effort to dishonour God's law, and substitute for it certain devices of man, to loosen the bonds of society, to lower the ideals of life, to ruin the home, and degrade the nation. From all such we pray most fervently, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

WHY WE MUST HAVE WIDER DIVORCE LAWS

(Continued from page 3)

together otherwise than God's Word doth allow are not joined together by God; neither is their Matrimony lawful," brings the awful solemnity and great responsibilities of marriage before the hearts and minds of the bride and groom. But it is too late for this heart searching. What! Turn back when the feast is spread, the old life ended?

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" can only be said—without sacrilege—of those marriages where there is "no just cause or impediment," when, "forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her (or him) so long as ye both shall live," where love—pure, great, bright, and holy as Heaven itself—is the sure foundation, and marriage the outcome of a grand passion; only then is their union as "God's Word doth allow," only then is "their Matrimony lawful;" please note: lawful, not legal.

With marriages built on these sure, lawful, holy foundations, divorce has nothing whatsoever to do.

But marriages entered into with any other prompting or foundation is but a purely human contract, and "neither is their Matrimony lawful." With these divorce has to do.

We insult God when we attribute to Him the making, and the blessing, of marriages of convenience, of the feeble-minded, the vicious, the brutal, the unclean, the diseased, the drunkard, the fallen—be they man or woman.

But—

The inadequacy and laxity of the marriage laws are not remedied by the insufficiency and rigidity of the procedure attending divorce and annulment.

Divorce: Its Procedure

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, each have a Court of Divorce, and the procedure is the same as that of any other suit—lawyers must be engaged and paid, witnesses secured and paid. The cost is from one to two hundred dollars. If the case be thrown out, it cannot be brought up again—just as with other law suits. In British Columbia, the charge is adultery only. New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia add impotence, and marriage within prohibited degrees. To these Nova Scotia adds cruelty.

Ontario, Quebec, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and the North-West Territories must apply to Ottawa for an Act of Parliament for the annulment of marriage. A deposit of two hundred dollars must be made, and if neither party have the money necessary, they may apply as paupers and certain expenses are omitted. The cost is from one to two thousand dollars. If the Bill be thrown out, it may be introduced at the next session with all the expenses to pay again.

The laws of a nation should be for all—not for the few; yet in the Provinces of this Canada of ours, where we proudly claim a democracy and hold that the people rule through the strength of the Government, where we say that no class has rights that are denied to the masses, yet right here, without vaunted liberty and equality, an Act of Parliament annulling a marriage is only for the moneyed classes, the masses must abide by their mistakes or be classed as paupers.

More: the law dealing with a condition of life which affects the (Continued on page 31)

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30 x 6 x 60	1 25 "	1 40	1 60 "
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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIAL PAGE

Edited jointly by Pierrot and Pierrette, chaperoned by Madame Etiquette

April Showers

ARRANGE a program suggesting Jupiter Pluvius. For instance, pass around cards and pencils and see who can, in three minutes, write down the most words suggesting rain or damp, etc.

Then pass to each a slip on which you have written a term relating to wet weather and have each in turn rise and pantomime his word, which the others endeavour to guess.

For this Shower Party use as a table centrepiece a child's tiny umbrella, the handle tied with a big bow of ribbon and the hollow filled with joke packages, if early in the month; if later, the packages should contain funny gifts.

For the corner stone of your decorations for an April Fool Party, get from the shop a jester figure in crepe paper filled with gifts or jokes; or make at home a big fool's cap in several colours to hold the same things. From this centre decoration ribbons in motley colours should hang out, and with these the bag is finally destroyed. Tie the chairs to the table legs underneath, and have other funny pranks in honour of the day.

April Fool Supper

This for an April Fool Supper. Use menu cards which are decorated with the date in gold paint. The lines below each viand represent its true nature and are, of course, omitted in preparing the menu for the party.

MENU

Ham Sandwiches
(Bread and butter without any ham)
Hot Coffee—Whipped Cream
(Tea, Cocoa or Milk)
Bananas
(Banana skins filled with a dainty salad)
Fool's Caps
(Cones of ice cream made with three colours)
Novelty Cakes
(Oblongs of soft toast iced with cake-icing in white, chocolate, and strawberry.)
Sugar Plums
(Salted Peanuts)

Etiquette of Conversation

A gentleman will not make a statement unless he is absolutely convinced of its truth.

He is attentive to any person who may be speaking to him, and is equally ready to speak or to listen as the case may require.

He never descends to flattery, although he will not withhold a deserved compliment.

If he has travelled, he does not introduce that information into his conversation at every opportunity.

He does not help out, or forestall, the slow speaker, but in conversing with foreigners, who do not understand our language perfectly, and at times are unable to find the right word, politely assists them by suggesting it.

He converses with a foreigner in his own language; if not competent to do so, he apologises and begs permission to speak English.

He does not try to use fine language, long words, or high sounding phrases.

He does not boast of birth, money, or friends.

The initial of a person's name, as "Mr. H.," should never be used to designate him.

Long stories should be avoided.

One's country or customs should be defended without hesitation, but also without anger or undue warmth.

Scandal is the least excusable of all conversational vulgarities.

When a grammatical or verbal error is committed by persons with whom one is conversing, it is not to be corrected.

Words and phrases that have a double meaning are to be avoided.

Politics, religion, and all topics especially interesting to gentlemen, such as the turf, the exchange, or farm, should be excluded from general conversation when ladies are present.

Long arguments in general company, no matter how entertaining to the disputants, are to the last degree tiresome.

Anecdotes should be very sparsely introduced unless they are short, witty, and appropriate.

Proverbs should be as carefully used as puns; and a pun should never be perpetrated unless it rises to the rank of witticism.

It is always silly to try to be witty.

It is not polite to interrupt a person when conversing.

Refrain from the use of satire, even if you are master of the art. It is permissible only as a guard against impertinence, or for the purpose of checking personalities or troublesome intrusions. Under no circumstances whatever should it be used merely for amusement's sake, to produce an effect, or in order to show off one's wit.

It is extremely ill-bred to whisper in company.

A gentleman looks, but never stares, at those with whom he converses.

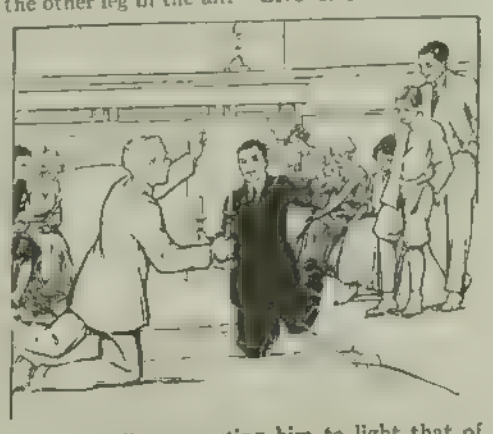
The name of any person, present or absent, to whom reference is made, should be given if possible.

Place should always be given to one's elders.

Death is not a proper subject for conversation with a delicate person, or shipwreck with a sea-captain's wife, or deformities before a deformed person, or failures in the presence of a bankrupt; for, as Heine says, "God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends." We should let it be the object of our conversation to please, and in order to do it we should not converse on subjects that might prove distasteful to any person present.

The Link Boys

Place two persons on their knees, opposite to each other; each is to kneel on one knee, with the other leg in the air. Give to one of them a



lighted candle, requesting him to light that of the other person. This is exceedingly difficult to do, both being poised in equilibrium on one knee, and liable to tumble at the slightest disarrangement of position.

The Visible Invisible

Tell one of the company that you will place a candle in such a manner that every person in the room, except himself, shall see it; yet you will not blindfold him, not in any way restrain his person, or offer the least impediment to his examining or going to any part of the room he pleases. This trick is accomplished by placing the candle upon the person's head; but it cannot be performed if a looking-glass is in the room, as that will enable him to turn the laugh against you.

Conundrums—And the Answers, Too

Why is a man who never bets as bad as a gambler? Because he is no better (bettor).

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man? Because it is down in the mouth.

What is that which we often return but never borrow? Thanks.

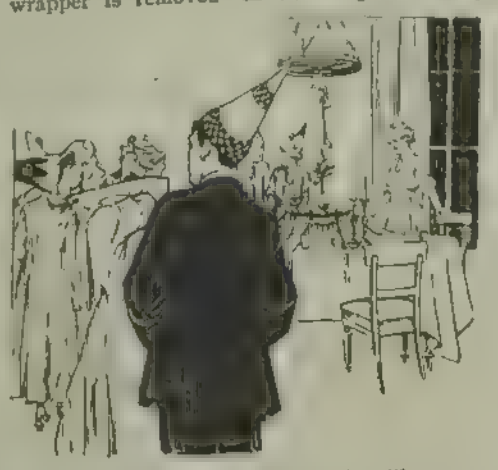
Why should an owl be offended at your calling him a pheasant? Because you would be making game of him.

What is that which has neither flesh nor bone, yet has four fingers and a thumb? A glove.

Why can you never expect a fisherman to be generous? Because his business makes him sell fish.

Millinery

Just before going in to table Mine Hostess might call upon her guests to view and admire "her new Easter bonnet." The girls particularly will be eager to see the millinery, and even the young men will not be wholly disinterested. One of the pretty flower-covered hat-boxes is produced (or an ordinary one can be covered with wall-paper for the purpose) and is opened in full view of all. Wrapper after wrapper is removed—as the longer curiosity



remains unsatisfied, the stronger it will grow—until a package of dunce caps is finally untied. The bundle must contain one for each of the company. Have each cap in tissue paper of a different shade, or colour and trim each distinctively. Thus, one would have a paper flower, one silver or gold stripes down the seams, one silver bells, and one big Pierrot dots of black. Each dons his cap before passing into the dining room. Another plan would be to have the trimming on one of the men's caps match that on some girl's headgear, thus indicating supper partners.

Nonsense Games

Such stunts will surely set the fun going and serve to fill in the first portion of the program. Then some jolly nonsense games may be arranged. For instance, have you ever had a picture sale with the guests or players as the "picture?" This is very lively and funny and it needs to start it is only one a little clever to act as auctioneer and describe the different pictures. Of course in describing each canvas the auctioneer will be careful to have it as unlike the subject as possible. Each guest figures as a picture, and is placed by the auctioneer on the auction-block (a grocery box) and then described by him in ludicrous style. For instance, in describing a very tall young man the auctioneer can say, "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now exhibit an exquisite picture of a baby boy building houses with his childish block. Note the long golden curls, the baby blue eyes so full of infant questioning. What parent can resist so life like and tender a canvas?" It goes straight to the parental heart." When some one has claimed the picture, the subject steps down from the block and another is put up for bidding. If the latter should happen to be a charming young woman, the auctioneer may introduce her as "This strange amphibian from Gulf of Guinea," describing the queer habits, the strange "eats" and general amazingness of the creature, which he declares should attract any one interested in a Zoological Garden.

Of course, the idea is to make the different picture subjects so far forget the gravity demanded by their position as to laugh or smile; if they can be trapped into doing this, they must pay forfeits.

Another funny stunt which once stirred up a lot of fun at a nonsense party was a wooden goose race. Two of the funny art nouveau geese which move on wheels, wagging their heads and clapping their bills, were secured from a toy store and two players at a time pushed these over

a prearranged course with canes. The players who won in the first race matched each other in second contests, and the two who finally won received the toy geese as prizes.

Many elderly and middle-aged folk are as fond as the young people of entertaining on the jolly date of April First, but the plan of the festivity should be different for those who do not enjoy scampering about. For an afternoon affair there may be a question game arranged in novel fashion. Give to each woman, as she comes in, a paper folly cap in gay colours, on each of which is written a question relating to folly, as, for instance:

"Who said of whom that he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one?"

Have each question numbered, and when all the guests are on the scene, see how many can write correctly most answers to the April foolish queries. Award a nonsense book of some sort as a prize.

A card party may be arranged, too, with very attractive details to suit the April First idea. Whatever the game, whist, five hundred, or any other favourite, the tables may be decorated appropriately for the day. Above each one suspend a fool's cap in a certain colour and give each lady as she comes in a folly stick in the same colour as the decorations of one of the tables. By matching the folly stick, or jester's baton, with the colour of some table, the places to begin the game are found. Score is kept by tiny gilt bells which are attached to the ribbon of the baton as they are won by the player.

The prizes which are distributed to all of the winning colours after the progression (for all play to win points for the colour drawn, not for themselves) can be taken from the suspended fool's cap, from which ribbons hang to be used in breaking them apart when the game is at an end.

He Was Rich

A young lady, who was in love with a young man of whom her father did not approve because of his seeming lack of worldly goods, resorted to a very subtle artifice to win her father over and obtain his consent to the marriage.

She sent for her lover, and taking him into a room adjoining that in which her father was seated, said to the young aspirant for her hand:

"John, have you any property at all?"

"No," replied John.

"Well, then," said the girl, "would you allow any one to cut off your nose if you were offered twenty thousand dollars for it?"

"Not for all the world," protested John.

"'Tis well," said the girl, as she sought the presence of her austere parent.

"Father," she said, "I have satisfied myself as to John's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money; but he has a jewel for which, to my certain knowledge, he has refused twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old gentleman to give his consent to the marriage.

Amusing Trick You Can Easily Perform

You begin by declaring that if any one will write something on a piece of paper, you will undertake to say what there is on it. Should any one take you, tell him, when he has written something on a piece of paper, to roll it up small, and hold the paper straight up in his hand; and, after making him hold it up a number of different ways, say "Bow, place the paper on the floor in the middle of the room, and in order that I may not have a chance of lifting it up in the least, place both your feet upon it; I will then proceed to take up a candle, a stick, or anything else you please, and inform you at once what is on the paper." After going through all sorts of manœuvres, to mislead the spectators and keep alive their curiosity, you finally turn to the gentleman who is standing with both feet on the paper, remarking, "I have undertaken to state what was upon that piece of paper. You are upon it." With many a hearty laugh you will be declared the winner of the bet.

Something to Recite

A burden of responsibility has been placed on Canada, and especially on the great wheat producing Province of Saskatchewan. It is necessary to crop every possible acre, and it is the duty of Members of the Legislature to see that labour is not lacking for the land.—*R. B. Bennett.*

THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

There's the man who does the fighting, and who does it mighty well,
There's the man who's right behind him, making guns, and shot, and shell.
But there's some one else behind them both, who helps to fight the Hun;
He's the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun.

He doesn't wear a uniform, nor march out with the boys,
He seldom sees a factory with all its deafening noise.
His work is done in silence, yet 'tis work that must be done,
By the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun.

He feeds the hungry soldier and the man who makes the shell;
The value of his labour Father Time alone can tell.
He works from dawn till twilight in the broiling summer sun,
Does the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun.

He starts out in the springtime and for days and weeks he plows;
His labours are unceasing, raising hogs, and sheep and cows.
And while others get the benefit, there's really not much fun,
For the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun.

Let us cheer the boys now fighting, for their country and their King;
When they come back home, let's cheer them till we make the welkin ring;
But when shouting cheers for others, could we not hand out just one
To the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun?

ROBERT J. DEVINE.

Larks for April First

The way to make your First of April party a great success is not to have it especially elaborate or expensive, but crammed full of surprises and jolly quips and sells.

It would be funny to invite the convives for something quite different than the actual program. For instance, invite everybody "to meet Cousin Jack," or "Aunt Miranda," from Toronto, Ont., a relative not in existance. Let this fact be discovered upon the arrival of the guests or during the early part of the evening, at least when it is borne in upon all by the fact that the honoree does not put in an appearance, and that his or her name is never mentioned by the hostess, queries as to the probable cause of absence only evoking evasive laughter on her part.

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Waists	Coat Collars	Eye Glasses
Skirts	Trousers	Jewelry
Petticoats	Suits	Scarfs
Neckwear	Robes	Lambrequins
Belts	Shirts	Furs
Feathers	Furniture Covers	Blankets
Dresses	Curtains	Overcoats
Parasols	Portières	Veils
Wraps	Tapestry	Machinery
Opera Capes	Disc Records	Mirrors
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See these cars now. Get a car yourself this spring.

Willys-Overland, Limited
Head Office and Works, West Toronto, Canada

☞ *To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario*

What These Boys Do You Can Do

SEVERAL hundred dollars' worth of vegetables was the splendid contribution of the Broadview Y.M.C.A. boys of Toronto towards increase of food production last season.

There exists a world shortage of food. Hundreds of thousands of Canadian soldiers are now consumers instead of producers. So you see that every bit of help in growing extra food supplies is of colossal importance. Every home should have a vegetable garden.

Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves money otherwise spent for vegetables, or gives you vegetables you would not otherwise have, and thus helps to lower the "high cost of living." Growing vegetables saves the labour of others whose effort is urgently needed for other vital work. Boys, girls, grown-ups—every one should help. Let the slogan for 1917 be

"A Vegetable Garden For Every Home"

Who doesn't enjoy nice, fresh, juicy vegetables on the table every day! Isn't it well worth every one's while to grow vegetables this spring? Decide now. Boys and girls, ask your parents for the use of the ground and their help. They will gladly give you both. Grown-ups should plan now to have a garden.

Horticultural societies, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to encourage vegetable growing by every one. Parents and guardians are requested to give boys and girls their co-operation.

It is suggested that organizations arrange for addresses on vegetable growing by local expert gardeners. If these are not available, the Department will endeavour to send a speaker. It is urgently requested that applications for speakers be made promptly, as the demand for them will be great and the supply of available experts is limited.

The Department of Agriculture suggests stimulating interest by forming organizations to offer prizes for best vegetable gardens. Every possible assistance will be given any organization encouraging vegetable production on vacant lots.

You do not need to be an expert. Scarcely any plot of ground is too small. Just write a letter to the Ontario Department of Agriculture (address below) and you will receive literature telling all about vegetable growing, how to prepare the ground and cultivate the crop; also a plan showing suitable vegetables to grow, best varieties for Ontario, and their arrangement in the garden. These will be sent free on request. Attend the meetings in your community.

Write for Poultry Bulletin—The high prices for eggs make a flock of poultry well worth while. They are not expensive to keep. In the average home the waste from the table is sufficient. Write for bulletin.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign"
Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Parliament Buildings - - - Toronto

WHY WE MUST HAVE WIDER DIVORCE LAWS

(*Continued from page 26*)

foundations of the nation—the home—and the nation's greatest asset—the child—should be the same from coast to coast and from the southern boundary line to the northern Arctic.

If a condition exist in the relations between a man and woman which threatens the destruction of the home and jeopardises the moral welfare of the child, is not the need for readjustment just as great in the case of the working man as in that of the successful professional man? By what peculiar method of reasoning must the poor man be condemned to endure his troubles and the rich be freed from his? The rich man, by reason of his better education and enlightenment, should not so easily make the mistake of marrying unattuned and unsuitably; and of the two classes the child of the rich suffers less since medical care, education, happiness outside the home are more readily within his reach, and because he has or should have again by reason of his education and wider opportunities, more resources within himself. It is a fact beyond dispute that the average poor man's family is larger than that of the man in comfortable or luxurious or of wealth, and thus a larger number—chiefly children—suffer from the inability of the poor man to readjust his domestic relations by an Act of Parliament, since he must either be marked as a pauper or produce a couple of thousand dollars; and to so mark a man is an insult and a rank injustice.

Just Causes for Divorce

Adultery. None denies the right of man or woman to obtain divorce for adultery.

Non Support. The home is sacred; its integrity should be protected, but if the man be lazy and will not work, what right has he to the shelter secured by the hours his wife spends over the washtub? What right has he to the food her labour buys? What right has he to the pennies Tommy earns selling papers? What can the woman do? She can't separate from him, he won't stay away from where he knows there is shelter and food for the children, and, therefore, for him. *What right has he to spend his time out of jail supported by his wife and in jail supported by the State?*

But the lazy man is not a product of the very poor alone. In many a middle class family Pa sits round, smokes, and reads the paper all day, supported by his children. But if Pa knew that divorce lurked in ambush, he would speedily change his comfortable slippers for a pair of good stout boots and hie him to an office stool or a plow. In this case, the State should be the plaintiff and divorce Pa from his soft snap, marrying him to some form of production besides tobacco smoke and pipe dreams. The State cannot afford to support drones.

Habitual Drunkenness: This should be sufficient cause for divorce, but with the Dominion-wide Prohibition which we shall soon have, this cause will disappear. But the State should see to it that the importation of liquor is an indictable offence.

Insanity, and Venereal Disease: There can be no question as to the justice and righteousness of granting divorce for these two conditions. What right has the State to either sanction or permit the birth of feeble minded and diseased children? It is surely a blot on civilization to allow any child to be handicapped before birth. Healthy, clean parentage is his right, righteous demand.

Desertion, and Cruelty: These are also just causes for divorce. Why has a woman no redress but the Police Court when she is beaten and abused? Arrest effects no cure. Why should a man be allowed to abuse his own wife and not another man's wife?

Who suffers most in all unhappy homes? *The Child.* Not all the wealth of mother love in any woman's heart can shield the child from the effects of the daily influence of a bad man's life; not all the care that any woman can give can hide the knowledge from the child's quick intuitions that "Daddy" is not "all right;" not all the agonizing prayer of a strong man's heart can keep the innocent mind of his child from being tainted by daily and hourly contact with an unworthy woman; not all a good man's courage and strength and manliness can make up to his small son or wee daughter for the want of womanliness and moral stability in his wife. *Be the fault the man's, the woman's, or both—the child suffers most.*

The State Loses

The nation's greatest asset is the child. That has been said over and over again, and we are beginning to realize it. But the child who fills the hospitals, the asylums, the reformatories, the jails, is not an asset, but a liability—a heavy liability and responsibility.

The nation's greatest asset is not the child. The nation's greatest asset is the *healthy, happy child*, and medical testimony bears me out when I claim that it is absolutely impossible for any woman to give birth to a healthy, normal child if the father be a man whom she abhors or fears, or regards in any other light than that of love. A healthy, happy, normal child comes of healthy, happy, normal parents, whose marriage has its foundation in love—pure, clean, wholesome love.

A child is well born if he be born normal, healthy, and happy, and of normal, healthy, happy parents, whether those parents be rich or poor; and he is not well born if he inherit disease, tendency to crime, or drink, and with his moral sense blunted, even though he be born to wealth and luxury. Prenatal influences are a strong factor in determining the child's disposition, temper, health, and his early years do the rest. If he be brought up in a home where daily strife and invective are the rule, how can he learn—by precept (*Continued on page 53*)

Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc.
beg to announce
that their 1917 Garden Catalogue, with colored illustrations, is now ready.
WRITE FOR COPY
133 King Street East
TORONTO

Stand by the Government

in campaign for more vegetables. To accomplish best results you must keep the right condition in the soil so as to provide the various plant foods required. Even if you are already securing big crops you can get even better results and make more money by using Harab-Davies Fertilizers.

These natural fertilizers stimulate the plant without impoverishing the soil. They nourish both land and crop. Every ingredient has proven fertilizer value.

Write for bulletins and booklet, which tell you the right grade of fertilizer to use for various crops on different types of soil. We will promptly mail them to you free of charge.

Ontario Fertilizers, Ltd.
20 Harris Road, West Toronto, Ont.

WAVECURL
imparts beautiful wavy curls however limp your hair is. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." For either ladies or gentlemen. Send 15c stamps or coin for a sample.
WAVECURL CO., 38 ST. PAUL, MINN.

SOW SIMMERS' SEEDS

ESTABLISHED 1856

Confidence is the greatest factor that enters into the buying of seeds, since you are buying not a finished product, but only the means by which your garden may be either a success or a partial or complete failure. You will make no mistake in placing confidence in SIMMERS' SEEDS.

CATALOGUE FREE on application.

J. A. SIMMERS, LIMITED
Bulbs, SEEDS, Plants
TORONTO, ONT.

FOR BEST RESULTS

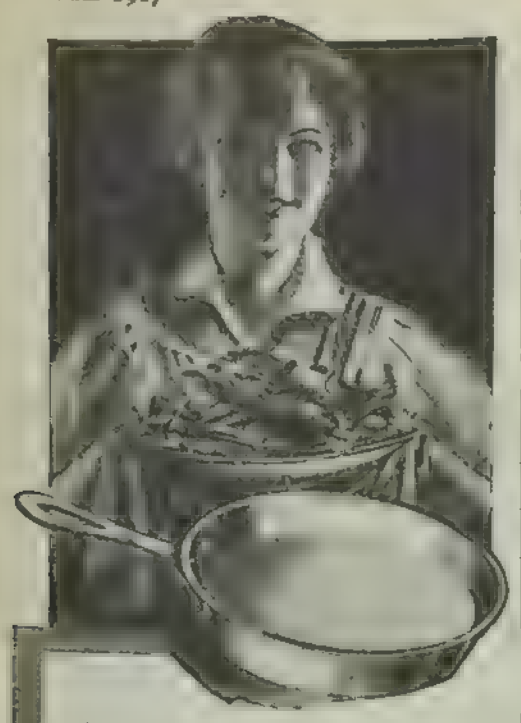
TREES & SHRUBS
BROWN BROTHERS Co.
NURSERYMEN LIMITED
BROWNS NURSERIES, ONT.

You begin to look old, with those grey and faded hairs, always so conspicuous. Send at once to your nearest store for a bottle of

LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER

Sold Everywhere

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural color. It cleanses the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.



A Tempting Dish—
Fried Chicken
Southern Style
Try it—in the

"Wear-Ever"

ALUMINUM FRY PAN

Clean, single and cut into pieces for serving, two very young chickens. Salt, roll in wet flour, having as much flour as possible cling to the chicken. Melt tablespoon butter in "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Fry Pan, put chicken in, skin down, cover. Cook slowly for about 15 minutes, turning when necessary. When thoroughly brown and crisp, add 3 tablespoons of water. Cook 3 minutes longer. Take out chicken and drain. Thicken gravy. Serve hot or very cold.

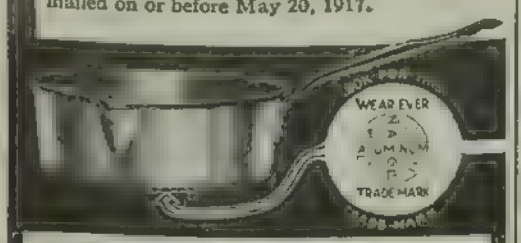
The "Wear-Ever" Fry Pan stores up a larger amount of heat than the ordinary fry pan, sears the meat immediately, thus keeping in the juices—cooks thoroughly and quickly.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made in one piece; they have no seams to give trouble, no coating to chip off. They are pure and safe.

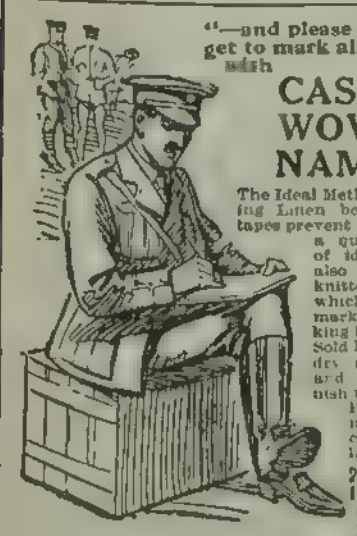
"Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Canadian workmen in the largest and most modern factory of its kind in Canada.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If you never have used "Wear-Ever" we will send you the sample 1-qt. (wine measure) Stewpan as pictured, for only 30c, if the coupon is mailed on or before May 20, 1917.



NORTHERN ALUMINUM CO., Ltd.
Dept. 48, Toronto, Ontario
Send, prepaid, 1-qt. (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps or coin—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until May 20, 1917, only.
Name .....
Address .....



"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

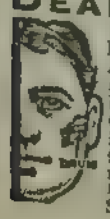
CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

The Ideal Method of Marking Linen because these tapes prevent loss and are a quick means of identification, also woolen and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink. Sold by all leading dry goods stores and men's furnishing stores. Prices for any name not exceeding 23 letters.

24 doz. $4.00
12 doz. 2.25
6 doz. 1.50
3 doz. 1.00

Style sheets may be obtained from
J. & J. CASH, LIMITED
24 Wellington St. West, TORONTO
or 301 St. James St., MONTREAL

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My Invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 150 5th Ave., N.Y. City

Living Her Education

One Mother's Idea of It

TWO women, hostess and guest, were sitting by an old-fashioned fireside in an old-fashioned country home. They looked like old-fashioned women—the kind that has never really gone out of fashion.

"You really intend to send Mary to college?" the latter inquired with an interest that bristled with opposition.

"Mary is going to college," was the reply, with an emphasis on "going" that was lost on the listener.

"Your only daughter—how can you spare her?"

The little woman settled herself more comfortably in her chair and replied as if she were arguing with herself only, "Spare her? What should I say about sparing her? Her life is hers—not mine—and is now in the making."

"Oh! she is to be a teacher, I suppose."

"No, I don't know that she is."

"And yet you think it necessary to send her to college?"

"Absolutely."

"Why?"

"Because Mary wants to go."

A light shone in the elder woman's eyes. She thought she understood. "Oh! of course—there are other professions open to women now."

Then the mother of Mary sat up straight and knew she must face the questions of her friend. With eyes fixed on the dancing flames, she opened her lips, and, as she had worked out the problem for herself, she worked it out now with her friend. "Because Mary will grow up to be a woman and somewhere, somehow will have to live her life—just for this reason, if for no other, she will go to college. Whether her life is passed in the home or away from it, in the city or in the woods, in following a profession or in bringing up children, I want it to be as useful and as happy as possible. Going through college is the same as going through life—the responsibility of getting good out of it rests with the boy or girl. Mary will have her chance—she can do with it as she likes. Four years of wonderful opportunities are before her."

"SHE is too young," the hostess still opposed; "the students are all too young to appreciate the good things that are offered them."

"True," the mother admitted. "If you and I could only go now"—what a longing was in her voice—"but then—the children get something. They miss the ripe fruit, but youth plucks a certain flower from college life, the fragrance of which goes with them all their lives. The things that stay with us." The thoughtful little mother looked more thoughtful. "It seems as if young people need in their training more atmosphere and less solid food—more inspiration that comes from great characters and the beautiful things of life, and less information from cramming of books." She shook her head positively. "I am sure the gain from college life does not mean to me the getting of knowledge, though such may be very useful, nor even mental training, unless the latter include two things."

"What?" was the abrupt inquiry.

"Simply *outlook* and *uplook*. These are the best things that I hope my child will take away from college. The great teachers who should be in colleges and who are in some, who have given their lives to some special field of study, because of what they are and what they have done, will impart unconsciously to a young person something more valuable than they can ever teach consciously. If for nothing else than for just this influence in a young person's life, I would willingly meet the expense of sending Mary to college."

"Then your last words won't be 'Study hard'?"

"My last words will be, 'Live—live it all into your life—whatever you may find there.' The 'study hard' will take care of itself. I ask only that Mary may gain a genuine love for study and books that will go with her through life; that somebody will show her the signboards that point to knowledge and induce her to follow them with joy, not for four years, but for ever afterward."

"You ask a great deal."

"Yes, but I think I shall get it." The mother laughed. "You speak of *sending* Mary to college. She *goes* to college—I don't *send* her. From her baby days she has had no other thought than to go. It has been as much a part of her future as growing up has been. We are so used to the thought of her going, that 'sparing' the girl"—the mother's voice trembled—"has had no weight in our decisions. Mary has talked 'college' since she could talk. All her dolls went to college, and all the stories and books on college life have been read by her. She has her 'college box.' It is filling fast now. Last year she saved her money and made a flying trip to several of the colleges that she was considering. (*Continued on page 50*)

A Little Plot and Plenty

Even if you have only enough space for a small garden, you have a gold mine under your feet.

Here's health a-plenty, pleasure for the taking, flowers in profusion, an abundance of fresh peas, beans, lettuce, tomatoes, radishes and other garden things—almost worth their weight in nickels and dimes these days of high prices.

Like thousands of other gardeners, you can be surer of garden success by planting

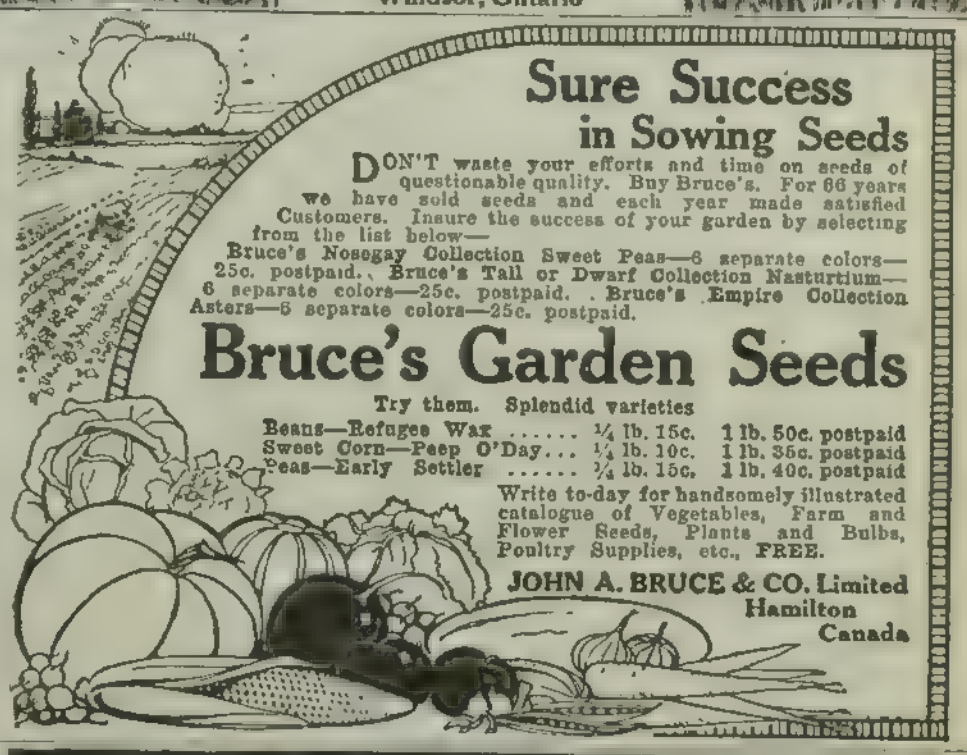
FERRY'S SEEDS

Plentiful gardens of perfect flowers and succulent produce are not accidents. Success depends in part on the seeds planted. Seeds from plants with histories of generations of growing success behind them are the only safe seeds to buy.

Ferry's Seeds are tested, selected, pedigreed seeds from plants that we have grown for generations for abundance, lusciousness and trueness to type.

Send for the Ferry Seed Annual. Free on request. Unique for its receipts for cooking vegetables. Dealers everywhere sell Ferry's Seeds.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
Windsor, Ontario



Sure Success in Sowing Seeds

DON'T waste your efforts and time on seeds of questionable quality. Buy Bruce's. For 66 years we have sold seeds and each year made satisfied Customers. Insure the success of your garden by selecting from the list below—

Bruce's Nosegay Collection Sweet Peas—6 separate colors—25c. postpaid. Bruce's Tall or Dwarf Collection Nasturtium—6 separate colors—25c. postpaid. Bruce's Empire Collection Asters—6 separate colors—25c. postpaid.

Bruce's Garden Seeds

Try them. Splendid varieties

Beans—Refugee Wax	¼ lb. 15c.	1 lb. 50c. postpaid
Sweet Corn—Peep O'Day...	¼ lb. 10c.	1 lb. 35c. postpaid
Peas—Early Settler	¼ lb. 15c.	1 lb. 40c. postpaid

Write to-day for handsomely illustrated catalogue of Vegetables, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants and Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, etc., FREE.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO. Limited
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The Man Behind the Product

Years of patient research and countless experiments were necessary to perfect the matchless combination of rich Oporto Wine and Extract of Cinchona (according to the British Pharmacoepia and French Codex) found in:—

Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT
(a la Quina du Pérou)

20

BIG BOTTLE ASK YOUR DOCTOR ALL DRUGGISTS

HORLICK'S

Malted Milk for Invalids

A nourishing and digestible diet. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract. A powder soluble in water.

LAW

HIGH GRADE INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE. Prepares you for the Bar. Four Courses. College, Post Graduate, Business Law and Bar Examination Review Classes begin each month. Approved by Bench and Bar. University Methods. Unabridged Text Books. Cases. Course in Oratory, Public Speaking and Moot Court FREE with regular course. Graduates now practising in every State. Write to-day for Catalog and Rules for Admission to the Bar. Chicago Correspondence School of Law, 535 Reaper Block, Chicago.

"Here's where I find relief from pains and aches"

And indeed Sloan's Liniment is in nearly every home, in nearly every medicine chest, because it stops the pains and aches.

Grandmother knows how it helps her rheumatism; it goes right to the spot. Father knows how quickly it relieves that wrenched muscle or sprain that is so painful, and the youngsters know how bruises and bumps that hurt "sumpin fierce" are soon soothed by Sloan's Liniment.

No clumsy bandages or mussy plasters. Sloan's Liniment quickly penetrates without rubbing, and does not stain the skin or clog the pores.

Be sure to have it handy. Your druggist has a bottle ready for you, 25c. 50c, or $1.00.

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

PENETRATES WITHOUT RUBBING

ARLINGTON COLLARS

It doesn't fit Baby, but it will fit Dad, and fit him perfectly, too.

Arlington "Challenge Brand" washable collars are perfect in style, and have an individual touch that makes them the choice of many good dressers. Our style book gives all the styles we make. Send for YOUR free copy, and a sample collar prepaid for 25c., if it happens that your dealer does not stock them.

Laundry expenses for collars mount up to high figures in a year—Arlington washable collars save the laundry expense altogether—a little soap and water makes them look like new again.

MADE IN CANADA

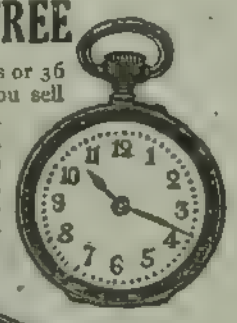
Arlington Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto - Canada

Daddy's Favorite!

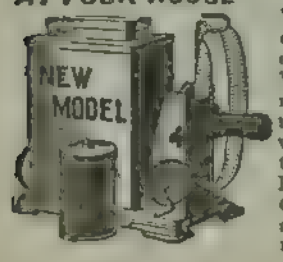
A PHONOGRAPH OR A WATCH FREE

BOYS & GIRLS these Gifts are all **FREE**

We will send you 36 sets of 6 beautiful post cards or 36 Stick Pins or 36 Religious Medallions. You sell them to your friends at 10c. each. Then send us our $3.60 and we will send you, by return mail, either one of these gifts you prefer. Write to-day—no money required.



HAVE THE MOVIES AT YOUR HOUSE



Without one cent of expense to you. When you send us our money as above, also send us the names of six friends who will sell our goods. As soon as they do this, we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE this real MOVING PICTURE MACHINE and a box of films. The pictures are clear and distinct and will give no end of pleasure. Send your name and address to-day.

Phonograph reproduces both vocal and instrumental music. Clear-toned and will play Columbia and Victor Records.

VOGUE NOVELTY CO.
Desk D6, 702 Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(*Continued from page 23*)

more cream. Dear me! I hung the good-night sign on Romance, that meal.

It didn't do me any good, either, to remember that Cupid, little arch ambassador of Romance, was a fat little over-fed-looking fellow, full of dimples and creases.

And later in the day he sent me—Garry Miles, I mean—a beautiful big basket of imported fruit—pears and peaches and apricots and plums. I didn't know what they meant—dietetically—then. If I had known, I should have been furious, I suppose.

As it was, I was mad, and gave the fruit to Mother. It had been *chocolates* for Cora, I hadn't any doubt, as I lay in a hammock and watched Cora, in a new mauve frock, with hat and shoes to match, and a lacy parasol, go down their walk to town.

She met Garry Miles there, coming out of the bank, and they had ice cream together, and went for a row on the river. I wondered that he wasn't afraid to take another chance with Cora. I heard all about it from the other girls, who were ripping.

He 'phoned the next day to ask if he might come up that evening; but I said I had a fierce headache and was going to bed early; and I wasn't at all nice on the 'phone. But I wasn't going to take his charity. Owing his life to me didn't put me under any obligation to do that.

I had another rotten night, and was up in the middle of it; and hunted up a tape measure—a five-foot one—out of mother's sewing machine drawer, and took all my measurements—that is, all that I could take—properly. And they were quite enough; to say nothing of what I saw they stood for, in that hateful mirror. I won't tell you what my waist was, because I hadn't any. I wrote the figures all down; and five hours later, when dressing, tore them up savagely into little pieces, wondering how much—or how little—Cora Neville went around the waist, per Garry Miles' arm, and whether her calf was any less than my arm.

. . . . .

"I'VE a letter from your Aunt Jessie," Mother said that morning to me at breakfast—another thundering "starchy" meal, of course—and courses. Aunt Jessie Fairweather is Mother's oldest sister, and my favourite aunt, just as I am her favourite niece. She has no children of her own. *I* take their place—all of them.

"She wants to know, among other things," Mother went on, handing the letter to me, "if her 'little girl' will not pay her a visit soon." In spite of my bulk belieing the adjective, Aunt Jessie, through pure affection, always referred to me as her "little girl."

The Fairweather farm is a beautiful place, near Farmington, a hundred miles west of Harriston. I did some rapid thinking. I had had an "idea" for the past day or two, vague, unformed, but not altogether visionary. Now, suddenly, through Aunt Jessie's suggestion of a "visit," the idea took clearer shape.

I put on a hat and went down to our public library, which is next door to our leading bank. I caught a glimpse of its new manager, over his desk in his "private" office. But I got more than a glimpse of Cora in the library, where she was posing in the Poet's Corner. She saw me, and strolled over, languidly, and was curious, with her little scarlet smile, to know what particular *love story* I was after now. But I wasn't going to let *her* know what I *was* after, if I didn't want the whole town to know. So I stuck around, and looked in the magazines, and when she was gone at last—into the bank, I supposed—I didn't need the book I had come to ask for, because I had accidentally found just what I wanted in a magazine. But I asked little Minnie Pilson, who is sanctimonious and anæmic and wears thick glasses, over the counter what Cora had taken out, and Minnie said tragically:

"'The Kiss of the Sireen, and other Pomes of Passion,' by Looloo Ragstail. My, they're *awful*, Bella! *I* wouldn't read them if *I* were her!"

I went to the nearest bookstore, on the other side of the bank—our only real one—and got a copy of the magazine I had been reading in the library. It was the June issue; and I took the only two they had left, so that I could cut the pages I wanted out, with the pictures, and pin them on the wall if I wanted to. And then I *hurried* back—to the hammock.

I read my article through, and through again, by luncheon; and at the table Dad wanted to know what had become of my appetite. I didn't tell him, because it was there all right.

He had brought home our local papers, hot off the press. Each of them had a write-up of the "rescue;" and, worst of all, one of them had a woodcut of me, made from a photo or buntype of long ago, stolen from some photographer. Luckily, thanks to the poor paper on which the "Harriston News" is printed, the cut came out very badly—very *well* for me— and it was hard to tell where the figure in it ended and where the background began, if I had left room for any "background" at all. But it made me think of our annual Sunday School Moonlight Excursion on the river, when there is never any moon at all.

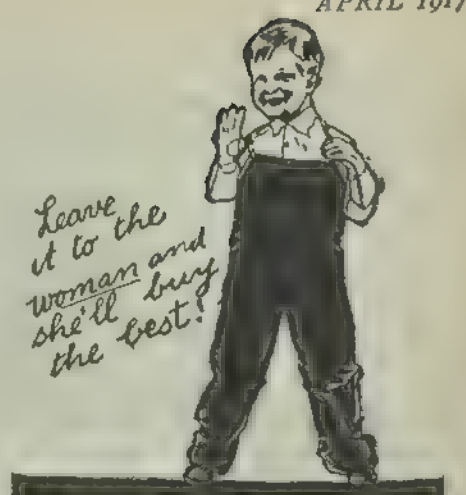
But in one of the other two papers was a cut of Garry Miles; and by some printer's accident—the "devil's" luck, I suppose— it was pretty good, and like him, too. They had kodaked him in the street or bank. I kept that paper, and I clipped the cut out later.

"And the Humane Society is going to present you with a medal," said Dad, proudly. "Mrs. Price, the President, got all the particulars—"

"From whom?" I flared.

"From Miles."

(*Continued on page 34*)



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UNION MADE
GLOVES and OVERALLS
Known from Coast to Coast
R.G. LONG & CO. LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

BABY HUTT.

"Owes his life to Virol."

Ottawa,
Nov. 23, 1916.

I should like to testify the benefit of VIROL. Our baby boy when born and up till he was one month old was healthy, then he began to fail, nothing would agree with stomach or bowels. We did everything possible. but he kept getting worse, till at last we were advised to try Virol. He was then 8½ months old and only weighed 9¼ lbs., we could scarcely handle him. In 10 days we saw a vast improvement, and in 3 months he sat up alone. He is now 18 months old, has 12 teeth, weighs 32 lbs., and never has been sick for one hour since we gave him Virol. *I am sure we owe little Jack's life to Virol only.*

MRS. H. S. HUTT,
396, Chapel Street, Ottawa.

Virol increases the power of resistance to the germs of disease and replaces wasted tissue, it is therefore a valuable food in Measles, Whooping-cough, Infantile Diarrhœa, Influenza, etc.

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For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

USED WHILE YOU SLEEP

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the Spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a boon for sufferers from asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inhaled with every breath during rest soothes the sore throat and loosens the cough assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is valuable and safe in the treatment of Influenza.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet. For Sale by all Druggists.

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THE men who spent years of their lives in earnest endeavour to make an ideal range, saw success beyond all thought crown their efforts. The Lighter Day range was an achievement. As such it won all womankind.

BUT this success only spurred these range engineers to greater effort. Two years they have toiled to improve the Lighter Day range. Countless designs, patterns, models, have been made, only to be discarded for better ideas. This costly experiment, this search for improvement, was undertaken to give our sales force and dealers in every town the highest type of coal range that can be produced.

Clad in blue and white this NEW Lighter Day Coal Range

THE Lighter Day gave to women a handy-height oven for baking with coal.

That was two years ago.

In the days before coal, stoves had high ovens.

But when coal came for cooking, and for forty years after, range-makers could not make a coal range with an oven at handy-height.

For forty years women toiled at bend-over ovens. Fine cooking ranges they had, good in many ways — well-built, and durable— but BACK-BREAKERS every one of them. A day's baking was a hard day's work. The stooping, stooping, stooping, made baking day a day of aching backs. It was not coal alone that went into these old style ranges. Health, strength, and youth were the fuel consumed.

Science Turned to Kitchen Reform

Clare Bros.' engineers solved the baffling problems of heating a handy-height oven with coal. The Lighter Day was invented. A lighter day dawned in thousands of Canadian kitchens.

The Lighter Day was a marvel range.

Engineering skill never did more for womankind.

To Canada's women this Canadian invention seemed perfect. They have written it in letters, thousands of them. But Clare Bros.' engineers studied, criticized, improved. There followed two years of constant experiment, countless tests. Thousands of dollars were spent on new designs, new inventions, and finally new patterns.

To-day a New Lighter Day Appears

If the old Lighter Day was a marvel range, see now what science has created. The aim was to lighten labour, to lessen fuel costs. Every dollar spent, every month of experimenting, is more than repaid by the labour and money saving improvements now added to the Lighter Day Range.

Cut the Cost of Fuel

To hold heat in the oven. To avoid waste. That was a problem never solved. Lighter Day engineers have invented an entirely new way to avoid loss of heat. Coal never was known to produce heat at such low cost. The oven is ready for baking a few minutes after the fire is started. The fire is under perfect control, holding the oven temperature steady for hours. Lighter Day construction will upset all old ideas of range building. It will save money in thousands of Canadian homes.

Not an Inch of Surface Requires Blacklead

The new Lighter Day is clad in blue and white porcelain enamel. Specially toughened enamel had to be produced. To make a range that would reach the very pinnacle of range beauty, one that would require no blacklead, new processes of enamelling had to be found. The cooking top is polished brighter than steel. Other cast parts are japanned. A damp cloth will clean any part of this wonderful range.

Greater Cooking Capacity

The cooking top is made wider and deeper. There is room at the back for kettles or saucepans that require only moderate heat.

The oven has been moved back to leave a shelf. Now one may draw out dishes for basting or testing. The warming closet is directly heated. It serves as a second oven for baking pies while the roast is cooking in the oven. In addition to the four outside pot-holes, there are holes in both the oven and warming closet. Turnips, cabbage or other strong vegetables may be shut in while being cooked.

The large hot water reservoir is of porcelain enamel.

No Steel Parts Exposed to Rust or Intense Heat

To make a range that would be almost everlasting called for big changes in construction. No steel range ever made could resist the wearing action of heat and rust. The flues rusted out or burned out. The Lighter Day is built with flues of porcelain enamel— absolutely proof against corrosion.

All parts exposed to severe heat or corrosion fumes, both inside and out, are either of cast iron or porcelain enamel. The New Lighter Day will outlast many ordinary steel ranges.

The fire-box is lined at the back with four ordinary fire-bricks, such as are used in smelting furnaces. If they should become broken, they may be replaced anywhere for a few cents. It is not necessary to send to the factory for these linings.

Many Sizes and Styles

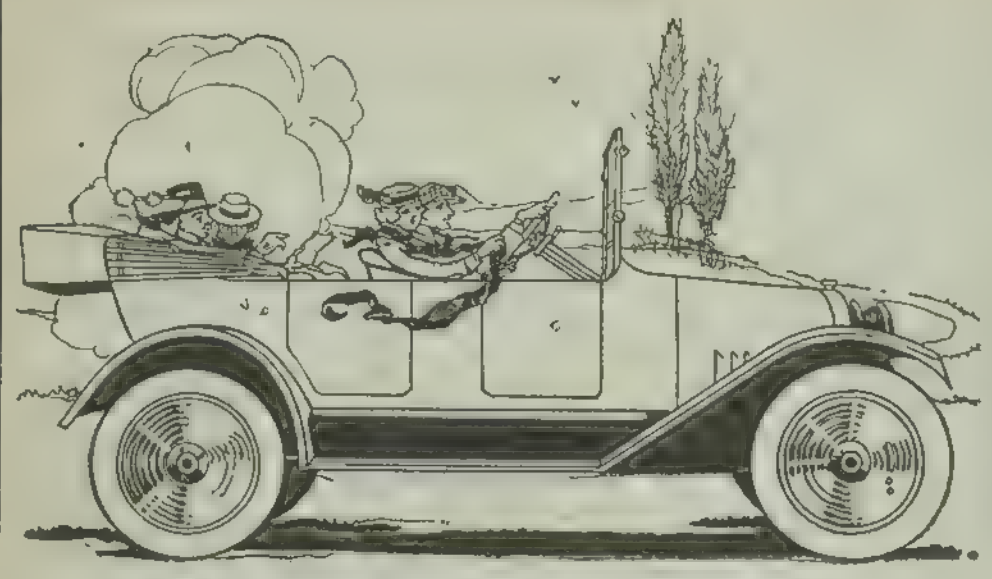
The New Lighter Day has the oven at either the right or left side. Ovens are made 18 or 20 inches wide. Pot-holes 7, 8, or 9 inches.

Clear Illustrations of the New Lighter Day Free

If your local range dealer does not sell the Lighter Day range, write for a handsome folder showing every labour-saving feature of this marvel range. We are prepared to send these illustrations free to every woman in Canada. Every woman should see for herself what we have done to lighten her kitchen work. Mention this paper and your copy will go to you promptly.

new LIGHTER DAY range

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, PRESTON WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



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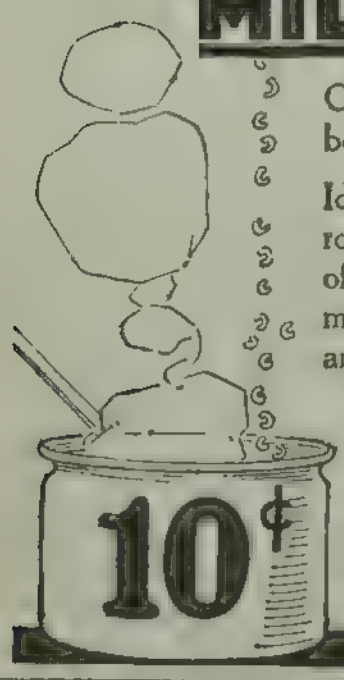


Cut in handy little sizes—ready to be dropped into the boiling water.

Identical with our regular Milk Macaroni in everything but form. Made of the famous Semolina flour and milk—with the same smooth richness and flavour.

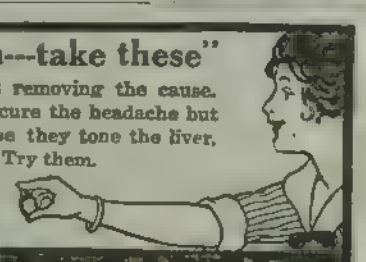
Not better—simply more convenient. 10c. a package. *"The Girl at Catelli's"* will tell you how to prepare Milk Macaroni in more than a hundred different ways. Write for a free copy.

THE C. H. CATELLI CO., LIMITED,
MONTREAL 85

"No more headache for you---take these"

Don't just "smother" the headache without removing the cause. Take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only cure the headache but give you a bouyant, healthful feeling because they tone the liver, sweeten the stomach and cleanse the bowels. Try them.

All Druggists, 25c., or by mail
CHAMBERLAIN MEDICINE CO.
Toronto, Ont. 13



CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(Continued from page 32)

"Rubbish! He was almost unconscious!"

"Well, perhaps *he* got them from Cora," said Dad, winking. "Anyway, she—Mrs. Price—is making a report. The presentation will take place in the Town Hall, with the Band."

"Will it?" I said. "Cat! I won't take it! I won't be there! They can give it to Cora—for saving her bathing suit. *I'm* going to Fairweather Farm to-day; *and I don't want a soul but you two to know!*"

I LEFT Dad and Mother staring after me, and then at each other. And an hour later I went down town and sent a wire to Aunt Jessie, telling her to expect me by that evening's train. My "idea" had become resolution, and my mind was made up as I packed my trunk.

Then I went into the bank, just before closing time, and drew out some money.

Garry Miles saw me from his chair in his private office, and I saw him get up at once and come quickly out. He came to where I was standing before the paying teller's cage and spoke my name and held out a hand as I turned.

"How's the headache?" he inquired, gently. "Quite gone, I hope?"

He was so nice, I felt silly right away, and cross, and disagreeable, as I folded up the nice, new, crisp bills the young teller had passed out to me, and put them in my bag. I muttered something about being "sorry" I hadn't been feeling fit on the previous evening, and moved to pass out. But he stood, somehow, without being obtrusive, in the way.

"Then let me come up *this* evening!" he said, with such seeming eagerness that I was conscious of a queer little quickening at my heart.

"Yes, *do* come this evening," I said. "Dad and Mother will be very glad to see you."

"And you—won't?"

"I won't be there."

"I see," he said, slowly.

I looked up, and met his steady gaze. He wasn't smiling at all.

"You see," I said, twisting the handle of my bag, and hating and yet hugging the little devil in me, "I—I'm going away—"

"Away?" he echoed, but without raising his voice. I wondered if it was always low, like that. "For long?"

"I don't know," I said, with a little shake of the head, and wondered again if my own voice sounded as "funny" to him as it did to me. "It depends."

"Yes?"

"I'm going on a sort of visit."

"May I ask far?"

"Oh, not so very," I answered flippantly—if a girl of twenty-two and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds may be said to be flippant. "But far enough to be 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife'—in Harriston."

He smiled faintly. I wondered if he had read my mind.

"Not," he said, "for all summer?"

"Perhaps. It depends."

He looked steadily at me again, and I looked back at him a little defiantly, till I found myself flushing, and my gaze fell. Then he turned his head and stared into the street as I looked up again. His profile looked awfully fine and clean-cut against the golden light; and somehow, suddenly, I felt that little devil of disagreeableness clamouring again. No nice man of twenty-eight or so, when there were scores of Cora Nevilles in the world willing to wait on him, could care for a clumsy, fat girl; and what right had he to be flirting with me, if that was what it was, turning away and gazing into the street with that look, as though he had got bad news and as though he cared whether I ever came back or not! I started to walk away—I wondered afterwards if I really intended to, without another word—and he turned to me again.

"When do you go?" he asked quietly. We had reached the entrance door—one of those revolving things where you come in in a section and need all the good humour you can muster if you are in a bad one, if you are going to get out without killing somebody.

"This afternoon," I said, crisply.

"I had wanted to have quite a little talk with you," he said. "About—" Unconsciously, it seemed, his glance for the fraction of a moment ran abstractedly over me; and in a moment I was flushing again, and my heart was suddenly hot with rage. Then, abruptly, before I could turn, he held out both hands.

"Good bye! A good time, and safe home!" he said, smiling. I had never seen him smile like that before, nor known what nice white teeth he had. And then, before I knew it, he had taken my hands in his and gently raised them and as gently kissed them both; and a moment later I was passing out of the bank, as Cora Neville passed in. We saw each other through the revolving glass, and she did not smile or bow.

Perhaps you know how it feels, coming out of the movies, where you have been absorbed for an hour or so in a love story in the film, into the bright afternoon sunshine of the street. As though in a dream, or just awaking from one, confused, I walked along the bright, hot boulevard, looking at my hands and feeling still the pressure of his and the touch of his lips.

"Oh, how dared he? How dared he?" I whispered to myself. And yet—

. . . . .

THE long ride to Farmington came to an end sooner than I had thought it might. Dreaming, of course. But I had gone through my magazine article twice, with a fierce determination and almost knew it by heart now.

Big "Uncle" Jim Fairweather met me, driving his finest pair of *(Continued on page 50)*

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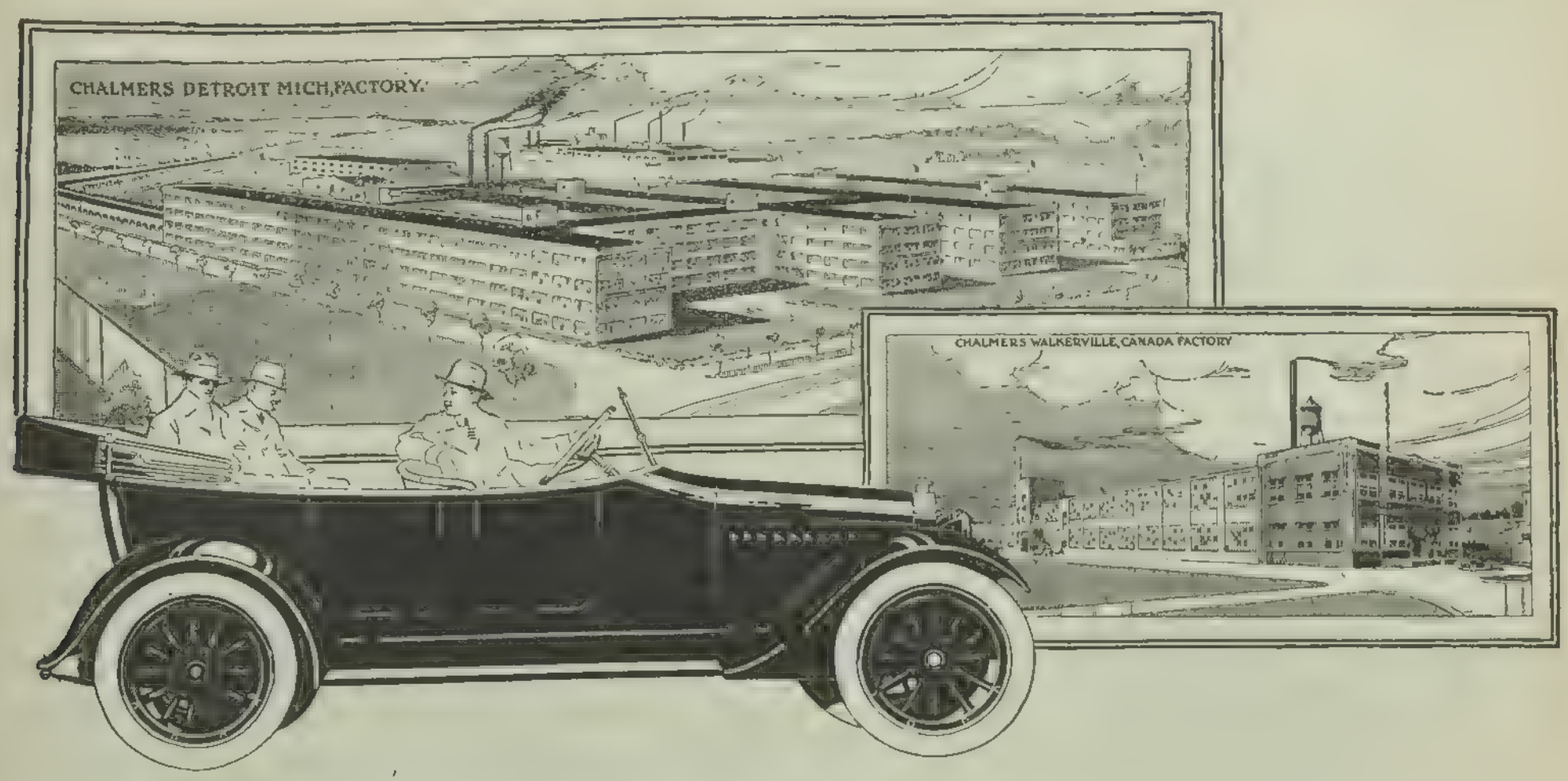

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Success drives to business in a Chalmers.

For,

Chalmers is a symbol of success that attracts successful men.

Chalmers is a car, a man, an INSTITUTION.

The world knows this institution.

All men know this mounting Chalmers success to be the living product of an ideal. They know the man who had the energy, the will, the integrity, the honesty of purpose, AND the capacity to turn his ideals into reality.

Among business men, as among owners of cars, Chalmers is a name vibrant with action.

Where employers of labor study "Welfare" plans, Chalmers methods are adopted. Factories are built in every land—like the Chalmers factory. Wherever efficiency is the topic—Chalmers is the example familiar to all. In sales conventions, men are inspired by the sound business philosophy of Chalmers.

The Chalmers success is broader than motordom. It stands a beacon among the world's great industries. It is to be expected that business men should drive cars from the Chalmers institution.

Courage attracts. The pursuit of the Ideal is a magnet for leaders of men.

Other men with ideals, men of action, names to conjure with in the motor industry joined with Chalmers in carrying on his work

Now to say of a man, "He is a Chalmers man" marks him for a big man.

Skilled workmen came to Chalmers keen to produce the ideal car. The Chalmers ideal placed them in surroundings that breed a healthy ambition to excel.

The factory, planted in what was then the sunlit prairies of Michigan, grew a monster plant, with floor space a million feet. Around it was built a city peopled by master car builders and their folks—30,000 or more.

Ever growing, ever succeeding, this giant industry rose a pattern for all industries, a landmark in motordom. The very bricks are alive with the power impulse of the Chamlers ideal.

Far afield this force is felt.

In every city local success joins hands with Chalmers success. Big men in every territory represent Chalmers.

Men with the good sense to serve well their customers, are linked to the Chalmers organization. The Chalmers spirit of service to the public reaches out through these men.

NOW, CHALMERS CREATES A CANADIAN FACTORY

The institution bridges the boundary. The Canadian Chalmers is made in Canada. Chalmers owners in Canada are served by a Canadian organization.

The Canadian factory is cast in the Chalmers mold. It is one with the Chalmers Institution.

Chalmers in Canada—Chalmers in Detroit—one institution—one ideal. There lives in both the high purpose that conceived, created and maintains the Chalmers organization.

In Canada the custom grows to speak with pride of "my Chalmers."

Here, as throughout the world, Chalmers, stands a name to be envied. Not only among motorists, not only among business leaders, but in the entire field of industrial activity.

Chalmers is a car, a man, an institution.

Chalmers	*6-30 5-passenger*	*$1625.*
"	*6-30 7-passenger*	*1775.*
"	*Cabriolet*	*1995.*
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THE CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Walkerville, Ontario

CANADIAN Chalmers

CICCOLINI, *the Italian Tenor*, a great favorite of Milan and Paris, who has just completed a triumphant tour of America. Signor Ciccolini has already achieved a brilliant career, and seems destined to win the highest laurels in the world of opera.

THE TEST OF TESTS

The illustration on this page is from an actual photograph of Signor Ciccolini *actually* singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of his voice, thus adding to the already overwhelming proof that the New Edison Re-Creates the voice or instrumental performance of any and all artists with such literal fidelity, that the original cannot be distinguished from the Re-Creation. Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Anna Case, Giovanni Zenatello, Jacques Urlus, Arthur Middleton, Otto Goritz and Thomas Chalmers are among the other great artists who in a similar way have proved the infallibility of this wonderful new invention.

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is conceded by the music critics of more than three hundred of America's principal newspapers to be incomparably superior to all other devices for the reproduction of sound. This remarkable new musical invention brings into your home a literally true presentation of the art of the world's great musical artists. After you have heard the New Edison you could scarcely be contented with a talking machine. In your locality there is a merchant licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate this new instrument. You will not be importuned to buy.

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Please do not ask an Edison dealer to sell you Edison Re-Creations if you intend to attempt to play them on any other instrument than the New Edison. No other instrument can bring out the true musical quality of Edison Re-Creations. Furthermore, injury to the records is likely to result if you attempt to play them on an ordinary phonograph or talking machine.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 7534 Orange, N. J.

Wall Paper and Its Effect on the Nerves

Have you ever felt rested after sitting in a certain room for an hour? There must be a reason—a cause before an effect. Study yourself for a cause for nerves, if you insist you have them, and ask yourself these questions: What is your favorite color—the color that fills you with delight? Do you have tints of your favorite color in your rooms?

One woman always loved blue in her dress and flowers, yet she had red paper in her rooms. No wonder she had "nerves," for there are many people who are affected as much by color as there are those affected by sound.

Who loves the screaming of the noon whistle, unless it is the lazy lad who is hungry? So it is with discordant tones in your home. It is a well known fact that on the walls of insane hospitals red is never used. No matter what the style is in paper, go and choose the tint that rests you. Have your home made harmonious with light, soft tints, and see how much more cheerful the whole family will be.

Long ago, in looking at a house with a view of renting it, a woman happened to sit in a room papered in soft "old blue." She lingered there, feeling relief from a nervous headache. Later, when she had lived in the house for some months and found that the soft, deep, restful tones of the paper in that room always rested her so, she, as well as the other members of the family, agreed that the old blue of that room was a cure for nerves, hers at least.

Think of trying to sleep in a room hung with flaming red poppies, when there should be soft, pale tints without figures, white if possible, where one spends so many hours. "Nerves" are largely the result of discord and lack of proper harmony, else why a nervous attack when things go wrong?

Banish ugly things from your home; use only simple furnishings that make your home restful, and when you are uncomfortable in a room, begin studying that room. Begin with the paper. Do your eyes follow the pattern or the figure? If so, have it taken off and choose a paper that rests your eyes and thus soothes your nerves. It will pay you many times over, far more than the cost of the paper, even if it be an expensive one, for anything that conserves or restores health is cheap, no matter what it costs.

So with pictures which irritate or are hard for you to see. Banish them and choose simple prints to replace the family "nightmares" that should be "skied" in the attic.

A very wealthy man, and a lover of good pictures at that, once said that the best furnished house he had ever been in was a home where one picture hung in the drawing-room. Naturally he was asked what the subject of the picture was, and he answered, "An open window, looking out over the sun-kissed fields." A great speaker once said: "I visited the home of a bride who had married for love. Of course, they were poor, and after a while the girl longed for some of the fine pictures in her wealthy father's home. The little bride lived in the suburbs, and as I looked on every side, the beauty of the scene impressed me. I called her attention to the pictures of the Great Master who fashioned the world, and with complaint and whimperings she answered, "Yes, it is pretty."

That girl was simply shutting her eyes to the greatest beauties of the whole world, and unconsciously injuring herself and her thought by preferring the artificial to the natural. A right thinking person will not do this, and every one should begin comforting the nerves of herself and her entire family by showing harmony in every room of the home.

"DUMMY JOE"

(*Continued from page 11*)

into the enclosure, but she stayed him with a slight gesture and placed one of her gloved hands upon the lapel of his coat in a gentle, pleading manner, speaking in a low voice charged with emotion:

"No, Henry. I must be alone. Stay in the car. Drive a little way off. You have been very considerate—and good—and patient with me. Please allow me to go—to the end—alone."

He looked at her in a disturbed way, drooped his head, hesitated for a few seconds; then getting into the car, motioned the driver on. The car stopped at the edge of one of the bluffs in sight of the burying ground. The pale lady had turned into the sad enclosure. Almost immediately a ridge of more recently turned earth met her eye. She hastened to it expectantly and read the scrawled lettering done with an indelible pencil upon the rough wooden slab that stood at one end of the mound:

"Geoff. Moorehouse
Died Feb. 19th, 1913"

and a little lower down was added, as though on an afterthought:

"Dummy Joe
Our Dandy Mail Carrier
'Safe in the Arms of Jesus'"

The crudeness and the paltriness of the rude monument vanished; only the reverence those rough stranger hands had done to the memory of the dead remained. She saw and felt the whole inwardness of it.

TEARS welled from her eyes; she choked, and in spite of a restraining effort, sank sobbing on her knees beside the low mound of earth.

Presently she ceased weeping so violently and gazed with agonized and pain-marked face upon the little heap of earth before her. She began, almost mechanically, to pluck away the weeds that already had begun to root there. A wild rose had stemmed vigorously near the name board. She plucked at it; it resisted. Again she essayed to pluck it up, and the tiny sharp thorns pierced her gloved fingers. The pain roused her. She started and began speaking slowly and softly, as low and softly as a loving mother does over the cot of a wilful beloved child asleep, with a dim unexplainable trust that her plea will penetrate his dreams and draw his soul nearer hers.

"Geoff! Oh, Geoff! You withheld that letter. Why, why did you not send it? Eighteen months! It would have saved you—saved me. Too late, all too late now! Your heartache was eased by your sense of guiltlessness, but we have nothing—nothing—nothing to ease ours—mine."

The man in the car was now standing up, looking nervously in her direction.

"God alone knows how to punish! The crime—the crime is ours. He has punished us all. Did you say it was your pride that kept you from posting it, pride that withheld your hand completing the address? Hah! It was His hand that withheld yours—to punish me for my unfaithfulness. I doubted you, I who loved you so and who should have believed you beyond all others. I knew—I felt I should, but—oh! Geoff, Geoff, I was weak; I faltered! I killed you! I did this to you; what have I done to myself? Forgive me—pity me. Yes, yes, the crime is mine; I must atone!"

The man had left the car and was walking toward the enclosure.

"Can you—will you forgive, dear Geoff?" She held out her hands appealingly to the little heap of brown earth before her. Her eyes were fixed on something, a something that had arisen between her and it. The fear and pain passed from her face; she rose to her feet and with out-stretched hands, palms turned down as though they were greeting and clasping another's, she leaned her face eagerly forward and her breathing came faster. An expression finer than joy settled on her face, and her lips stirred, although no words came forth. Her eyes half closed, as though she were immersed in ecstasy.

The man from the car entered the enclosure. The woman's fixed attitude sent the blood into his face and away from it again. He hastened to her, but before he had reached her, she, after a gentle, ardent motion of the hands, a motion as one might make at a long leave-taking, let them fall, and her eyes again drooped towards the mound.

The little yellow petals of a small wild flower was the only touch of colour on that sad ridge. She stooped, and with a motion of reverence, gently touched it, then rose and turned silently toward the man. The serene look on her tear-stained face astonished him, as she, without a word, took his arm and went from that wild place.

And the little brown mound was left to the prairie flowers, the grasses, and the weeds.

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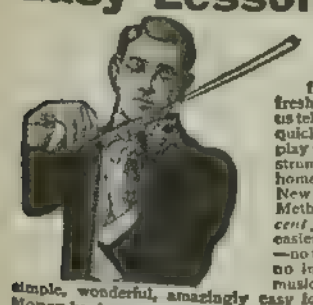

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THE MAN WHO COULD NOT DIE

(*Continued from page 13*)

girl, raising herself on her elbow, eyes feverbright. "I did not know them then. I was at school. There were two boys, were there not? Who knows whether the other may not rise up some day to snatch the property from us?"

"The older of them we need never fear," smiled Mrs. Morton, confidently. "He disobeyed his grandfather, and was properly cut off without a penny. To be sure, there was a time when both lads stood high in favour, and it was thought the fortune would be halved between them. It was at the opening of the War that the break came. Their grandfather—and yours—came from a fine old military family, and immediately expressed a wish, which was almost a command, that both young men should enlist. Strangely enough, both refused; not, I suppose, from want of courage, but because they were studious, and had ambitions along lines of peaceful endeavour. The elder brother clung to his decision, quarrelled, left home, and was cut off penniless. The younger repented, like the young man of scripture, went to the War, and received his grandfather's blessing, and a promise of the entire fortune. A year later it was reported that he had died of wounds, and was buried on the battle-field. Your grandfather's will left all to him, but as he was dead, the lawyers made it over to you as the next heir, reserving a portion for the use of the church, according to your grandfather's expressed wish. Lo! he who was dead walks abroad! The grave yawns! Such is war!"

"Mother, he shall have his money!" cried the conscience-stricken cousin of the unfortunate soldier. "He has lived bravely. He has pleased his grandfather. If it were the older one, I should not give it up to him."

"He cannot live," breathed the older woman, for the hundredth time.

"Mother, Mother, Mother!" shrieked the girl, her voice penetrating to the street, even behind closed windows. "I cannot marry a minister of the church with this blackness in my heart! The old Bishop is lily-souled. My lover is fiery as an archangel against sin. They will find it out! They will scorn me! I tell you if you urge me into this deceit, it will cost me my soul!"

A MONTH later Enid did not view it in the same light. She had grown accustomed to luxurious living and wondered how she could exist on less money than she now controlled. It was so wonderful to see the lines of care fall from her mother's face! Yes, she was persuaded that she loved her money for the good she was accomplishing with it. Never a scheme was suggested by the Bishop or his brilliant godson, that she did not aid by the opening of her purse. She was in and out of Bishop's Court frequently now, almost as a daughter to the holy man, who was growing very feeble. And when not there, she was in the church, arranging the flowers, touching the yellow keys of the grand old organ, praying, preparing herself to play well the part of a missionary's wife. Oh, she was a holy woman in those days! Those who saw her praying called her "the bride of the church." How could they know the blackness that dwelt in her soul, threatening to engulf her faith?

During that time, when the cloud rested on her, she learned her true feeling for her lover, that he was dearer to her than life, that she would rather lose her soul than give him up! She did not feel that he loved her any better than at first, but he was outwardly true to her, and she would hold him—yes, by her money she would hold him, even though by her love she could not. It seemed to her that she would die if forced to give up her fortune just then, for she felt certain that her lover would not marry her in her poverty. He was graver, sterner than before, and at times she scarcely dared approach him; yet patient, tender withal, and she often teased her brain for an explanation of the change in him.

The derelict in St. Mark's Hospital lived still, like a thing which should, but could not die. Would he live on and on? Perhaps his room was bare and cheerless. She had not been there to see. Had he had the best of everything—the very best? Not a cent of his own money had passed to him to make his lot more tolerable. The girl lived in hourly dread that he would improve sufficiently to demand his rights. How much longer must the poor mind wander on in uncertain gloom? How much longer before they knew whether he would live or die?

On a certain day numerous boxes and parcels arrived at the Morton house from the fashionable stores of the city, and around her room, on bed and chairs, lay Enid's wedding finery, in clouds of net and veiling, and billows of fine linen and lace. Her haggard-eyed triumph drew near. Her secret would never see the light—for the derelict of St. Mark's *was weaker that day.*

Enid had promised her lover that she would appear in the church in the early morning of her wedding-day in her bridal robes. Woman-like, she called it a rehearsal, that no mistake might be made when the great building was thronged with spectators. Man-like, he craved to see her alone in all her beauty. The Bishop, with tottering steps, would come to bless them, and it would be a solemn hour, almost more sacred than the public ceremony which would follow later.

She was dressed when the sun rose. The bell in the church tower called the soul to sunrise prayer, as she went alone to her trysting place before the Communion Table and the great stained windows. The great Cathedral was dimly dark, the Calvary's Christ of the east window staggering under a blood-red cross. The bride of the church came swiftly in alone. She did not expect her lover just yet; she needed to find complete composure before meeting him. This was the day on which she would sell her soul for love of him.

NO, not alone! Behind the altar the white head of the Bishop showed. He was in prayer under the shadow of the great mute organ. With a sigh, the girl dropped to her knees, and when the old man had finished his devotions, he descended to her and laid his blue veined hand on her head in blessing.

A door opened from the dim hallway, and a man entered dressed in the uniform of an orderly from St. Mark's. The Bishop raised his head and his hand, waiting. The man stood at a respectful distance until summoned to draw near. Something in the girl's soul screamed—this was not her lover, but a messenger from the derelict who could not die!

She took the written sheet he handed her and crushed it in her hand. Of a surety she knew that the words it contained would change her life. She put up her hand as though to ward off something that was about to fall on her.

When they had waited half an hour, word was brought that Dr. Jackson-Kay was unavoidably detained—could be present in a short time.

Enid scarcely heard the messenger through. Turning a cold face to the Bishop, she said:

"There will be no rehearsal! I must go!"

And to herself she said:

"He will never see me as his bride!"

Deep in the seclusion of her bridal-littered room, she read and re-read the message, which she had felt from the first would topple over her castle built on sand foundations:

"Dear Madam:

A famous brain and nerve specialist, visiting St. Mark's to-day, gives it as his opinion that the returned soldier who was brought here from your house could be permanently restored to health by undergoing a delicate and unusual operation on the head. To attempt this, of course, involves the outlay of considerable money, and we feel that we must have the consent of the only friends he appears to have in this country. As the sick man frequently speaks of you, and it has seemed to us that he may have known you formerly, we have judged the proposition might interest you. Kindly communicate with the authorities of St. Mark's at an early hour, as the visit of the specialist is limited to a day or two.

Yours, etc.,
HOUSE-DOCTOR, St. Mark's."

"Restored to permanent health!"

Enid wrung her cold hands. She felt that she had always known that some such feat of surgery would save the derelict who could not die. The thing must be done! If it were not done—she—Enid Morton—his cousin—would be a murderess!

With fingers that seemed paralyzed, she began to remove the white robes, tearing off the ornaments. Throwing them down in a room piled with costly finery, she arrayed herself in a plain brown dress, a simple relic of her days of poverty; and bare-headed, she passed under the chill shadow of the Cathedral, across the yard of Bishop's Court, finally pushing open the massive door of St. Mark's Hospital for Unfortunates.

Without wasting words, the house-doctor led her to the bed of the derelict who could not die.

He was, perhaps, as repulsive as ever, but she did not shrink from him now. Through the emaciated features she seemed to see only the soul of a hero, who had given his life for her, and for his country. She fell on her knees, her lips against his unresponsive hand.

"They will do it?" she asked the doctor.

"At once—with your permission."

She nodded.

THEN she was left alone, and when she raised her eyes again, it was to see Dr. Jackson-Kay standing beside the bed. But her senses almost refused to accept him, for his clerical habiliments were laid aside—replaced by a suit of *khaki!*

"Why?" she murmured, weakly. "Why—"

"Enid," he whispered, lifting her in his arms. "I wish you to look at me—closely. Tell me you know who I am. Is it possible it has not entered your head the part I have been playing in this wretched business?"

A look of blank bewilderment was her only reply. Then—something like light broke over her.

"Enid, open your eyes. Look at me! Ah, you see it now—the dim resemblance! Yes, I am the elder brother—who lost the inheritance through a quarrel! I am he who ran away, because I was afraid to go to the War! Do you hate me? I, who, as soon as I saw that the fortune was to go to you, wooed you that I might get it again without effort or danger! What! Do you hate me now? I, who knew the moment I saw this sufferer, that he was my brother, yet pronounced him insane, and placed him here—great God! Do you hate me *now?*"

The girl's eyes were closed, but close to his ear her lips faltered: (*Continued on page 44*)

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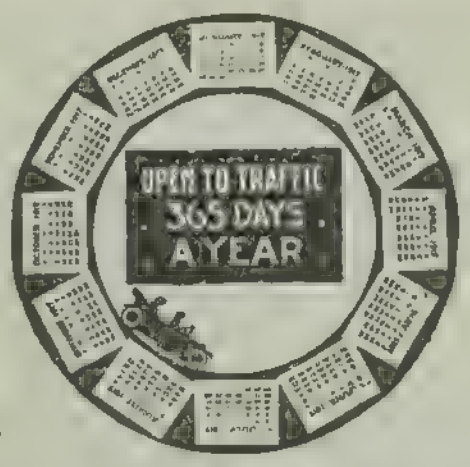

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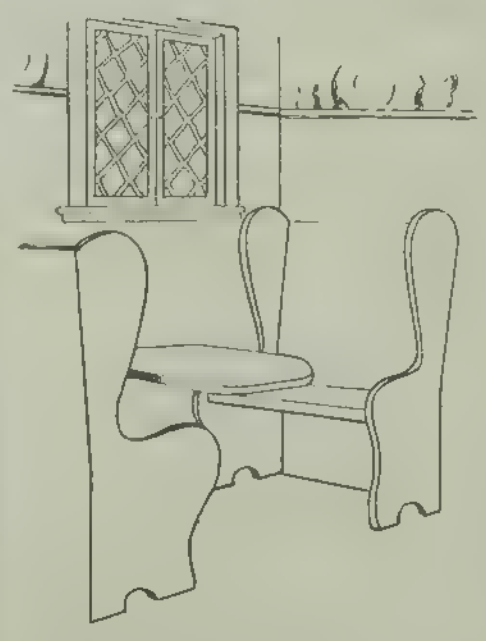
IDEAS FOR THE HOME

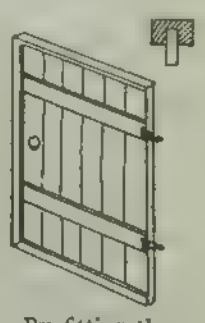
LITTLE CONVENIENCES THAT ADD GREATLY TO COMFORT

By GORDON C. KEITH

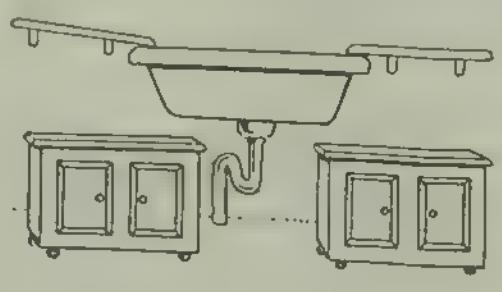


A convenient arrangement for the end of the verandah in summer, where lunch and afternoon tea may be served. Built in the corner of the kitchen, it is just the place for the busy mother to give the children their breakfast when they are hurried getting ready for school, and it saves her many steps to and from the dining-room. The seats may be hinged and enclosed underneath, making a handy receptacle for rubbers and boots.

This shows the opening between the living- and the dining-room from the living-room side. The spaces underneath the columns may be treated in either of these two ways. The lower diagram shows two book cases with glass doors. The upper diagram gives book shelves on one side and a very convenient desk at the other. This desk must have an extension board drawing out from underneath the top, else one cannot sit before it comfortably.

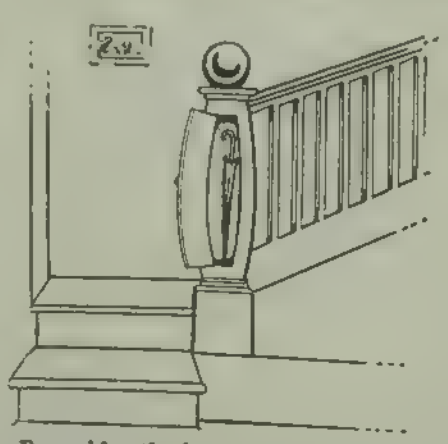


By fitting the cupboard and pantry door with rabbet jambs, the housewife is never troubled with doors that sag and pull away from their hinges.

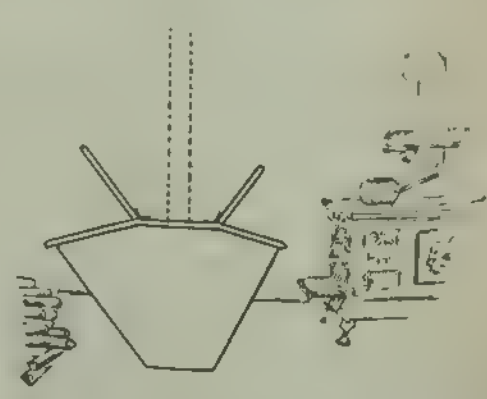


In these days of open, sanitary plumbing, the old pot cupboard under the sink is missed. But these two cupboards are easily made and more than compensate for its loss. They can be wheeled over to the range or into the pantry and save many steps.

This step with a hinged lid enables the children to reach the hooks themselves, and the box can be used for rubbers, boots, and skates.



By making the front panel of the newel post into a door by hanging it on invisible hinges, the space inside may be used as an umbrella stand; place a heavy tin or iron pan in the bottom so that the water will not soak into the wood.



This wood box is built partly in the kitchen and partly in the wood shed, and does away with the necessity of filling the kitchen up with wood. It takes up less space than the old ordinary wood box, and the lids save the scattering of much dust.

This lean to has had its roof brought up to the level and on one half is built a sleeping porch with a roof but open at the side. The other half has a circular clothes line on which sheets, blankets, and clothing may be aired. By making this clothes line high enough to clear the head a table may be built around the pole and the room furnished for use during the day.

POULTRY

Making Hens Pay in the Garden or Back Lot.

By N. C. CAMPBELL, B.S.A.

HIGH cost of living and patriotic duty in the matter of producing all possible supplies of foodstuffs in this time of war are stimulating an interest such as we have never known before in saving waste of food and in making the most of back yards for gardens, also for poultry.

Hens can be kept in the back yard even in very limited space, at a profit. And without annoyance to the neighbours, too! That is, if you keep them and their coops and runs clean and you do not keep any roosters. You can get along without the roosters, so far as eggs are concerned, though, of course, if fertile eggs for hatching are desired, you must have a male bird.

I'll go right into detail this month and deal with back yard or garden poultry keeping.

Protein Garden Crops

AS I think of a garden, I am reminded of the greater food value of certain crops that we may grow therein. I refer to the legumes, such as peas and beans. These have a high per centage of protein, or blood-making and flesh-building ingredients, such as are gotten from meat, or white of egg. In case the importance of these legumes be overlooked, I may mention in passing that in Bible times they were known as "pulse," and are yet known under this name in the countries of Southern Europe.

We can all use more "pulse" and less meat or poultry products to the betterment of our health (though, of course, we must not talk this fact too loudly, else we may lessen or kill the demand for poultry or poultry products!) You probably recall that reference in the book of Daniel, verses 5, 8, 10, 12, 15 and 16, where Daniel was appointed "a daily provision of the king's meat." But Daniel requested of his keeper that he have "pulse" instead. The keeper, however, was afraid of his head, should the king notice Daniel not thriving as well as he should, or as others would, on the meat diet. Daniel requested a ten days' try-out for himself and part of his associates. This was granted, after which "their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh" than the children that ate of the portion of the king's meat. After three years of such feeding, the king, on enquiring of Daniel and his associates so fed "found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologists that were in all his realm."

Let us keep these facts in mind, as proved by that illustrious example. Even for the poultry we must consider the various constituents of different grains and feeds. A balanced ration, carrying plenty of protein, is essential to egg production and to the rapid growth and early maturity of the young stock. At another time we shall analyse these constituents of the feeding stuffs. Now to resume the details of the garden or back yard poultry keeping!

25 to 30 Hens

FOR the ordinary small back yard in city or town, I would not advise attempting to keep more than 25 or 30 mature hens; in fact, from 20 to 25 will be a good, fair average, and they will consume any waste from the table, peelings and scraps from the kitchen, and not be in any way expensive to feed. On larger lots in small towns or in villages, or on the farm, certainly a flock of 100 or more, up to, say, 250, hens can be kept to advantage.

There is a system somewhat famous in the United States—with some, also infamous—whereby 100 or more hens can be kept on a very small city lot. It is a matter of keeping from six to eight birds in a comparatively small packing case, allowing them no outside run. Just how this proposition is managed successfully, I am not fully advised, but I know that it is condemned by many leading poultry experts.

Low Cost Equipment

ONE big point to always keep in mind in handling poultry is to keep down to a minimum the capital investment in equipment. Expensive houses are not necessary. Warm houses are not necessary, even in this cold climate. A cheaply constructed building that is free from draughts, a building which is dry and free from any smell of hens—which implies good ventilation—is all that is necessary.

Such a building may be constructed quite easily out of two piano boxes. Place the piano boxes in the position of back to back, making one room, and one has enough lumber from the two boxes to complete the building and have some left over, after floors and doors are provided for. Such a house will shelter very comfortably from 15 to 20 hens, providing they are given an outside run and the house is cleaned often.

I would prefer to have two such houses, made from four piano boxes, for an ordinary back yard, and house, say, 15 hens in each.

The kind of stock to keep is of vital importance. I believe thoroughly in keeping the best of good stock, stock which is bred to lay as well as being general utility stock—good for the table also. Any of the Rocks, Wyandottes or Orpingtons and the Rhode Island Reds come under this class. Many people prefer the lighter weight or Mediterranean breeds—say the Leghorns or Minorcas.

Keep One Favorite Breed

I PERSONALLY prefer to have only one breed and keep them all uniform and of high quality. But, if two breeds are preferred, I would suggest having one utility breed and, say, Leghorns or Minorcas. It is just possible that with two breeds one might be sure of having fresh eggs over a more extended season throughout the year, since individuals of the one breed might be laying while the others are off on a "holiday."

As Professor Elford has well put it in his "Seasonable Hints on Poultry," March, April, May, and June mean more directly to the poultry plant than any other four months in the year, since in these months the breeders are mated, chicks hatched, and to a large extent is determined the number of chicks that live, and hence the number of layers for next winter

Start With Baby Chicks

WITH poultry so very high in price, I would not recommend that a person starting in should buy mature hens at this time of year; I would prefer to start in with a batch of baby chicks, which may be bought satisfactorily through advertisements. Baby chicks can be shipped great distances and will live from three to five days without any food or attention. Perhaps you may be fortunate, a little later on in the season, in being able to buy, or get a loan of, a few setting hens, or, if you are going in for chickens on a larger scale, you will, of course, want an incubator—there are several good ones on the market.

If you are hatching eggs from your own flock of hens, I would caution you to select eggs for hatching from healthy birds only. A vigorous cockerel and yearling hens are best. In light breeds, mate one male to 20 females, and in the heavier breeds, one male to 15 females.

I always select for breeding the one year-old hens that have made the best egg records as pullets. I mate them with a cockerel that comes from a high production layer.

When to Hatch

I LIKE to get some chickens hatched out early in April, but unless there is some accommodation for brooding chicks in cold weather, it is better to set the eggs so that the largest hatches come out from the middle to the end of April.

For all general purpose breeds, the majority of the chicks should be hatched during April. Early pullets mean early eggs; early eggs bring high prices; and the pullets that start laying early in the season usually give the good records.

Free Information "O.H.M.S."

IF less than 100 chicks are required, the natural methods of incubation may be just as good as the artificial. If more chicks or earlier and more uniform chicks are wanted, better try an incubator. For complete information on this subject, write to Professor F. C. Elford, Dominion Poultry Husbandman, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, for circular on Incubating and Brooding. I would also suggest that you write for information on suitable houses and for information on how to build suitable, inexpensive coops in which to brood and raise the chickens. (Mark your envelope "O.H.M.S." and it will go post free.)

Simple Rules for Feeding

IN feeding the young chicks, there are a few simple rules that may be laid down:—

(1) Do not feed too soon. For the first few days heat and quiet are more important.

(2) Do not feed too much. More chicks are killed by over-feeding than by under-feeding. Feed a little and often. Have the chicks hungry for the first week or two.

(3) Keep things clean. Clean the food up after each meal. Do not allow feed to be left to spoil. Clean and disinfect the troughs and feed boards. Judicious feeding and cleanliness mean low mortality and strong chickens.

Send to Professor Elford for circular No. 13 on the Brooding and Rearing of Chicks and take full advantage of the latest valuable information on that subject.

Chicks in the Garden

REFERRING again to the vegetable garden, may I point out that it makes a fine place for the chicks to run and scratch and get the exercise and grit, the green things and the insects on which they will thrive so well. The chicks usually do more good than harm to the garden, though, of course, the mother hen had better be confined to her coop, else she will get things into trouble by scratching and digging too deeply.

One great big additional thing, which may be counted on as an asset, or a reward from keeping chicks in the back yard, is the interest and real pleasure which a person, so inclined, will get in looking after chickens from watching them grow and develop. There is a fascination about poultry to an enthusiastic poultry keeper that cannot well be described. It is remarkably surprising how much enthusiasm one can work up over a few chickens in the back yard.

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PERFECTION
In all that represents strength, character, real worth, permanency and the elements which builder and buyer recognize as the stamp of honest accomplishment,
The Peerless Perfection Fencing
stands every test. Made by the open hearth process, all the impurities are burned out of the metal, thus removing one of the greatest causes of rust. The wire is also galvanized so thoroughly that it will not flake, chip or peel off. Every intersection of the wires in our farm and poultry fence is locked together with our Peerless lock. While these locks
PEERLESS
THE ALL AROUND
FENCE
hold the wires securely together, yet this fence can be readily adjusted and perfectly stretched over uneven ground. It's easily erected and on account of heavy, stiff stays used, few posts are required.
PEERLESS
Perfection Poultry Fence
is true to its name, a perfect fence strong enough to keep strong animals out and close enough to keep even small poultry in. Every Peerless fence is guaranteed against sag, rust or break and we stand back of your dealer unconditionally.
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Ornamental Fencing
for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc., are handsome. Also lawn borders, flower bed guards, trellises, etc.
Send for Catalog and get familiar with the best, cheap ornamental and serviceable fencing to be had in the Dominion. Go and see it at your local dealer's store. Dealers nearly everywhere. Dealers wanted in unassigned territory.
The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

A chick in the hand is worth 2 in the shell
To raise all your chicks—to prevent bowel trouble, drooping wings and Baby Chick diseases, use
Pratts Baby Chick Food
Contains just what's needed to make bone, muscle, and feathers. Largely predigested, finely ground and packed in dust-proof bags and cartons at 25c, 50c and $1.00. At your Dealer's.
PRATTS White Diarrhoea Remedy used in the drinking water prevents and cures this dread disease. Write for FREE Book on the Care and Feeding of Baby Chicks.
PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, Limited
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TORONTO P-11

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For $14.50

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If ordered together we send both machines for only $14.50 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $14.50 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

Write us today. Don't delay.

WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 212, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

PERCY'S PUZZLED! WANTS Your Help!!

$510.00 in Cash Prizes to be Awarded

MARY'S letter is surely a puzzler. She has so mixed up the letters in the names of the things she would like Percy to give her for her birthday gift that they spell something different entirely. Sometimes she has even made two or three words out of one name, as in number nine, which is undoubtedly "Diamond Ring."

Each of the names in Mary's letter represents a present that any girl would like to receive for her birthday. You know one of them; now try to solve the remaining nine puzzle names, and when you do, re-write Mary's letter (just in your own hand) substituting the correct names for those appearing above, and send your solution to us. In this interesting contest we will award

$510.00 in Cash Prizes

1st Prize	$150.00		
2nd "	75.00		
3rd "	50.00		
4th prize	$35.00 Cash	16th prize	$5.00 Cash
5th "	25.00 "	17th "	3.00 "
6th "	20.00 "	18th "	3.00 "
7th "	15.00 "	19th "	3.00 "
8th "	10.00 "	20th "	3.00 "
9th "	10.00 "	21st "	3.00 "
10th "	10.00 "	22nd "	2.00 "
11th "	10.00 "	23rd "	2.00 "
12th "	5.00 "	24th "	2.00 "
13th "	5.00 "	25th "	2.00 "
14th "	5.00 "	26th "	2.00 "
15th "	5.00 "		

and Fifty Cash Prizes of $1.00 Each

Percy's Plan Will Help You

THE first thing Percy did was to walk through the stores and make a list of all the things that would make nice presents for a girl, so that he could compare his list with Mary's and see how many names would fit the puzzling words. He was surprised to find the number of nice things one could get for a girl for very soon his list contained the following: Sewing set, umbrella, manicure set, kid gloves, lace handkerchief, earrings, silver thimble, diamond ring, candy, necklace, books, bracelet, slippers, card case, travelling bag, purse, brooch, shawl, toilet set, perfume, set of furs, lace collar, etc., etc. These suggested presents may help *you*. Get a pencil and paper and try!

MAGNIFIED COPY OF MARY'S LETTER

Dear Percy,

Since you have so kindly asked me to suggest a birthday present that I would like I am sending you a little list to think over. If you can puzzle this out in time for my birthday I would just love to receive any of the Following:-

1. BALL RUME
2. OH C ROB
3. DEVILS KOG.
4. SORE STUFF.
5. BELT CARE.
6. SCARE CAD.
7. GRANSIRE.
8. C CAN LEEK.
9. DO MI DARNING.
10. TRAINE MUSEC.

P.S. I have printed the words so that you can read them easily!

Sincerely yours
Mary.

How to Send Your Answers

(An extract from the rules.)

Use one side of the paper only in writing out Mary's letter and keep it the same in form as given above, merely substituting your solution of the proper names in place of the jumbled ones. In the lower left hand corner instead of the postcript put your full name (stating Mr., Miss or Mrs.) and your full address. Anything else must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Do not send fancy, drawn or typewritten answers. A contestant may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may win a prize, and not more than one prize will be awarded in any family. Entry to the contest is barred to all employees of this Company and their relatives.

No Expense Attached to Entry to This Great Contest Any One Can Win a Fine Cash Prize

All readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are invited to help solve Percy's problem and send their answers to compete for these fine big cash prizes. It does not matter whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover you will not be asked or expected to take the magazine, or to spend a single penny in order to enter and win a fine prize.

If you are a regular reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD you no doubt know the magazine thoroughly and have often discussed it with your friends. If you are not, we will gladly send you free, a sample copy of the latest issue in order that you may know what a live, interesting, up-to-the minute magazine is being published right here in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians. There is nothing in Canada like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for bright, entertaining stories, timely, interesting articles, up-to-the minute news of the events of the day, live discussions on topics of vital national importance, and it abounds with beautiful illustrations and departments of interest to every one in the family. More than 150,000 Canadian homes gladly take EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and welcome it every month. It is fast supplanting American magazines in the favor of Canadians everywhere, and you will like it and agree that it is the biggest, brightest, and most interesting magazine being produced in Canada.

Frankly this great contest is intended to advertise EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and to introduce it to friends and readers in all parts of Canada, so read carefully the copy which we send you, show it to the members of your family and discuss it with your friends. To qualify your entry to stand for the judging and awarding of these big cash prizes we will ask you to write and tell us just what you think of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and to help us further advertise and introduce it by showing your sample copy to only three or four of your friends and neighbors who will appreciate this worth-while Canadian magazine and want it to come to them every month. You can easily render this simple favor and for it an additional guaranteed Cash Reward will be given to you at once. As soon as your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of names solved correctly and send you the big prize list and sample copy of the magazine.

How the Prizes Will be Awarded

The judging of the entries will be in the hands of three independent judges, having no connection with this firm whose names we will tell you in due course, and contestants must agree to abide by their decisions. The award will be given to the senders of the best opinions and sets of answers qualified according to the rules and conditions of the contest. In judging the entries to the puzzle, points of merit will be (a) sets having most correct answers, (b) general neatness and appearance of the entry (handwriting, spelling, punctuation and style all being considered) and the merit of both the answers and your opinions will be coupled in making the decisions on the awards. All answers must follow the form of Mary's letter, but containing the sender's solutions for the proper names as called for above. Answers in any other form will not be considered. The contest will close promptly at 5 P.M., August 28th, promptly after which judging will be commenced and the prizes awarded. Study Mary's letter and try for the correct solution now. Entirely in addition to the competitive prizes an extra cash reward is guaranteed and sent at once to every contestant complying with the conditions of the contest. Address your answers to —

THE CONTEST EDITOR, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62-64 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

John Brown's Grocery Store Contest

A Message from Mr. Lawson

This issue goes to press just a few days before the close of John Brown's Great Grocery Store Contest to which quite a few of our readers have sent entries. ¶ During the balance of the month of March we will be busy sorting out the qualified entries in order to place them before the Judging Committee, and we hope the judges will complete their work in time to announce the winners in our May number. ¶ In order to have as little delay as possible, we will send telegrams to the prize winners immediately the decisions are made known to us, and all contestants will be advised of the results by personal letter.

Continental Publishing Co., Limited
TORONTO, ONTARIO

WILL YOUR DAUGHTER MAKE A MOVIE STAR?

(Continued from page 8)

photograph well is not so universal as might be supposed—many of us look far better in life than we do in a photo. This is in part due to our lack of the knack of putting our clothes on right and of wearing them as though they were part of ourselves. Put some girls into a two-hundred-dollar outfit, and it looks like thirty cents, and others can make a five-dollar frock look as though a millionaire had paid for it.

The ability to photograph well depends partly on the form of the face, the control of the features, and the colouring. Some faces are so built that hollows seem inevitably exaggerated. Some persons lack control of the facial muscles, with the result that the camera registers either a facial contortion or no expression at all. Others again have such clear blue or blue-green eyes that in a photograph they always appear to be staring.

The film producers have difficulty in finding those who can act naturally and be themselves—before the camera most people become self-conscious and awkward. Naturalness is the result of proper mental control, proper balance of the mental activities, and the ability to fully concentrate the mind on the one thing in hand. Children are usually natural, giving their whole mind to the thing they are doing. As they grow older, they become more and more the victim of divided attention, and the victim of divided attention cannot be natural on the platform, the stage, or before the camera.

A large proportion of those who have succeeded in the Moving Picture began their stage career as children—Mary Pickford and Sadie Weston for instance—and thus they never develop the self-consciousness which debars so many from the Movie Stage.

The charm of personality is a very potent factor, not only before the camera, but in real life—it is that which makes a person interesting or the reverse; it might be better to say it is that which makes a person interesting to you or to me. In other words, it is the ability to feel strongly and to express that feeling. Did it ever occur to you how rarely the average person in the ordinary routine of life is aroused to any degree of really intense feeling? How few know even what it means to feel hunger, much less really strong affection, friendship, enthusiasm, trust, expectation, sympathy, or any of the scores of emotions I might name? The emotional life of the average person is colourless. Our whole educational system trains the intellect and neglects the emotions.

What constitutes interesting personality? I say again, it is ability to feel strongly and to express that feeling, and the greater the number of emotions a person can feel and express, the more interesting is the personality. But the feelings must be expressed only when the expression is appropriate, and must be always under control. Too intense and too constant expression of feeling will produce insanity, or, at least, a repulsive personality.

Our best Movie actresses—one manager said—come from the educated classes. A number of them are university girls, whose education and broader experience enables them to be at home in any surroundings.

A keen appreciation of the beautiful, a real feeling for beauty, is necessary to the highest success, for only she who is keenly alive to beauty in art and music, in poetry, in literature, and in nature, can readily express beauty of thought and feeling in face expression, attitude and gesture.

The capacity for feeling emotions is related to the development of the brain in that part of the head which is normally covered by hair, practically all of the brain except the forehead section. The person with an interesting personality will have all this part of the head well developed, and the greater the development of any part, the greater the power to express the corresponding feeling.

The Different Parts

STARS are classified according to type, the principal being the Ingenue, the Madonna, and the Vampire.

The Ingenue is the sweet, innocent type of little girl who at once appeals to the interest and sympathy of the audience, and our own Canadian, little Mary Pickford, in a good example. The Madonna or Mother type is more mature, more serious, and more religious. The Vampire type is the unscrupulous woman, usually above medium height, with strong features and dark, expressive eyes that can invite or repel.

The ability to express emotions is not all that is needed to succeed on the Movie Stage. Actors and actresses must play a multitude of parts in a year, and each part, each play, must be studied, and the stories, the situations, the words, the action, remembered. This calls for good mentality, strong memory, and the power of concentration. The heads of the most consistently popular actors and actresses of the Movie world, as well as of the legitimate stage, have large, well balanced, well rounded foreheads, and fairly large and prominent eyes.

Some actresses are especially adapted to the portrayal of sympathy and religious feeling, and with these the head is particularly high back from the forehead. Others best express love of good feeding, of money, and selfish energy; these are the broader built type, with heads wider around the ears. Some do particularly well in love scenes, and their heads are well rounded at the base behind the ears, with a well developed neck. Love of honour, love of home and friends is the *role* best suited to some, and their heads are well developed at the back just above the level of the ears. A few find their best expression in ambition, and have heads high at the crown. The capacity of feeling alone is, however, not sufficient; it must be expressed; and on the Movie Stage this expression is limited to poses and attitudes of the body, and the expression of the face.

Some critics claim that no emotion can be really felt unless it is given expression in gesture or some form of bodily movement, and that those who do not give appropriate expression to their feelings are incapable of doing so because they do not really feel. This is undoubtedly true in part, but it is also true that many persons do not give full expression to what they feel simply for lack of training; these have the head well developed but show a want of mobility in the features and of flexibility in the body.

Practically all expression of the face is confined to movements of the mouth, eyes, and eyebrows, and the degree of facility with which these features express emotion is indicated by the muscular development and the muscular control of these parts.

It is impossible to judge from a photo with any degree of certainty of the muscular control of the movements of the eyebrows, except that a much wrinkled forehead, and brows habitually knitted, show a lack of self-control. But the mouth is most expressive and the indications very clear. Lack of emotional expression leaves all the muscles undeveloped, with the result that the lips are clumsy and unattractive. An attractive mouth, well shaped and with lines clearly defined, counts more than any other feature toward making a beautiful face. A beautiful mouth is nothing more than the result of constant practice in the feeling and expression of varied and pleasant emotions. Almost every possible emotion has its most appropriate expression in the mouth.

The same is true, but in a lesser degree, of the expression of the eye and the eyebrow—it is a matter of muscular development and control which results from strong feeling and its expression. If one emotion is allowed to dominate the mind, the face, in time, becomes set in that expression. Note the face of the miser, the schemer, the crook. The face capable of expressing a large variety of emotions with frankness, ambition, hope, faith, sympathy, and love is the most attractive and radiates the most pleasing personality.

How to Prepare for Success

"HOW can an ambitious girl prepare for a successful career in the Moving Picture world?" I asked several film managers, and the answer was the same in each case, and it was negative. "*Not by any school that professes to teach acting for the films.*" The directors were unanimous in stating that all such schools are fakes.

There is no special course of training for success in the films. But there is much that you can do, and your time in this preparation will be profitably spent, even though you never act before the camera.

A good education helps in every walk of life, and this is particularly true in the Movies. The better trained your mind, the more readily will you grasp the parts you are called on to play.

Health is a valuable asset, no matter what you do, but it is absolutely indispensable if you are to succeed before the camera. You must look well to your health, develop your body, become strong, graceful, symmetrical, cultivate agility, suppleness and grace. Practise deep breathing—it gives better poise and helps you wear your clothes with better effect.

Play games, especially active out-of-door games—tennis, golf, swimming, rowing. Learn to play some musical instrument—all knowledge will fit in at some time. Learn indoor games, too—so that if a play calls for you to take a hand at cards, you will know how to handle a deck.

A healthy, graceful, well-developed, well-trained body is of the highest value in the Moving Picture business, and the booking agent always wants to know what your athletic abilities are and what games you play.

Cultivate your personality; teach yourself to feel and to express all the finer feelings in word, in face, in attitude, in gesture. Learn to feel and to express those feelings, but also learn to control your feelings. Welcome every opportunity that makes you feel, even though it be pain and grief. You can learn to express sorrow only through suffering, and sorrow often wins an audience more completely than joy.

Have you ever noticed that those whom you most admire for their strong and interesting personality are those who have had many trials and troubles and misfortunes, those who have suffered most and remained sweet?

Broaden and deepen your ability to feel. Learn to really love your friends, to take a delight in little children and animals, to exult in the hope and expectation of to-morrow, to reverence all that is holy, to feel awe in the presence of the sublime or terrible, to thrill with rapture before a beautiful sunset, a flower, a snowflake—not in a crude, schoolgirlish way, not by using weak, exaggerated superlatives, but by cultivating real depth (Continued on page 42)

O-Cedar Polish

Makes Any Room "Look Its Best"

THERE is one quality evident in O-Cedar that other polishes do not even claim—and on that point rests the whole great success of O-Cedar.

It's This—O-Cedar Cleans

Almost any polish will make furniture shine—but most of them just COVER UP the varnish (likewise the dirt on top of the varnish) and quite naturally the shine thus put on soon comes off.

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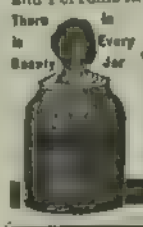

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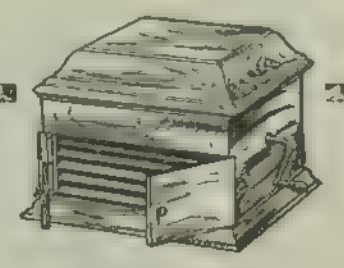

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requires only the easy motion of swinging the tub from side to side to operate it. The whole weight of the tub runs on Ball Bearings and two powerful coil springs reverse the motion of the tub. The Connor does not get tired like your hands do. It has a hundred times the strength and saves you from the bad effects of the strain of continued washing days, and does not injure the most delicate fabrics.

You will have no washing troubles with a Connor Ball Bearing Washer.

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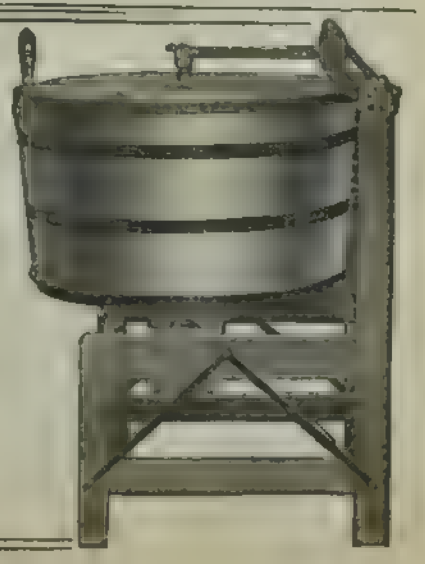
You cannot learn too much about a household help which will leave your strength unimpaired.

Saves your clothes and your back and leaves you time to spend in more pleasant and more profitable ways.

Ask your husband whether he would spend a day at the wash-tub or let the Connor do the work for him.

J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd., Ottawa, Canada



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WM. WRIGLEY JR. CO., LTD.
Wrigley Building, Toronto

The Flavour Lasts!

WILL YOUR DAUGHTER MAKE A MOVIE STAR

(Continued from page 41)

of feeling, which does not require any extravagance of language, and in so doing you will develop that rare and priceless quality—personality.

You should become familiar with the doings of the film world by reading Moving Picture magazines and the papers of the trade, and you should also be up-to-date in the current events of the world.

Study clothes. Clothes, how to choose, put them on, and wear them, is an important part of the equipment of every actress.

Do all these things, and then, if you have the necessary qualities, if you have inherited the necessary refinement, and if you have the needed determination and persistence, you may, some day, become a real film actress, and, perhaps, a Star. If you do all these things and never become a Movie Star, nor even an actress, the time has not been wasted—you will have a trained mind, a healthy body, a good appearance, a charming personality, and a multitude of warm friends.

With most occupations, there is room at the top, but with the Movies there is not much room anywhere. A comparatively small number of persons can produce a surprising number of films in a year. A well equipped studio may not employ more than from twenty to thirty-five persons. More persons are engaged in handling and exhibiting films than in producing them. It is not probable that more than one hundred actors and actresses will be employed in Canada in the Movies during the next two years, and probably not five hundred in the next five years.

How to Get Into the Movies

THE girl who is convinced that she possesses the qualifications necessary to success in the Movies is often in the dark as to the best means of securing a footing in the world of the silent drama. Perhaps she has tried the booking agencies, but these book only those who have had considerable experience, and the beginner has no chance with them. She must go to the director of one of the studios where moving pictures are made and, if her qualifications impress him favourably and there is an opening, she may secure temporary employment, at two dollars and a half a day. If she proves her ability by readily grasping the requirements of the part assigned her, if she photographs well and naturally, and if she has a personality that pleases the public, she will gradually be given more and more important *roles*, and will, in time, earn from thirty-five to fifty dollars a week.

Almost all the work is done in the studio, with perhaps an occasional trip of a day or two out into the country to get special outdoor surroundings. The actress can live quietly in the town where the studio is located, and will find the life comparatively simple, with plenty of work, but full of interest to those who are in love with their art.

Find Out For What Your Girl Is Best Fitted

PROFESSOR FARMER requires for a personal reading of your girl, four cheap, unretouched photos, showing her full face, side face, back head, full length; a page from an actual letter written by her on unruled paper and including her signature; the following questions answered according to directions.

It is necessary that all these instructions be complied with if you wish a satisfactory reading. This service is for subscribers only.

1. Girl's name.
2. Age.
3. Weight.
4. Height, without shoes.
5. Measure from tip to tip of fingers with arms outstretched.
6. Size of head around the base just above the ears, the largest circumference, in inches.
7. Colour of hair; send sample if possible.
8. Colour of skin.
9. Does her skin burn? Freckle? Tan?
10. Colour of eyes.
11. Is the edge of the iris (coloured part of the eye) darker than the rest?
12. Is the iris dark or whitish next the pupil?
13. Are there any spots or peculiar markings in the iris?
14. Is her general health good?
15. Has she good teeth?
16. Does she have headaches?
17. Indigestion?
18. Colds?
19. Fevers?
20. Has she had any serious illnesses?
21. Does she get along well at school?
22. What is her grade?
23. Is she considered quick or slow in classes?
24. What subjects does she like best?
25. What studies does she find most difficult?
26. What does she read?
27. What are her favourite games?
28. Has she any bad habits?
29. What do you consider her worst faults?
30. What do you consider her best qualities?
31. Does she resemble her father or mother?
32. What does she want to be when she grows up?
33. For what do you think she will be best fitted?
34. What would you most like her to be?

Write your answers to these questions on a separate paper, numbering each answer to correspond with the question number. Write your name and address plainly and enclose a three-cent stamp. Address your letter to Professor A. B. Farmer, Psychological Expert, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

ROSE BUD RING Free

Gold filled, set with beautiful Rose Bud. To introduce our big jewelry Lines we will send this ring for free to help pay advertising. Send size.
RexJewelryCo., Dept. 83 BattleCreek, Mich.

Compare it with a
DIAMOND

Pick out one of the glorious, radiant Gophir Gems, set in solid 14-kt. gold, and get it on a **5 days' free trial.** Wear it to the ball—to the opera—on the street—to work—everywhere for 5 full days, then decide whether you wish to buy or not. If you are not fascinated by its radiance—if you consider its splendor one trifle less than that of a mined diamond—send it back at our expense. You don't pay us a penny for the trial. If you decide to keep it, pay the rock-bottom price (1-30th as much as a diamond costs) as you can afford. Terms as low as 3½c. a day ($1.00 a month), without interest. No red tape. Your credit is good with the Gophir Diamond Co. Send coupon for new jewelry book.

MARVELLOUS NEW DISCOVERY

A problem of the ages has been solved. Science has at last produced a gem of dazzling brilliance. They are called Gophir Gems and resemble mined diamonds so closely that many people of wealth are preferring them. Gophir Gems stand fire and acid tests and cut glass. Get one on trial to day. Wear it before you decide to buy.

SET IN SOLID 14-kt. GOLD—Gophir Gems Are Not Imitations.

These precious gems are the master products of science—the realization of the dreams of centuries. They are never set in anything but solid 14-kt. gold. Write for the new catalogue and see the exquisite new settings for yourself.

SEND THE COUPON For New Jewelry Book.

Put your name and address in the coupon on a letter or a post card and send to us at once for the big new book of exquisite Gophir Gems. Read the fascinating story of how at last Science has conquered Nature and has produced a glorious, radiant gem, whose dazzling brilliance is actually a marvel to behold. They cost but 1-30th as much as diamonds, and wear forever. Do not delay an instant. Put your name and address in the coupon now—get the free book immediately while this great offer lasts.

THE GOPHIR DIAMOND CO., OF CANADA
Dept. B3, 140 Yonge St., Toronto

Gentlemen—Send me your new Jewelry Book and full particulars of your Free Trial, easy payment plan.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Your Washing Done for 1c. a Week

Make the water from the faucet in your own home do the work.

"This washer must pay for itself"

I have built a new "1900" water power washing machine. I consider this machine the most wonderful washer ever put on the market. Built of the highest quality selected material it is as sturdy and durable as a machine can be made. Can be sold at a price within reach of all. I will guarantee that this machine will not tear clothes, break buttons or fray the edges of the most delicate fabric. It will wash everything from heavy blankets to the finest laces without damage to the goods.

This new "1900" Washing Machine can be instantly connected with any water faucet in your home and is started and stopped by simply turning the water on and off. Even although you have a meter, it will do your washing for 1c. or less a week. It will save 50 per cent. time, money and labor every week. The outfit consists of washer and water motor and I guarantee the perfect working of each.

I also make a full line of hand and electric power machines.

I will send my machine on 30 days' free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write to day for illustrated catalogue. "State whether you prefer a washer to operate by Hand—Engine Power—Water or Electric Motor. Our "1900" line is very complete and cannot be fully described in a single booklet."

Address me personally.

W. J. MORRIS, Manager
1900 WASHER COMPANY
357 Yonge Street, Toronto

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars. . . **FREE**

LondonVet. Correspondence School
Dept. 51 London, Ontario, Can.

Economize—use 2 cups of left-over meat

KNOX MEAT LOAF

Soak 1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water five minutes. Add 1 onion, grated, and 1 stalk of celery to one pint rich stock well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes strain and pour over the softening gelatine. Add juice of one lemon and when the jelly is beginning to set, mold in 2 cups cooked and chopped veal, chicken or other meats. Slice and serve on platter.

Use **KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE** *and you have quality and quantity*

FREE Recipe Book

for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Gelatine, enclose 4c in stamps, for pint sample (enough to serve 5 people).

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., INC.
Dept. F. 180 St. Paul St., West, Montreal, Can.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN

CHARMING SUMMER FABRICS
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN

THE selection of Summer Fabrics will be a delightful task if you get a collection of EGERTON BURNETT'S Samples to choose from.

The variety in Quality, Colour, Design and Weave is so extensive and comprehensive, that whatever your requirements may be, you will almost certainly be able to select suitable Fabrics and be assured of their fashionable and reliable character.

EGERTON BURNETT'S world-wide reputation has been built up on the Quality of their Clothing Fabrics, and you are cordially invited to examine their Samples (sent on request, postpaid) and judge personally of their superiority.

MAIL A CARD FOR SAMPLE TO-DAY

Egerton Burnett's Royal Serges

PERMANENT COLOUR "ROYAL" NAVY SERGES

the Costume Fabrics Ladies recommend to one another because they are so reliable in wear and appearance. Price from 87 cts. to $4.85 per yard double width.

LADIES' STREET SUITS

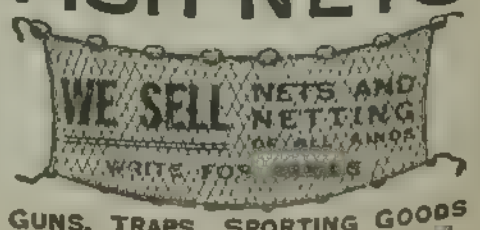
as Illustration, made to measure and well tailored in the Clifton "Royal" Navy Serge a beautifully fine soft textured fabric, light weight, rich deep, permanent colour, for $21.86.

SAMPLES

Illustrations of other styles for Ladies and Children, Price Lists, Measurement Blanks, etc., mailed on application, postpaid.

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.
"ROYAL" EMPORIUM
Wellington, Somerset, England

FISH NETS



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JOHN HALLAM, Limited
454 Hallam Building - Toronto

Announcement To Our Friends and Readers

THIS issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is the first at the new price, $1.50 a year. We present it to our readers, confident they will agree with us that the many great additions and improvements in the magazine more than merit the slight increase in its cost, for more has been added to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD than to its price.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is the only magazine of great national circulation published entirely in Canada, by Canadians, for our Canadian women. More than 130,000 of our women folk have signified their great interest in its publication by becoming annual subscribers, and with the feeling of our deep responsibility to them, we determined to spare no effort or expense to make the magazine as interesting, entertaining, instructive and useful as it can possibly be.

Vastly increased manufacturing costs left but two courses open to us. One was to restrict our editorial ambitions, limit our field, and produce the best magazine possible at 10c. a copy. The other was to give our editors an absolutely free hand to employ the best literary brains, the best illustrators, story writers and department editors available, and to free them of any restraint from the financial department in utilizing the newest and most expensive processes of colour and fine magazine printing; in a word, to make EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in every way live up to its title, "Canada's Greatest Magazine."

We chose the second course, confident in the belief that our decision would have the approval and support of our readers and of the women of Canada, whose interests have always been deeply and vitally with us in the upbuilding of this great Canadian institution.

The new, the bigger, the better EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will appeal more strongly than ever to old friends and readers, and will surely make new friends everywhere.

A New Embroidery and Needlework Department

Entirely novel and up-to-date designs for embroidery, crocheting, knitting, and other needlework are shown each month. Patterns are available at nominal cost. This department alone will prove worth the price of a year's subscription to any woman who likes needlework.

A New and Bigger Fashion Department

Pages showing the clothes that are newest and in biggest demand by the well dressed women of Canada are now published every month—a regular pageant of fashion. Many of the latest designs in good clothes are shown in actual photographs on living models. This keeps you posted and up-to-date and will save you hundreds of dollars a year on clothes.

Jean Blewett's Own Page of Happiness

Joy and happiness are radiated throughout Mrs. Blewett's page. She writes each month on many subjects, principally those affecting the peace and contentment of the Canadian home. You'll learn to love Jean Blewett, and her page will bring you joy and sunshine and enlightenment. Thousands already eagerly look for her writings, which now appear exclusively in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

The Women's Parliament of Canada

A wonderful feature worth $5.00 a month to any woman who wants to keep abreast of the times in Canada. This is one of the biggest of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD'S many big, new features. For the first time the opportunity is presented to Canadian women to vote on topics of great national interest, vitally affecting the home. Every woman has a chance to express her own mind by casting her vote. You'd give a great deal to hear the well known speakers who debate for you every month on this page. Don't miss it.

Health and Beauty Advice

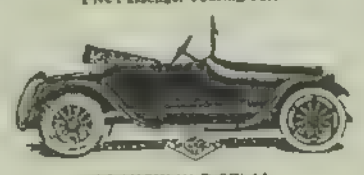
Through this great department you will get each month the best advice of a specialist whose fame is world-wide. Women who care about their personal appearance and who know the value of a knowledge that will help them guard their health, will surely appreciate it. The department is edited by Susanna Cocroft, America's noted authority on the health and beauty of women. Though thousands of women travel far for Miss Cocroft's advice and treatments, you will get full advantage of them through EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. All enquiries will be answered free by personal letter. (*Continued on page 44.*)

McLAUGHLIN

McLAUGHLIN NEW SERIES

VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

McLAUGHLIN D-SIX-45 SPECIAL
Five Passenger Touring Car.



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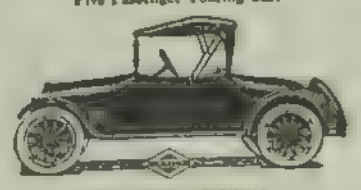

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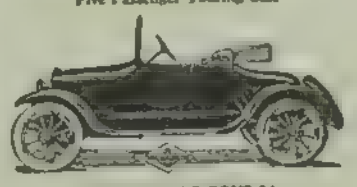


McLAUGHLIN D-FOUR 34
Roadster

McLaughlin reputation, pre-eminently firm and fair, was not won by chance, but is due to the policy established and consistently adhered to for forty years in the manufacture of high grade vehicles. With the production of the first McLaughlin motor vehicle the same policy was conscientiously followed, that of giving the owner the maximum service for the minimum of cost.

No matter what its price, a McLaughlin car must, and will give the maximum of that service for which it was intended, and must bear its proportion of the responsibility of maintaining that high prestige which has established the McLaughlin as

Canada's Standard Car.

THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

The McLaughlin Series includes four and six cylinder models in Roadster and 5 and 7 passenger touring bodies at prices ranging from $895 to $1900, and a sedan at $2350.

See the 1917 McLaughlin Models at the nearest Show Rooms.

Branches in Leading Cities

Dealers Everywhere

Canada's Standard Car

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF $500, OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

Percy's Puzzled
Can You Help Him?

Help him solve the puzzling letter that he received. $510.00 in Cash Prizes offered for the best solutions.
See page 40.

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT

Your painter may charge a dollar extra if you make him use the right kind of paint. But

Isn't It Worth a Dollar to be Sure of a Finish That Lasts?

If you were to paint your own house, you would not consider the paint an unimportant detail. Why, then, slur over the paint question when you give a painter the job?
In fact it is all the more important, when a painter is doing your work, to demand his using something better than just "some one's" paint. Demand that your home be painted with

B-H "English" Paint

Then you will find your house looking as fresh and bright at the Summer's end as it was the day the painting was done. It is B-H "English" Paint that conscientious painters are using—and that house-owners are insisting on—because of its guaranteed formula.

70% Brandram BB White Lead + 30% Pure White Zinc = 100% Pure Paint.

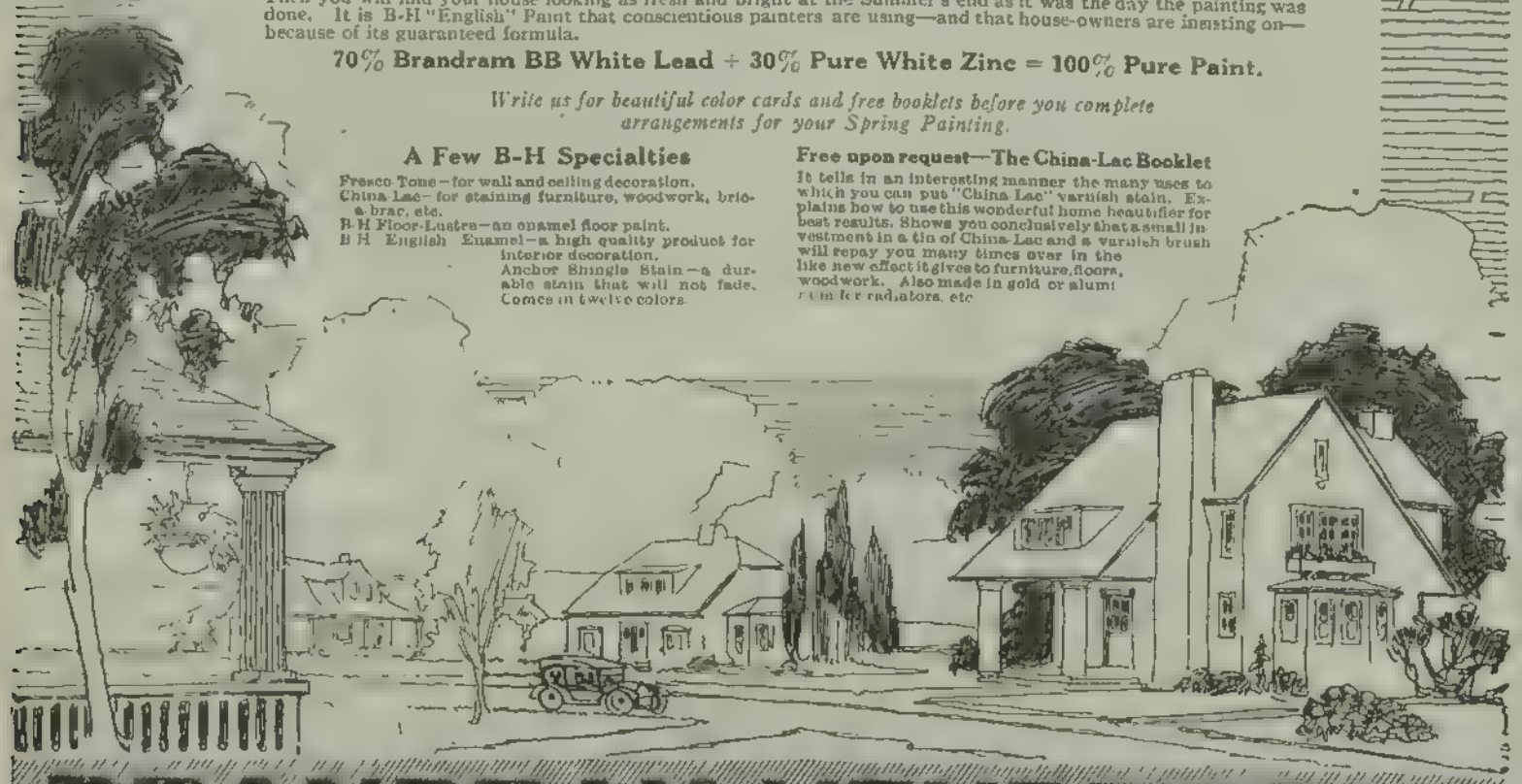
Write us for beautiful color cards and free booklets before you complete arrangements for your Spring Painting.

A Few B-H Specialties

Fresco Tone—for wall and ceiling decoration.
China Lac—for staining furniture, woodwork, bric-a-brac, etc.
B-H Floor-Lustre—an enamel floor paint.
B-H English Enamel—a high quality product for interior decoration.
Anchor Shingle Stain—a durable stain that will not fade. Comes in twelve colors.

Free upon request—The China-Lac Booklet

It tells in an interesting manner the many uses to which you can put "China Lac" varnish stain. Explains how to use this wonderful home beautifier for best results. Shows you conclusively that a small investment in a tin of China-Lac and a varnish brush will repay you many times over in the like new effect it gives to furniture, floors, woodwork. Also made in gold or aluminum for radiators, etc.



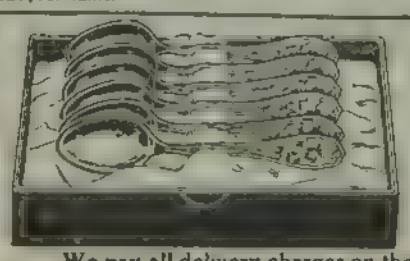
BRANDRAM-HENDERSON
MONTREAL HALIFAX ST JOHN TORONTO WINNIPEG
LIMITED

97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You

YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons. Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, a gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious housekeeper. The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French Carnation design with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a national reputation for Dr. Edson's Famous Life Building Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills and are sparing no expense to secure representatives in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing this famous remedy to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent premiums.



Carnation French Canadian Teaspoons

Genuine Wm. A. Rogers make—the most beautiful pattern ever seen. These magnificent spoons will delight any housekeeper and they are guaranteed to give every satisfaction in wear.

We pay all delivery charges on these Grand Premiums

Will you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy. It is one of the world's best known prescriptions, a tried and proven remedy for weak and impure blood, nervousness, indigestion, constipation and anaemia. In a run down conditions of the system it will be found a grand blood builder and revitalizer, and as a general tonic for blood and nerves it has no equal.

Send No Money—Just send your name and address to day and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily because every purchaser of a box can obtain a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free. Then return our money, only $3.00 and we will promptly send you, all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also have without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine new premiums as you sell them. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a big cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to day if you wish to take advantage of this liberal offer. It gives you the opportunity of a life time. Address X26

The International Mfg. Co., Dept. D 2 Toronto, Ont.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO OUR FRIENDS AND READERS

(Continued from page 43)

Music

Questions and answers on knotty points in music and valuable information for singers and pianists are published every month. A well known musician and teacher is in charge of this important department, and her advice is freely given to our readers. Many dollars' worth of advice and help can be gained through this page.

Home Gardening

An entirely new department that will interest every one who loves either flowers or the more practical growing of home vegetables—just what you need to help you make a success of that little garden of yours, or to teach you to obtain it, if you have not already done so.

Vocational Guidance Bureau

Have you a particular aptitude for doing something? Do you know how to turn talent into money? The main purpose of this fine department is to show women how to develop and professionalize their special skill and intuition for doing one kind of work well—and where to sell their services.

National Service Page for Women

An entirely new innovation of great interest and use now. This page will keep you in touch each month with the greatest patriotic service you can render your country. As a woman, it will tell you what to do and how to do it. Such subjects as thrift in the home, money- and time-saving plans, home gardening to help production, and so forth, will be treated.

In addition to all above, we are now able to publish many more short stories than was ever possible before, and readers will receive during the year at least three complete book-length novels such as sell at $1.50 each at book stores.

The recipe department has been greatly enlarged and improved. All the other popular departments, features, and the special timely articles for which EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has always been famous, will be in greater profusion than ever before.

You will like the big, new, improved EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD better and better with each succeeding issue.

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT DIE

(Continued from page 37)

"Not yet!"

"Ah!"

He clasped her crushingly, watching a strange radiance dawn in her face.

"I'm so glad! Oh, I'm so glad! I love you more than ever because—"

"Why?" he asked wonderingly.

"Because—*you have sinned, too!*"

Then he understood the relief, the ecstasy of her face.

"Perhaps this dark experience will not be fruitless if it helps us to understand our love for one another. I swear I kept my secret for fear of your scorn—while you! Did you keep it because you knew I loved your money? Now that all that is stripped away, we love each other still! Enid, if he lives—he shall have the fortune. He is generous, and there is so much that he will never allow you to suffer the loss of it all! And there shall be a wedding this afternoon, as arranged—will there not? You, in something simple—I, in khaki."

"The Bishop?"

"He will understand. And after that I shall go to my long deferred duty. I go to war now with a double incentive, to wipe out my cowardice, and to avenge my brother."

"Let us go into the church to wait," she whispered. "They will come for him soon—and we cannot go far until we know. James, if he dies, we shall never forgive ourselves for not having had it done sooner! It seems to me just like—"

"Murder!" he finished, with emphasis. "May God wipe the stain of it from our souls!"

At the Communion rail Enid stood again, but oh, the joyousness of spirit which was hers! Beside her stood a man wrapped in his thoughts, who had erred, which is human; but who had repented—which is divine! Only she dreaded to meet the Bishop, the old man whom she had called lily-souled. He had remained alone before the Communion Table, and now he turned, and she knew by the sadness of his face that he had known this thing from the first, and had allowed it to flourish, hoping against hope that she would repent before it was too late.

Minutes passed that seemed like hours—hours they had thought to fill with happiness and love. The wings of death almost brushed their ears, as that mighty angel hovered over the gloomy building.

At noon the orderly from St. Mark's returned.

"What is it?" asked Dr. Jackson-Kay in a whisper. "Does my brother live?"

"He lives!"

MY CAREER

(Continued from page 10)

do this some other time? What *are* you doing, anyway?"

"No, Miss Anglin, I fear not," replied Mr. Kemmet, with a certain air of deferential fidelity. "This is one of the things, which, in your interests, cannot be put aside

"You see," he continued, "I just this morning discovered that there was no safety deposit vault available for our use here, and so I am making this strong box to use in checking the valuables of the supers when they report for duty to-day. The carpenters are gone, and so I had to do the work myself, if it was to be done at all—and the box *had* to be made.

"There is a law in California," he explained, "which provides that if no checking facilities are furnished and any employee's valuables are lost, the employer must be responsible for the loss. There were no facilities and it was up to me to provide them. Otherwise some super who never owned a watch could claim that he lost one in the dressing room jumble, and you would have to pay such valuation as he set upon it. We had a case of that kind when I was here with another company some time ago, and a mythical watch had to be paid for. That is just the sort of fellow that I am fixing this box to fool. I can now notify the supers that we are prepared to check their valuables; then if they do not check them, we are not responsible.

"When there are only two or three supers," he concluded, "and I know their names and faces at sight, why then I'll take a chance on using my pockets as a deposit vault for their gew-gaws. But to-day we have more than two hundred newly engaged supers reporting for duty—and I must confess, Miss Anglin, that I am not personally acquainted with all of them."

It is quite possible that not another member of the company had given a thought to the eventualities of this situation. But here was the omniciently-omnipresent Kemmet—being Kemmet, as usual. For which I was most grateful.

Further, no matter what manner or kind of stage furniture or properties Mr. Kemmet has been asked to procure—whether it be an obsolete Jacobean chair, a toga of Cæsar's day, an Indian warrior's outfit, or a rare tapestry of the time of William the Conqueror—if such a perquisite exists, no matter in what nook or cranny of antique shop, museum, private collection, or store house, he will eventually produce it, and, more than that, it will be precisely as specified. In Mr. Kemmet's particular department, for all around insight, resourcefulness and dependability, I have never met his superior, nor, in fact, do I know his equal.

And my stage director, Mr. Lindsay, is quite as valuable and indispensable in his sphere. I had scarcely or never suspected him to be possessed of so pragmatical a mind as was developed during this same period. I shall never forget the incident which first called my attention to this characteristic. It occurred at the rehearsal of one of the Greek plays. We had come upon an especially provoking and knotty point in one of the translations. I was racking my brain in a futile attempt to recall just what the sentence was in the original. We could not use the translation because it was not good acting sense. And then, to the utter surprise and amazement of every one upon the stage, Mr. Lindsay stepped forward, a neatly written sheet of paper in his hand, and said:

"Miss Anglin, I have just translated from the original Greek the entire speech from which the sentence in question was epitomized. I think you may be able to get what you want from that."

Happily I did find just precisely what we wanted in his careful and most accurate translation from the original; but not one of us knew until then that Mr. Lindsay could distinguish Greek from Sanskrit, or even Chinese. What is more to the point, it developed that Mr. Lindsay had learned his Greek—and learned it exceedingly well—not in school, but in the public libraries in whatever cities we chanced to be. It is here that he spends most of his leisure time in reading and study, preparatory to the achievement of a cherished ambition. And one day the play producing world will become better acquainted with Howard Lindsay.

IT was through the good offices of Mr. Donald Robertson, the actor-manager, that I received my introduction to the play which afterward was produced under the title of "The Great Divide." As the manuscript first came to me, it was called "The Sabine Woman," a title which I disliked from the first. It embodied an idiom which was misleading, and the suggestion which it probably would have carried to the public would most likely have been misinterpreted.

The manuscript so impressed me that from the time that I received it one evening until late the following morning, I studied, dissected, and analyzed the play, line by line, and word by word. From the time I gave it the hurried initial reading, I was convinced that it was a great play, bearing as it did not only the essential elements of picturesqueness, but carrying as well a strong, virile theme.

For the purpose of demonstrating the strength and possibilities of this play as well as to test my own estimate of its stage value, I decided to give a preliminary or trial performance with my own company where we then were playing in Chicago. It is a singular coincidence that the members of my company then were nearly all English actors, a cast which one quite naturally would not consider as either typically or temperamentally *en rapport* with a play so radically elemental in its Western atmosphere and action

Yet it is only simple justice to the members of that company to say that in all the time I was with "The Great Divide," I never witnessed so splendid a presentation of the first act as was given by that original cast at the preliminary performance. I may say, too, that during the first rehearsals for the trail performance, there were but two members of my company beside myself who displayed any enthusiasm or expressed any faith in the play.

The author of the play, Professor William Vaughan Moody, of the Chicago University, then was on his way to New York *en route* for Spain, and at my request, Mr. Robertson wired him to return to Chicago to conclude an agreement as to the terms of a contract covering rights and royalties which already had been proposed by Professor Moody's manager.

On Professor Moody's arrival in Chicago, he fully and freely consented to all the concessions asked, and readily agreed to his manager's tentative terms. After a statement to this effect had been drawn up, I asked Professor Moody for an option on his play for six weeks, to which he promptly agreed. I then requested him to write me a letter in confirmation of this agreement that I might place it in the hands of my partners in New York as a matter of record. To this also he consented. But the letter did not materialize, and I several times called his attention to the omission, to which invariably he replied that the letter would be forthcoming in due time.

THE night of the special performance came, and no letter. The tension of the preparations for the production temporarily diverted my mind from such material things as contracts and agreements. In fact, it was not until the curtain had gone down on the second act that it came to me with startling reality that I was yet without the promised letter of confirmation. Also, that the play, which during two acts had swept the audience with wave upon wave of response and which gave every promise of being a notable success, was not in any tangible way my property after the curtain should go down at the close of the last act of this special performance.

It was then that I again, and with an air of marked finality, spoke to Professor Moody about the still undelivered letter. I told him in most unequivocal language that I wanted some evidence of record covering a guarantee to my rights in the play. You may fancy my surprise and chagrin when he told me that he had been considering the matter and that he had not yet decided whether or not he would give me the confirmation I wanted.

It is not necessary to give the details of the conversation which followed. Sufficient to say that it was evident from his attitude that he (as the result of some ill-advised influence from outside sources) was sparring for time—the time when the last act should go on, at the close of which any rights which I might have in the play would revert to him. I had some very different and positive ideas on this point. I felt that I had entered into the agreement with all integrity of intent and purpose, and that I was justly entitled to a measurable control over the future of the play which I had materially aided in successfully producing.

Determined to have the necessary paper while yet I was in a position to demand it, I directed my manager to go to Professor Moody and deliver my ultimatum. He returned to say that the author would not yield. I was in desperation, if not indeed quite desperate in the circumstances.

The stage was set for the last act, the company awaited only their cue to go on, the *entr'acte* music neared the final notes, the audience grew quiet in anticipation, the electrician stood with his hand upon the switch to cut off the house lights at the signal for the curtain. Hurriedly I sent a messenger to Professor Moody to say that I would not finish the last act until I had in my hand his written confirmation, and that I had ordered the curtain held until this had been delivered.

Reluctantly then he consented, on condition that the agreement be drawn up by a lawyer. Thereupon my staff, including some of the stage hands, rushed out to find a member of the legal profesion. At the end of a twenty-minute search, some one found and brought in a lawyer, who, with the entire company standing by, rapidly drafted a contract, which, in its completed form, was promptly signed and duly certified by a line of witnesses. At the conclusion of these formalities the curtain went up—following more than an hour's delay.

Before going to the Metropolis, we presented "The Great Divide" in Washington and Pittsburg. The play was not well received in either city. It was severely disapproved by nearly all the dramatic critics, and there also was considerable editorial censure in the newspapers against the primitive character of the theme. The East apparently was not yet quite prepared to receive such red-blooded "atmosphere."

But none of these things moved me in my abiding faith in its great possibilities, and so almost in the spirit of reckless defiance of consequences, but on the urge of my better judgment, I suggested that we open with the play in New York.

On the portentous first night at the Princess Theatre we were met (Continued on next page)

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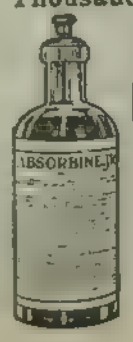

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MY CAREER

(*Continued from preceding page*)

by an ominous silence. There was no outward sign of response. No physical demonstration came from the crowded house to indicate how the play was being received by the audience, and so we finished the performance with an uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty and misgivings.

The newspapers next morning, however, relieved us of all doubts. In column after column the reviewers taxed the utmost limits of their most forceful vocabularies to tell the public that "The Great Divide" was the greatest play ever given on the American stage. Their analysis of the theme was unusually comprehensive, their encomiums were unqualified, their enthusiasm seemed unbounded, and through it all was evidenced the spirit of sincerity. I could not help but feel elated that I had had so material a part in presenting this play, which my partners and others had believed doomed to failure.

By noon the next day the throngs about the box office buying tickets resembled a crowd at a fire, and before evening the house was being sold out for several weeks in advance. "The Great Divide" finally had come into its own, as I felt sure it would, and I shall always feel a certain sense of pride in having "discovered" the play.

IT was during the first New York engagement of "The Great Divide" that Mr. Williamson, the Australian theatrical manager, proposed that I make an extended tour of the Colony under his management.

Although "The Great Divide" was having a phenomenal and most successful run in New York, yet I never was quite satisfied with my *role* as *Ruth Jordan*, for despite the fact that it was picturesque in its elemental qualities and typical of the evolution of primitive American character, yet it somehow seemed to lack certain fundamental attributes that would lend themselves to the progressive growth to which I aspired.

Only a short time before Mr. Williamson made me his offer to tour Australia, the American agent of M. Maurice Maeterlinck, the noted Belgian author, offered me the rights to "Sister Beatrice." Mr. Miller and Mr. Shubert, my partners, as well as Mr. William F. Connor, my former manager, could not be persuaded that it would not be a failure. It was at this time, and largely because we had moved from the Princess Theatre to Daly's, a theatrical possibility which seemed to me as rather *passe*, that I decided to dissolve partnership with Mr. Shubert and Mr. Miller. As a result of this, I accepted an Australian engagement with Mr. Williamson for the following season.

At the close of the first season at Daly's, I sailed for a vacation trip through Italy, where I spent much of my time searching for colour and material which could be applied to a play by John Luther Long, which I then was considering, and as the scenes of this play were laid in old Rome, my studies were most interesting.

All of my experiences of that summer, however, were not as tame as a moonlit night on the *Riviera*. During my holiday trip I motored from Rome to Siena, a distance of some one hundred and fifty miles as measured over the tortuous mountain roads, most of which skirted sheer precipices which dropped straight down into gaping chasms. My memory of these roads always will remain—some of them at least—associated with a keen sense of fear and trembling.

The chauffeur whom I employed to drive the car, although supplied by the management of a great Italian automobile factory, turned out to be almost anything other than what he was recommended to be—a careful driver. He seemed never to miss an opportunity at the most fearsome and dangerous stretches of the road to attempt to make the machine do almost everything but turn somersaults, and there were times when he all but succeeded in achieving even to this difficult feat in mechanical acrobatics.

Had the road to Siena been one of continuous curves, and if these had been sufficiently sharp to make it a physical impossibility, I think that this chauffeur would have tried to make the journey mostly on two side wheels.

As it was, I believe that he succeeded in accomplishing about every hair-raising feat that he attempted with that car with the possible exception of making it climb trees and run upside down or sidewise. Out of all the thrilling and marvellous experiences of that strenuous trip, it seems to me now that the most miraculous thing of all is that we still were intact and in more or less good shape when we eventually arrived in Siena, or possibly, that we ever did arrive at all.

As a sequel to this awesome ride, I shall leave you to fancy the chill that crept over me when the authorities at Siena imparted the disquieting information that this man, my driver, was quite insane. It still gives me an unpleasant shudder when I think of what that crazy man might have done on that wild swing through the hills and valleys along the scenic west coast of Italy.

At the close of my vacation I returned to New York, and we re-opened at Daly's Theatre in "The Great Divide." I already had arranged that on my return from the Australian tour I would put on "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," a play dramatized from a novel by Mrs. Margaret Deland, and to which I had secured the dramatic rights.

In order to give this new play a try-out before sailing for Australia, I temporarily left "The Great Divide," and "Helena Ritchie" was put on for a short run in Philadelphia, where it gave every promise of being a marked success. Returning to New York, I played a short engagement in "The Great Divide," after which I sailed for Sydney *via* Vancouver.

On the voyage down we put in at the Hawaiian Islands for a day and then headed into the island dotted Oceania of the South Pacific. From Honolulu we proceeded to Fanning Island, one of the Coral Group, on the fifth meridian above the Equator. This is a cable station on the line from Vancouver through the Fiji Islands to Norfolk Island, where the line diverges, one running to Brisbane and another to Auckland.

As pertinently illustrating the fact that not all people have the same impression of my voice as that held by Mr. James O'Neil, I must relate part of an amusing conversation between myself and one of the twenty-five men who practically are "marooned" on this wee speck of a cable-station island. After talking with me for a moment, this man's face took on an expression of sudden recognition, and he exclaimed "Oh, now I know who you are. I saw you play the part of *Mrs. Wiggs* in 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' when I was back in Vancouver."

As he was quite in error, I politely demurred. "Oh, but I know it was you," he persisted then in a tone intended to be the sincerest flattery, he added, "You can't fool me I'd know you anywhere by your hoarse voice!"

We went ashore and stayed at an hotel during our twenty four hours at anchor at the Islands, where the terrific heat made any sort of shade most inviting. However, one of my pals ventured forth into the glaring streets of the town upon a private exploring expedition in search of a supply of that cooling luxury ice cream. We all had a good laugh when she came back to tell us that ice cream was made for sale in the islands only during hot weather. Just imagine! With the thermometer then hovering around 120 degrees F. in the shade!

We reached Sydney in Australian mid winter. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, we were met by Mr Tutheradge, whom I have mentioned as being a member of our company when I was playing in California. The generous and spontaneous hospitality with which we were received in Australia very much reminded me of my experiences with the big hearted people of my own Canada.

After a two day rehearsal in a reconstructed version of "The Thief," by Bernstein, we opened in Sydney, when great armfuls of flowers were showered upon me as an evidence of the people's appreciation, which continually was manifested throughout our entire tour.

I was quite disconcerted, however, when on the following morning Mr. Williamson came to me and expressed the fear that I did not seem to quite grasp the spirit of that type of acting to which the Australians were accustomed. He tried to impress me with the idea that they wanted action, vigorous, impelling, expressive action, and not a restrained, subdued sort of suppressed emotion. To illustrate his idea, one might compare the high-wrought, slap-stick "screen" humour of a Chaplin or a Hovey with the subtle, more compelling stage humour of such finished artists as a Cohen or a Collier.

Mr Williamson evidently still adhered to the acting methods of years ago, the sort that carried the expression of outward and visible emotion. He could not seem to recognize the value of the more effective method of repressed emotion and expression.

But I could not be convinced that it would be policy to return to the older method, even before an Australian public as yet unacquainted with the newer technique. I, therefore, finally persuaded him to allow us to go on with "The Thief" just as we had begun. And my theory was later proved correct. After a most successful run of five weeks in "The Thief," we put on "Zira," the expressive action in which was more nearly consistent with the views of Mr. Williamson; in short, the sort of acting with which the Australian public was familiar.

THE result of this change was that both public and critics turned down "Zira" as a piece of antiquated melodrama! The result to me unique had conclusively proved the more convincing.

Following this we played in Melbourne, in Ballarat, and in Victoria, returning for a second engagement of a month in Sydney, at the end of which time the heat became so unbearably suffocating that my vitality was being exhausted under the strain of the work. Finally I collapsed during an afternoon performance and at once determined to terminate my engagement and return to America for a second rest, despite Mr. Williamson's persistent most alluring offer for me to tour New Zealand.

During the western voyage our ship ran aground in the Suez Canal and I was afforded the opportunity of seeing something of the great Arabian Desert, and to make a visit to Cairo. On my way to London, across the Continent, I visited with Madame Bernhardt in her Paris home. I sailed for New York in May, arriving in ample time to take up the work for the new season, when I was to be my own manager in the production of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," a play which proved a most encouraging success.

Between that time and the present I scarcely know of any work in the theatre which has been so interesting to me as

(*Continued on page 51*)

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(Continued from page 9.)

had been as frank as this. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, well they're horrible. And then they say you had no right to—to tempt them. You've got to be careful; you've got to be sure before you believe a man. Even then, of course, they're silly, but the decent ones. . . . they're decent, of course," she ended ambiguously.

"I don't want to tempt any one," and Hope blushed furiously. "I just want to talk to some one—sometimes."

"Men can't understand that," said Agnes, calmly, shrugging her shoulders. "They act like fools, and then blame us."

"IF I don't try to tempt any one, it's not fair," said Hope. "They can tempt me, till they're blue in the face—I don't mind. They ought to take their chances, too."

"What chances?" asked Agnes, with latent humour.

"That we won't like them," replied Hope decidedly. There was something in that, Agnes thought, but she had not time to examine the proposition critically, having to dress for dinner. Afterward, Hope was quite naturally absent.

From the little balcony one could see a great deal without being seen. The town Square lay before them, an expanse of thin, discouraged grass bordered with poplars, obscured now in dusk, with little black figures moving here and there across it. Around it lights appeared one by one in the windows of the houses. Voices floated up from the sidewalk. There were several stiff, uncomfortable chairs and a small table, which they drew into a corner, so they might sit facing each other over it. Hope drew her feet up on the chair rungs and rested her chin on her hands. Her whole mind was bent on the man opposite, as though she would draw out his innermost secret thoughts. Young femininity possesses a fund of inquisitorial cruelty which positively yearns to dissect a man's very soul and leave it bare and bleeding before high Heaven, and, for sheer ignorance, feel not even a twinge of conscience afterward.

The innocent hardihood of her eyes impressed him; she was at once so joyous, so lightsome, and so pathetic. He wished she were not quite so young. It smote him like a reproach, and he guarded his mind very carefully, making himself remember that she was a child. Abruptly he asked her age.

"In a month," she said, "I'll be eighteen." He was more than twenty years her senior. And yet he felt a young man. But she was so very small—what was he doing there anyway? He could not answer when she countered with:

"What did you want to see me for?"

"I thought I might help you," he repeated, thoughtfully.

"How?" For she felt tremendously capable herself, and he perceived that, but she was so very small—and the world looked suddenly terrifying to him. She was adrift in a little cockleshell on the ocean, and he on the deck of a big liner, looking down. How could he throw her a line? Her frail craft would be swamped in the very wash of the big boat.

"I don't know," he said. "But I have an idea—let me think it over." He was beginning to have quite a clear idea, but he never spoke in haste; that was his strength. "Do you want to teach school?"

"Not exactly." Her eyes grew dreamy. "No, I shall have to—but I want to go all round the world, and look at everything, and do everything, and meet every one, and dance, and ride, and—" She broke off with a laugh. "Have you ever been around the world?"

He had been abroad twice, and he told her rather clumsily about France and Egypt—the last because she questioned him eagerly. She was thinking of the tombs of the Pharaohs, and the palm trees, and the Nile, and Cleopatra's barge, and he was thinking of Shepherd's Hotel, of dust and fleas and tedious guides. "No, I can't say I want to go again. You can't get a decent beefsteak anywhere in the East."

"Oh, oh," she said, almost sorrowfully, "did you go there to look for a *beefsteak?*" And she laughed and laughed. He could see the point well enough, and joined in; but he knew none the less that beefsteaks are very important. The divergence may not have been entirely spiritual. Hope could indeed have devoured a strawberry ice with enjoyment in the teeth of all the Pharoahs and their tombs. He encouraged her to talk, and the fact that she quoted from books he had never read impressed him extraordinarily, though it was not really strange, since he never read at all excepting the daily papers. When she shivered, he wrapped her quite tenderly in his light overcoat and held her hands to warm them. She did not mind, she felt suddenly not unlike a baby, which commands through its helplessness; there was an involuntary yearning toward her conveyed by his touch. She understood also, dimly, that only her nearness gave her this power over him; through her he touched nature, and to her he bent as the bearer of nature's inexorable decree. So she could sway him because there were vast forces, rooted a million centuries deep, behind her; she could have her moment's will of him, hurt him if she chose—and he would be helpless, because of his strength and his sanity. He might set in motion the machines of industry, which would crush a thousand like her, and have no compassion. That was the other side of him. But toward her as an individual he could be only what he was now. If she had been offended with him for a whim, had struck him with her small fists, he could hardly have been angry.

So soon had she taken possession of his imagination. That was her hold, and she had secured it in a moment. He had felt it suddenly when she stood at his elbow in the dining-room, at the most prosaic hour of the day, before he even saw her definitely; her small, light feet had crept up and caught him unaware, and her demure voice in his ear had announced, not that she was coming, but that she was there, close, inside his guard. Then she had sat down and watched him, from the window, with such an air of security.

Decidedly she had taken him by surprise, perhaps on account of the environment, wherein one did not look for such delicate little sprites. If it had been heavy-footed Belle, he would at that moment have been playing billiards and smoking a cigarette very contentedly downstairs.

Her assurance was absolute now. She might have had some timidity before him earlier, when he was a sort of personification of worldly wisdom and temporal success, but a man cannot carry such attributes with him to a stolen meeting with a snip of a girl; they are as impossible in the circumstances as fireworks. He had to stand before her as a middle aged and good-natured man in a white waistcoat, somewhat vainly adorned with diamonds which merely helped to reduce him to her level, or a little below—childish trinkets for such as are pleased with them, not tokens of achievement of a sort. She could not fear him, and he could not make her fear herself.

Therefore his offer of help did not present itself to her seriously. The man of affairs was not present, to her; how then could he help her? But the man himself yes, she liked him. He was accepted, so far, on his merits. It flattered him, in the depths of his unconscious soul, beyond words—thereafter he was hers; at least, in as much as he was his own.

Despite the dark, he could see her eyes grow heavy at last; their faces were close over the small round table. She blinked, and her head drooped, but when she would open her eyes again resolutely, they glimmered fitfully, like a cat's. He felt almost afraid, they were so eerie, until she laughed, and the gleam scattered. "I *am* sleepy," she murmured. "Six o'clock—"

"To-morrow, again?" he asked. "I'll tell you then what I've been thinking. I'll give you my address, too, so you can always reach me."

"All right." She drew herself up, stretching. The soft rustling of her clothing as her young body tautened and relaxed beneath it sounded to him like the strange, provocative whispers that run through spring foliage at dusk. Feeling an utter fool, he still surrendered himself to his folly, and while she was saying, "Here, at the same time!" he bent over quickly and awkwardly and kissed both her hands.

She giggled, put her handkerchief to her mouth, and ran away. Edgerton went down and bought himself a drink, though he was an extremely temperate man. Then, instead of mooning about as he might have a score of years before, he sat down and very resolutely absorbed himself in the details of a new company organization.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the heat of her vexation and wounded pride, Hope would not have imagined it possible that she should go to sleep while waiting for Evan, though he delayed till dawn. But she did. She walked into his room very coolly, with the aid of a pass key, but prudence forbade her to turn on the light. The Morris chair, luxurious with both pillows from the bed, gently soothed her from waking speculation as to the whereabouts of Edgerton into fantastic dreams in which he did not figure at all. He had broken his appointment. She had watched for him three-quarters of an hour, in vain. Under no circumstances would she ever speak to him again, of course, but curiosity clamoured for the reason of his non-appearance. Evan might know. It was very simple, therefore, to find Evan and ask him.

Had he guessed her to be there, Evan would have come immediately. She diverted him enormously, beyond anything else the town had to offer. It was like having a pet kitten. It happened he was not in love at the time. But in answer to a query if she would come, she had given him a cool "No," and a game of poker was the next best thing. She drifted off into the charming sleep of her age, about the time Jim Sanderson, finding the cards running against him with maddening persistency, threw down his hand and yielded the moment to ill luck. Evan and the others chose to stay. Sanderson asked Evan for a book some one had mentioned; Evan tossed him his key and bade him go get it for himself. Then he called for two cards, and forgot about Sanderson, who bored him, rather.

It was the pink ribbon on Hope's braid that caught Sanderson's eye first. The sudden flood of electric light released by the electric button under his finger seemed to leap at it. He stood still, smiling unpleasantly. Hope lifted heavy lids to blink at the glare, murmuring, before she looked: "Oh, Evan, I wanted

(Continued on page 60)

HOW A MONTREAL WOMAN SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF CLOTHES

By MADELAINE MACLAIN

LAST summer a Montreal woman suddenly found herself face to face with the necessity of maintaining herself and three children on half the income that had previously been available for her use. Her husband had joined one of the early formed volunteer regiments and had gone to the Front. The family savings account was not large, and the mother of three realized that in order to provide food and clothing for herself and her children—two girls of seven and ten and a boy of five—on her reduced allowance, she would have to practise greater economies than those to which she had been accustomed.

A real problem was the matter of clothes. She had always taken pride in dressing herself and her little ones attractively. But now not only did she have less money to spend, but every article of clothing had increased in price. Unfortunately, this woman had never learned to sew, and this meant she was entirely dependent upon ready-made clothes or the rather expensive services of a dressmaker.

Then one evening, when the approach of fall was bringing its pressing need of some new dresses for herself and new clothes for the children for school wear, she read in one of the women's magazines of the wonderful work being done by a school of domestic arts and sciences in New York which taught dressmaking and millinery entirely by mail. The article told of how hundreds of women with no knowledge of sewing whatever had learned by this new method in their own homes to make stylish clothes and hats for themselves for half or less what their clothes had previously cost them.

The story seemed almost too good to be true, for she could scarcely believe that the art of dressmaking could be learned entirely by correspondence. But she realized that if it could be done satisfactorily, it would solve her own immediate problem. So she wrote to the school and in a few days received a delightfully interesting book that explained clearly just how the instructions were given and gave a complete description of just what the course would enable her to do. Furthermore, the tuition asked was so reasonable that she saw she could quickly make it up through savings on her own clothes. So she enrolled as a student.

The other day I met this little woman on the street. She was faultlessly dressed. In fact, her clothes struck me as being quite beyond the means of one in her circumstances. And the two little girls with her were wearing the most charming frocks and coats that I have seen this season. Of course I remarked about her clothes—I just had to compliment her—and then she told me all about it, just as I have told you.

"It is just four months," she said, "since I read of the Woman's Institute, and to think that in so short a time I could learn to make every article that the children and I are wearing. I have even made most all of Bobbie's clothes. We are all better dressed than we ever could be before, yet I have spent less than half what our clothes cost last season. I think it is really the most wonderful opportunity that has ever come to women.

"And another thing," she said, "it has answered a big question that has been way back in my mind all the time. If anything *should* happen—I can now earn a comfortable living for us all."

The case of this brave little woman interested me so much that I have been making enquiries and find that at the present time no less than three hundred women in all parts of Canada have learned by this new method to make their own clothes—all with a success quite as great as that of my Montreal friend. And so I thought I would tell this story so that every reader of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD might know about it. If you are at all interested in saving money on your clothes, or in taking up either dressmaking or millinery as a profession, I suggest that you write direct to the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Dept. 6R, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., telling them whether you are most interested in home or professional dressmaking or millinery. You may, if you wish, use this coupon which I have arranged for your convenience. They will send you a charming, illustrated book telling all about their courses and method of teaching.

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THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(Continued from page 47)

Then she sat up, rubbed her eyes, and gave him a stare of instinctive antagonism. She was annoyed, not embarrassed.

"Good evening," he said, and turned the key in the lock behind him.

She did not answer.

"Won't I do as well as Hardy?" he asked.

"Not for me," replied Hope, with a mixture of impudence and disdain. She meant exactly what she said—no more. "I'm going, anyway."

"Stay and talk to me a few minutes."

"It's late. Please excuse me." But she could not get to the door; he stood covering it. And as he advanced toward her, he managed to guard it still.

"Got you now," he smiled. She regarded him doubtfully, taking his measure, the repulsion she always felt for him growing upon her. An involuntary step backward placed a chair between them. If only Evan would come! But he would not; she had only herself to rely on. That was enough, of course. But it was degrading to have to parley with him at all; her impulse was to turn directly from him and quit his presence without again looking at him. What he was saying was not quite clear to her; she was going behind his words, reading his intent, which was not at all clear either, but yet disgusted her. Or it was his eyes which disgusted—or his bald shiny head—though he was a young man.

No, it was his eyes. That was certain the moment he touched her, put his hand on her shoulder. Impulse moved her instantly; if Jim Sanderson had been a psychologist, it might have interested him to know that the impact of her hand on his cheek was purely the result of a reflex action. But all he knew was that for the size of her, she was well muscled, and that the blood which flew to his face seemed to colour his vision. The sting of the blow put a sudden edge on what else he felt.

He lifted her off her feet, almost, in his grasp, and said, not loudly, "You shouldn't have done that." And his teeth showed. It was the culmination of a pursuit lasting three months; a pursuit of which she had been for the most part oblivious. It had not been very hard to avoid, ignore him; the housekeeper, a dragon at times, was sometimes seen more in the light whereby Persephone might have viewed Cerberus on her "not at home" days. But he had been conscious, all this while. That was the curse of so small a place; one was, in fact, conscious of every other inhabitant in it. There were not a thousand red herrings a day for every individual trail, as in a great city. He could not help seeing her, always vanishing down a corridor, or looking from a window, or walking on the opposite side of the street. And here he had caught her up, had her fast. He could make her listen to him. He could—but very naturally he was not reasoning.

And she was. His own words gave her the cue. She should not have done that! No, her blow was not heavy enough. One had to be either stronger, or fleeter; quite so! She was still, with the quiescence of determined enmity, until he, devouring her crimson face with his abominable eyes, felt too secure, and the flexure of his arm told her this was her opportunity. So she went out of his clutch with the instinctive downward wriggling motion of an obstinate baby. The table was between them before he knew what had happened, and he held a little strip of her muslin blouse in his fingers. Dishevelled, flushed, furious, but inwardly glacial, she backed cautiously against the dresser.

"Please go away," she said. Her hands were behind her. There was something of Evan's in the dresser drawer; she was fumbling for it blindly, not daring to take her eyes from him.

And again, if he had been a psychologist, he would have gone away. But he did not.

This time his hand did not reach her shoulder. He made a great deal of noise, falling; it sounded to Hope as though the roof had come down. Her fingers, gripping the barrel of Evan's neat 38 revolver, tingled from the force with which she had struck. Calculation had prompted her to club her gun; she knew guns, and was not inclined to use it more messily; anyway, she was not sure it was loaded. If he had guessed her purpose, of course its accomplishment would have been impossible; he could have fended the attack easily, but he did not guess. On the whole, he was obtuse, as well as disgusting. She stood still a moment, a bit shaken, but seeing him no whit less disgusting, lying on the floor at her feet, with an unpleasant red mark on his temple, than he had been standing before her. Perhaps he was dead!

Well, if he were—but first, she must get out of here. She did, turning off the light as she stood at the door.

IF he were, he was properly served: In the very bottom of her heart she felt that—much the same sensation as one has after stepping on a noxious insect.

In her room, she scrubbed her face furiously with soap and water. It afforded temporary relief. She took off her torn blouse and threw it viciously in a corner, holding it by the tips of her fingers, poking it with her toe. An ineffaceable soilure seemed to be visible on it. She could have lacerated, bitten herself. A faint nausea crept over her. After awhile she grew calmer and sat on the edge of her narrow bed, thinking, trying not to think. A vague curiosity stirred her. Was he dead? And then her mind began to work freely again, and she remembered that he had been breathing heavily all the while he lay there. Of course he was not dead! Certainly, she was ridiculous. How had it happened she could have thought him dead, while he was visibly breathing! Perhaps because he should have been dead. Her mind annihilated him, refused to admit him to the company of living things. That was it. It was the protest of her own healthy psychology against the monstrousness of his kind.

As though summoned by her thoughts, his voice came to her distantly. Her window was open; it gave on the courtyard at the back of the building. His words were not clear, but the voice was unmistakable. Some one was chaffing him. She had been sitting there for over half an hour.

IT was unbearable, that sound, she shuddered again. Slipping on a wisp of a dressing jacket, she went in search of Agnes, who represented things sane and clean.

Agnes sat at her mirror, making herself dainty, aiding Nature a trifle in the matter of carmine. Hope only wanted to sit with her awhile. They exchanged casual, friendly words. The atmosphere was soothing; Agnes was so calm, so delicate, so unruffled. Agnes knew all about these things, and refused to let them come near her. She walked daintily, but surely, avoiding them. She was not clever at all, but she was herself. She refused to take colour from her surroundings. That was what one must do. But—what else? One could not always, always, live in a dull routine of work, never looking to the right nor to the left, going to one's tiny room at evening—Hope had never read Dostoievski; she did not know he had put her difficulty into words: "Do you know that a man's mind becomes paralysed in small, poky rooms?" Nevertheless, she felt it. Her mind rebelled constantly, vigorously. One had to leave the small, poky room sometimes—even at the risk of such an encounter as this. She remembered her own dictum. They ought to take their chances. With her, they should! She was not sorry. Not at all. She had done quite right. Oh, they should indeed take their chances! All the evasions she had been compelled to use these months past crowded on her suddenly, invaded her memory. At the time, they had not troubled her. The memory of Jim Sanderson's eyes was what made them intolerable. Why should she, Agnes, any girl, be hunted like that? They harmed no one; they earned their bread. Those lurking, whispering, ogling creatures needed what he had got. And she would go where she pleased, and always be careful to even the chances. After having the half a principality to run over at large when a child, she would not let maturity bar her into one little room.

But then she knew she did not want to go anywhere again, for a long, long time at least. Time to forget. She could study, to fill it. In a month more she was to leave, too.

"Oh," said Agnes suddenly, "I forgot—" She fumbled in her belt. "Your big man gave me this—at dinner. For you." It was a note.

He had had to catch the seven o'clock train. He had not known where to find her. In six weeks or so he was coming back. Would she not write?

He signed his name, but that, of course, did not impress her.

No, she would not write. She did not feel inclined to write. What was there to say? Really, she had never been inclined to talk to him; it had only interested her to hear him talk. And now her disgust was a wall between her and masculinity, making communication difficult.

There were flowers from him next day. She meant to write, to be polite. But she put it off. She never wrote. The flowers were delightful, they perfumed his memory, in a way, purified it with their innocent incense. But even so, writing struck her as too difficult—more, too profitless. But, as they were roses, she kept the petals and put them in a little muslin bag. The sweetness remained in them.

And in a month she did go away.

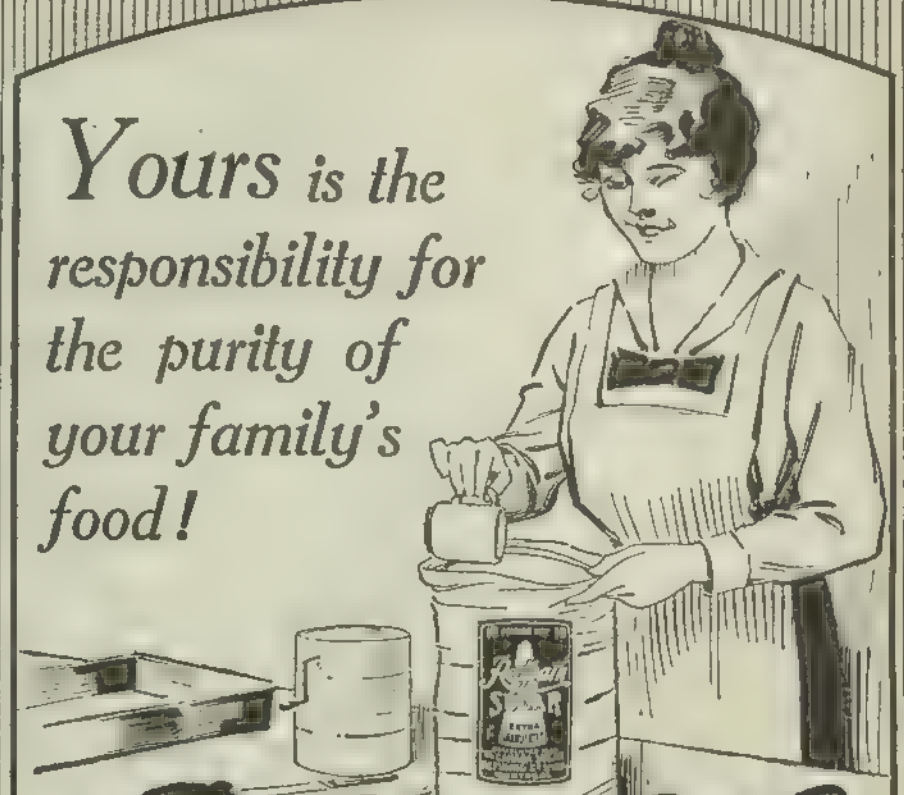
It was sorrowful to leave Agnes. Every one seemed to regret her going. The dry, thin spinster housekeeper, even, gave her a linen handkerchief for a parting gift. The rotund bartender brought glasses of claret lemonade for all the girls, upstairs, Agnes, Belle, Hope and the housekeeper. She kissed Agnes affectionately at the last, a smooth, powdery, perfumed kiss. She never saw her again.

Evan had been reproachful. Why should she never come to see him again? So she did come, and sat and stared at him with meditative, solemn round eyes. And at the last she decided that he was really just what he had always seemed, and absolved him from a great many things of which he had never dreamed. And he laughed at her again, and she put her arms about his neck, standing on tiptoe, and kissed him shyly for farewell.

"Heaven be good to you," he said. "Look here, child, what did I ever do to you? Was it because I wasn't here the last time? You told me you wouldn't come."

She started. "How did you know I was here?" His reminder brought it all back so vividly, with the familiar room to aid memory. He saw her lip curl back from her small teeth, and looked at her shrewdly.

"I found your pink ribbon. Look" He drew it out of his pocket, soiled and crumbled. "What frightened you away?" (Continued on page 51)



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Redpath SUGAR

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"Vitafer" will re-vitalize your nervous system. This wonderful British tonic food has done its greatest work in cases just like yours—where the nervous force is completely exhausted—where body and brain are weary.

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NERVOUS HEADACHE

Miss Evelena M. Risser, Dublin Shore, Lunenburg, N.S., writes:—"I suffered from severe headaches for two years. In fact, I had headaches day and night. My appetite was very poor and I frequently had pains in the back. After using a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the headaches disappeared, appetite improved and I gained in health and strength. I am very thankful for the benefit obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I am well again after two years of misery."

The object of pain seems to be to give warning that something is wrong in the human system. For this reason, when you have a headache, for instance, you should honestly seek for the cause.

Headache is not a disease in itself, but rather a symptom. If you find other indications that the nervous system is exhausted—if you are restless, nervous, sleepless and irritable—you may rightly suppose that to be the cause of the headache.

The headache warns you that with neglect of the nervous system you later expect nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, or some form of paralysis. Wisdom suggests the use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system, and thereby remove the cause of the headache, as well as prevent more serious troubles.

The use of headache powders is not only a dangerous practice, but the shock to the system of drugs which are so powerful and poisonous as to immediately stop pain is most harmful. The relief is merely temporary, and with this danger signal removed the disease which caused the headache continues to develop until results are serious. The moral is, when you have headaches or pain of any kind look for the cause and remove it.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is not intended as a mere relief for headache. It cures by supplying the ingredients from which nature rebuilds and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells. Some patience is required for this reconstructive process, but the results are wonderfully satisfying, because they are both thorough and lasting.

If you would be freed from headaches, as was the writer of the letter quoted above, put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to the test. Working, as it does, hand in hand with Nature, it can no more fail than can other of Nature's laws.

50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

LIVING HER EDUCATION

(*Continued from page 31*)

You plainly see that she *goes*—we don't *send* her. For this reason I think I know what the result will be."

"AND the college—have you found it—the one that will do all you expect it to do?" was asked doubtingly.

"Mary found it. The final decision was hers. A few days of actual seeing gave her more help than she could get from tons of catalogues. She went, saw, and was captured. You would be amused to know what little straws finally showed currents that she liked or disliked and that set with her toward favour or disfavour. Her choice was not that of the family, but her enthusiasm makes us resigned."

"How could a young girl decide so important a matter?"

"How?"—the mother sighed as she thought how far back one had to go to answer such a question. She could only reply briefly, "I suppose because she has made decisions all her life. I must tell you some of the points that we all considered together. Some people might consider them too trifling to mention, but they count. Since Mary must go away from home, why not make the going an education in every possible way? We wanted a new environment. If we could have conveniently sent her to another country or across the continent, we should have done so. Mary's eyes have looked out all her life on level stretches of field and beach. Now let there be a change. We would have her live for four years among mountains, forests, gorges, rivers, and lakes—among some, if not all of these. She knows all about small schools and too many petty interests of village life.

The elder woman's face beamed approval. "You think you have really found such a college?"

"Yes, pretty nearly. When I think of the place, two impressions come instantly to my mind. I see a high, broad campus, looking off on mountains, that rise tier on tier in the purple air; then I hear ringing through the halls the sound of voices, sweet, clear, and girlish."

"And they are happy?"

"I hope so."

"These things count because the mind is unconsciously influenced by surroundings, and a different environment to that to which Mary has been accustomed will help to broaden her mind and to give her a wider outlook. Many persons are narrow-minded because they have been bounded all their lives by the same kind of places, the same kind of persons, and the same kind of circumstances.

"The change in the attitude of the mind is the first factor in education, and nothing changes the attitude of mind like a complete change of environment. In entirely new surroundings it is difficult, even for those who are most set in their ways, not to receive new impressions."

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(*Continued from page 31*)

thoroughbreds in my honour. For he loves horses too well to care about a motor car.

"Shade of Henry the Eighth!" he exclaimed, as I stepped off the train. "How much do you weigh *now*, Dinner Belle?"

"Guess," I said, unsmiling.

He put his humourous, tanned face sideways, screwed up an eye, and ran the shrewd glance of the other over me. I stood stock still, with the expression of a wooden image.

"Hm! I should say a hundred and seventy, now."

"You've forgotten. I weighed that last year. Guess again," I said. "No, don't. I weigh *now* one hundred and *eighty* pounds." I threw up my chin—or chins—defiantly.

Perhaps a very fat girl can't look seriously defiant. For he threw back his head and laughed the big Jim Fairweather laugh from his superior altitude. It started some men on the platform grinning. You know the sort of laugh I mean—the Douglas Fairbanks laugh; it's infectious because it's so downright natural, and full of human nature and *good health*.

"Got me beat by four pounds, Bella," he chuckled.

"And *you'll* have *me* beat," I retorted, "by *forty* pounds before I go back home to Harriston!"

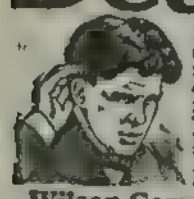
His blue eyes opened wide, more at my tone than my words, no doubt. Then they twinkled, and he put a big brown hand gently on my shoulder.

"Have you quit home for good, or are you just come to my farm for a visit and ain't going to eat?" he said. "What's wrong with you, Bella?"

"Nothing," I said, with a sweeping inclusive gesture, "except *this. I'm forty pounds overweight;* and I've come to Fairweather Farm *to get slender on three meals a day!*"

(*To be concluded.*)

Deafness



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MY CAREER

(*Continued from page 46*)

the production of the various Greek plays, which were presented on a most elaborate scale in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California.

The weeks of preparation devoted to these plays entailed a tremendous amount of hard work and great nervous strain, but I feel amply repaid for my labour by the enthusiastic reception so uniformly accorded them.

During the open-air season of 1916, we produced "As You Like It" in the great out-door amphitheatre in St. Louis, and the vast crowds which assembled to witness it and the spontaneous applause with which it invariably was greeted, gives me courage to say that we must have played it better than on that memorable first night in a Shakespearean *role* when I played *Rosalind* with Mr. Connor's "road" company in the Lower Provinces, after which a local critic reported that "Miss Anglin and her company played 'As you Like It' last night at the Opera House, *as they liked it.*"

Following my return from Australia and the production of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," I played a season in Shakespeare, during which I presented "As You Like It," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Anthony and Cleopatra," and "Twelfth Night." After this season in Shakespeare I produced "Lady Windemere's Fan," "Beverly's Balance," and "A Woman of No Importance." Following that came "Caroline," a light English comedy, which did not strongly appeal to the American public.

Just now, as I conclude this writing, my company has begun a short season in the West with a play which I produced in February, "The Lioness," a dramatization by Mr. Rupert Hughes. Should this play prove the success it promises to be, it will be put on in New York next season.

In closing, I must again express my fondness for Shakespearean plays, in which I always have been very successful. They are the best of all plays to play and carry the most grateful of *roles*. Indeed, there is no real security of fame unless it be based upon Shakespearean performances. Also, I consider Oscar Wilde as a great dramatist, whose plays I have had great pleasure in producing.

My ambition for the future is to do better, play better than ever, and thus, if possible, secure further fame and credit to Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: An interesting article on Miss Anglin's home life will be published in the May number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

(*Continued from page 49*)

"Nothing." But she changed colour too palpably.

"Jim Sanderson came up that evening," he said slowly. "Were you—here—then?"

"He didn't tell you?"

"No. And I couldn't very well ask him." She perceived Evan in that. No, of course he would not ask. "He—I say! How did he get that bump on his head? He said he walked into something, in the dark."

"Oh, he walked into something," said Hope curtly, "But not in the dark."

"Why, you little devil," remarked Evan, rather joyously. "Jove! To think you gave him what he deserved! What'd you use? It looked as though it might have been a paving stone!"

She showed him, and he chuckled inordinately, with an unregenerate plaint that he could not have done it himself. "Oh, he needed it," said Evan.

"D'you think so?" asked Hope. She felt better. Evan was unconsciously exonerating his sex as a whole. A moral fog lifted from her mind. He reassured her, still chuckling.

So she went away almost gay again, buoyant, as became her best. Nevertheless, she decided to wait a little, to satisfy herself in her narrow room, if possible, until her judgment ripened. Mere fastidiousness forbade the thought of another such encounter.

The next night the train carried her northward. She felt eager, and wistful, and lonely, and intensely alive and capable of being glad. She had an immense, unfed appetite for life. And she had eyes the colour of cigarette smoke, and a lovely throat; and that was about all.

The train rushed on and on, roaring through the dark. It seemed to have an object of its own. Her being aboard it appeared incidental and of no consequence to it. It was something like life.

She wished Evan had been there. He would have been warm, and human, and aware of her.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE PETER'S CONTESTS

The three Bunnies who won prizes for telling over again the story, "John Bunny Gives Mr. Brown Fox a Christmas Present" were: Joe Holmes, Kirks Ferry, Que., who won a cash prize of Two Dollars; Laura Ganter, Red Rapids, N.B., a prize of One Dollar.

Prizes for the six best selected application letters received from new Bunnies have been sent to: Aileen Anderson, Woodstock, Ont.; Herbie Prasky, Folger, Ont.; Nellie Johnson, Steeves Mt., West Co., N.B.; Lawrence Bennett, 20 Burrows St., Galt, Ont.; Marjorie Stallibrass, Newmarket, Ont.; Eugen Bown, Port Morien, C. B.

Bunnies all should try to win a prize in the Competition in this issue.

The prize winners in the December competition were: Florence Watson, Staynor, Ont.; Maude Sinclair, St. Albert, Alta.; Doris Gee, Locust Gill, R.R. No. 2, Ont.; Helen Watts, Trenton, Ont.; Audry Emary, R.R. No. 3, Cape Rich, Ont.; Willie West, Pickering, Ont.

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You will also be delighted with the exquisite gold finished bracelet watch because it is such a beauty. Bracelet watches are now all the rage. Many of them in solid gold and set with precious stones sell for as high as $100.00 each. This lovely bracelet watch is just as beautiful as any you could buy. It is richly gold finished, stem wind and set, and has the genuine expansion bracelet that fits snugly on any wrist.

We are giving away these magnificent presents to quickly advertise and introduce our delicious new Royal Japanese Perfume. Help us to do so and you can get them without a cent of cost. Just write to day and we will send you, postage paid, only 25 lovely trial size bottles to distribute among your friends at only 10c. each. There are six delicious odors—White Rose, Wood Violet, French Carnation, Lily of the Valley, etc. Most ladies buy three or four of these fine bottles at once. They go just like hot cakes. It's no trouble at all.

Return our $2.50 when the perfume is sold and we will promptly send you this beautiful Princess Mary Toilet Set complete just as represented, and the lovely bracelet watch you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your beautiful present to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods as you did.

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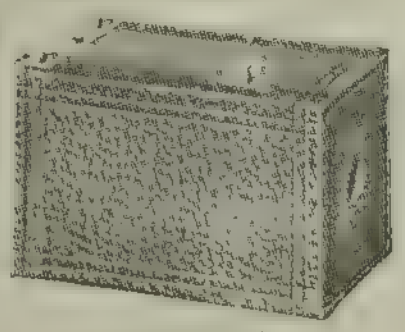

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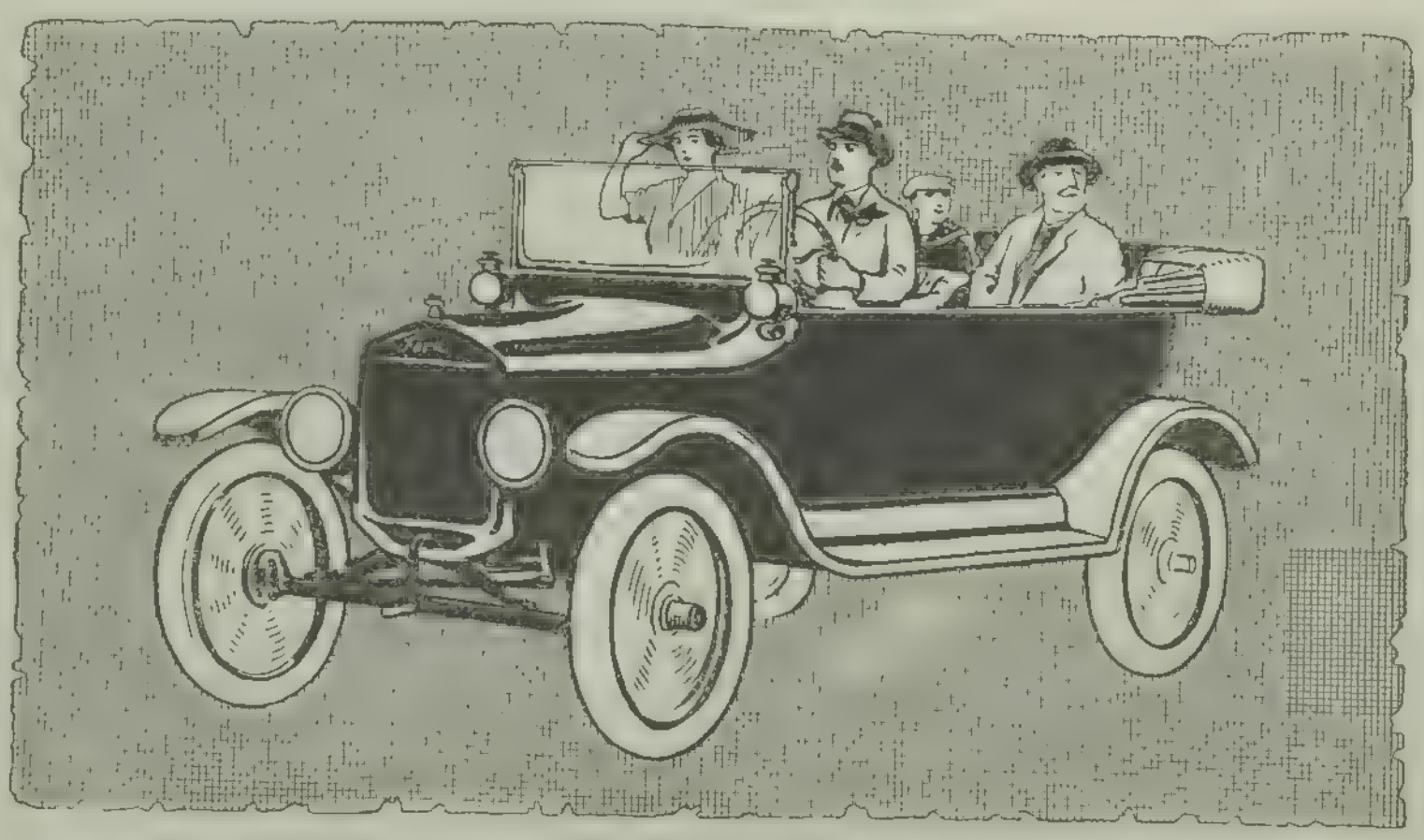

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Below is a list of a few of the newest rewards that we are offering our Club Raisers. You can easily send a list of two or three subscribers to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and earn any one of them. It is so easy to get subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, that you will find the work a pleasure. Women everywhere appreciate this worthy magazine and gladly order it as soon as you tell them it is all Canadian, and let them see how wonderfully complete it is in every interest of woman and the home. Use this copy as your sample or send for more sample copies to-day. We will also send order books, descriptive circulars, envelopes on request.

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Beautiful and Reliable Wrist Watch

This beautiful, neat wrist watch is the newest style. The case may be either solid gun-metal or nickel silver at your choice. It is stem wind

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Fine, limp, leather bound Webster Dictionary, with leather tabbed thumb index. This grand book contains, in addition to a complete modern dictionary, a list of foreign words and phrases, a dictionary of synonyms and antonyms, a dictionary of legal terms and commercial terms, and many other valuable features. You will be proud to have this beautiful volume in your home. Sent, all charges paid, for securing only 4 subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at $1.50 the year.

Solid Gold Ring, Set With a Genuine Pearl

Pearl jewellery is in great vogue now and you should by all means have a pearl ring. This beautiful ring will delight you. It is warranted solid gold, 10k, and is set with a beautiful, lustrous whole pearl. Given for securing 4 subscriptions for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at the regular price, $1.50 the year.

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—Ye Olde Firme—

WHY WE MUST HAVE WIDER DIVORCE LAWS

(*Continued from page 30*)

and example—those principles which go to the making of a good citizen?

Never before has the nation so needed the strong, healthy child; never before has each child been of so much value; never before has the child who fills the asylum, the jail, the hospital, been such a loss—such a pitiable, pitiful loss, such a waste of strength and love, energy and efficiency. Never before has the need been so great of healthy, wholesome, clean manhood and womanhood; and every time a child is born feeble-minded, diseased, or abnormal, *the State loses.*

The remedy lies with the State; the State represents and obeys the will of the people. In a democratic form of Government the people rule through the strength of the vote. Therefore it rests with you, you mothers and fathers, you young man and old man, you woman with the vote—it rests with you to say if this state of things shall continue; it rests with you to give the law power to free the man or woman now living an immoral, but legal, life; it rests with you to place within the reach of rich and poor alike the power to dissolve a marriage for just and adequate cause.

Here is the solution of the problem of building up our nation after the ravages of war—*Conserve the home, the child, the family.*

How?

The Federal Government should sweep away all the present marriage laws and enact a simple, uniform, and adequate law for all Canada. But this, though it were done at once, affords no relief for those already married. Therefore other measures are needed—and drastic.

Abolish the Courts of Divorce and ignore the Acts of Parliament; to apply to either carries a stigma with it—they both have a bad name.

Lawyers should not be permitted to plead—for or against—in divorce suits. Naturally they desire to win for their client—who pays; and often the case becomes merely a duel of wit and learning between opposing counsel.

Establish a Court of Domestic Adjustment in each Province, composed of men and women, some of whom are medical. Give this Court power to hear all cases between a man and his wife, and to grant divorce for serious and sufficient cause: adultery, desertion, cruelty, habitual drunkenness, non-support, venereal disease, insanity, and incompatability when no reconstruction of the home is possible. In a mixed Court, the man's cause of complaint, the woman's, and *the interest of the child* would be considered. Does Court or Parliament consider the child now? The cost of this Court must be borne by each Province; its members should be appointed by and under the control of the Department of Education, and the Department should endeavour to educate the child in the school, the youth in the college, the man and woman in the home, in knowledge which will aid them to a better understanding of marriage, a greater appreciation of the home, and a more loyal and patriotic citizenship.

NATIONAL SERVICE FOR THE WOMEN

(*Continued from page 16*)

the demand. Cream cheese is readily digested and highly nutritive.

Exhibition Circular No. 23, issued by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, gives clear directions for making cream cheese, both for home use and for marketing.

Do You Know the Cause of the Great War?

President Wilson shocked half the civilized world when he intimated that he did not know why the belligerent nations are fighting.

Do *you* know?

Can you state, clearly and concisely, the causes that led to the War, and why Britain took up Belgium's cause?

You *should* know. It is a national duty to know; a national service that you owe to yourself and your country.

Read "History of the War," by John Buchan, published in parts—of which the fifteenth has just come out—by Thomas Nelson & Sons, Toronto. This should be in your library. Your library should also contain "Child's History of the War," published in the same way, and by the same firm. Hilaire Belloc's "General Sketch of the War in Two Phases," published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, Toronto; H. G. Wells' "What Is Coming," published by The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto; Zangwill's "War for the World," published by The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, are all good.

Know Your Country

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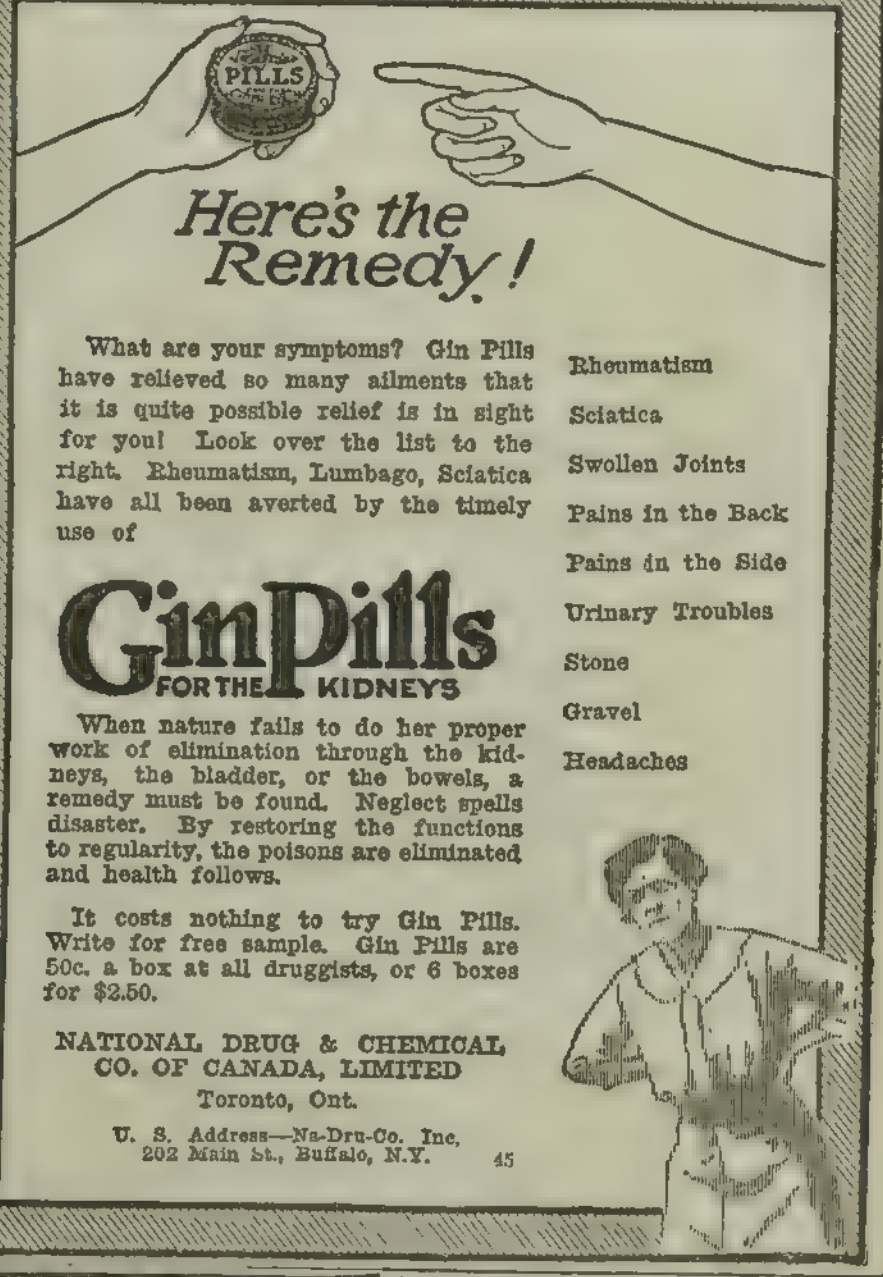

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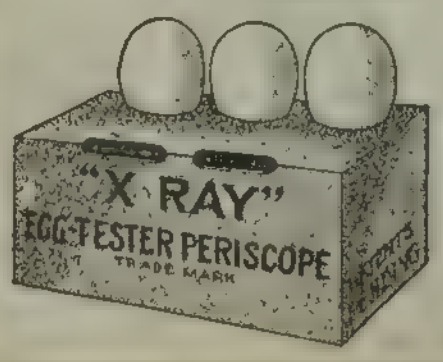

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Agents Wanted

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ALBERTA WOMEN'S WINNING FIGHT AGAINST HIGH COST OF LIVING

(*Continued from page 12*)

of money which should have helped the employed, the wage-earner, and eventually ourselves. The wheels of progress need the oil of common-sense, and the League is to be congratulated upon a good supply.

Miss Russell, dietarian at the University of Alberta, recently addressed the League on The Domestic Science Problem. The rescue of the maid from mere machine work and the gaining for her of a place in the science of household management was strongly urged. Mrs. Hoyt, supervisor of household science in the public schools, gave a practical talk on The School and Economics, describing the work and the strong endeavour to inspire the girls with the highest ideals of home life, combined with common-sense methods.

Mrs. Nellie McClung, that winsome woman of wit and grit, gave an awakening address on the Gospel of Thrift, urging thrift not only in time and money, but in strength—women should save their strength by using their brains and concentrating their activities. "And yet, because we live in an electric button age, it is not necessary to save our energy just to turn it inward on ourselves and make us fat and lazy."

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, another of our gifted Edmonton writers, better known as Janie Canuck, of broad sympathies and tender heart, is ever ready to aid the activities of The League.

Mrs. J. Clyde MacDonald, the President of the Civic Club, known over the city for her open-hearted hospitality, and to the little children of poverty as a chum of Santa Claus, is enthusiastic over the good which is being accomplished by the Civic Club, not only for the beautifying of the city, but for the supplying of food as well. Last year, The Women's Industrial Association, now the Civic Club, succeeded in providing garden seeds for eighteen hundred and fifty children. Many of the children made a huge success of it, and in addition to the economic value, the educational value to the parents, as well as to the children, was of great importance. As Mrs. MacDonald said in her last annual address, "The day has gone by when women boasted they never soiled their hands with work." The Civic Club is working again this year for the children's gardens, and also forms part of the Vacant Lots Garden Club, an organization of men and women for the cultivation of vacant lots all over the city.

The United Farm Women

THE United Farm Women of Alberta, co-operating with the United Farmers, are making a big struggle against High Cost of Living. The cost of imported food and farm necessities has been considerably reduced by co-operative buying. The women have taken charge of the formation of egg circles, and the encouragement of school and home gardens. They urge greater production on the farm, better quality of products, and freer trade. Their aim is to get as closely in touch with the consumer as possible, eliminate waste, and make some sort of square deal between producer and consumer. "We believe," they say, "that in organizing our industry intelligently, we shall contribute very materially to a reduction in the High Cost of Living."

Miss Read, the first president of the United Farm Women, then called the Auxiliary to the United Farmers, is an English woman, widely read, and cultured, who was identified with Settlement and Institute work for factory girls in the Old Country. The first vice-president, Mrs. Rice-Jones, also English born has with enthusiasm contributed much to the growth of the Association. Mrs. Barrett, the efficient secretary-treasurer, is from the land of the Blue Nose, educated at Truro, in the high and normal schools, in Alberta College, and in the University of Service. She is well gifted for the many duties of her position. Blessed with energetic brain and active fingers and a well developed sense of loyalty to her fellow workers, she is typical of the women who accomplish much work in this land of big opportunities and great responsibilities.

Mrs. Walter Parlby, a woman of wide culture and executive ability, was chosen president at the Convention in 1916. Having lived some years in India, and later in Germany and Switzerland, she came on a visit to Canada, where Romance met her and she was fortunately persuaded to stay. Her part of Alberta was then sparsely settled, and she has watched with great interest the development of railways, towns, and cities. With a knowledge born of experience, and being an enthusiast over the possibilities of the United Farm Association, she is the right woman in the right place.

Mrs. Spencer, the new vice-president, is, like Mrs. Barrett, from the Province noted for its export of brain. Enthusiastic with the gladness of life, for the lessening of its sorrows, and deeply interested in the wider service of the United Farm Association, she is ready and eager to do her part.

The earnest members of the United Farm Women are seeing social and economic conditions at first hand, and wide opportunities for service have opened for them. Never letting "I dare not" wait upon "I should," they will have a large part in shaping the destiny of the better Alberta which is to be.

The women of the cities and towns and the women of the country are coming to understand more fully their need of each other. United by the closest ties, they should pull together that the going may be easier. In Alberta, the Province of vast agricultural areas, the farmer's troubles are everybody's troubles. The enormous diet of bugs and gophers is of deepest interest to the city wife as well as to her sister in the country. Early frost and hail are only occasional assistants to High Cost of Living, but the industrious bugs and exceedingly active gophers are always on the job. Would that some brainy experimenting woman could devise some means of making a substantial reduction in their bill of fare!

To Encourage Home Production

MISS Isobel Noble, the President, gave an interesting and practical address to a representative gathering of Alberta women attending the Institute Convention at the Capital in January, 1915. The gist of it was that the Club devote its energies to devising some plan to further lower the cost of living. It was suggested that canning clubs be established, wherein young girls would be taught that branch of domestic science, and "that The Women's Institutes be the women behind the can." Poultry farming and dairying could be similarly taught, and the girls initiated into many money-making, pantry-filling devices. Miss Noble outlined a scheme whereby an agent appointed by the Government could go through the country forming these clubs, and encouraging the cultivation of the small fruits and vegetables which grow readily in Alberta, instructing the growers how to can their produce, and how to market the finished product. This country agent could give lessons in the use of the fireless cooker and other labor-saving devices, and could interest and work with the school teachers. Last year a demonstration in canning was given under the direction of The Woman's Institute Department at each of the half-day stopping places of The Mixed Farming Special Train.

Miss Mary McIsaac, Superintendent of Institutes, gave an interesting report of the activities of the year, and congratulated the members upon the increased efficiency of the workers, and the large amount contributed for relief work at home, for different War Funds, for Belgium and Red Cross Work. During the Spring, Institutes had been visited by a trained nurse and by three Directors of Household Science in the Provincial Schools of Agriculture. These ladies gave lectures and demonstrations in home nursing, cooking, sewing, and laundry work. The real value of The Institutes is becoming more fully realized, and through them the knowledge is spread abroad that home-keeping is a vocation worthy of time, money, and specialization. "He who creates a home creates a potent spirit which in time fashions him who fashioned."

A Clearing House of Information

MRS. Muldrew, in a splendid address on The Conservation of Women's Resources, crisply advised, "Save your spine and use your arms; you need all the backbone you have." She held out a warning to the too perfect housekeeper. Better a less perfect house, or a less perfect dinner, if the last ounce of strength has to be exhausted to acquire it and the perfection used up before it reaches the child.

In the struggle against High Cost of Living, the housewife, not always knowing that she does not get what she asks for, has been an easy mark. These Leagues, Clubs, and Institutes are proving themselves clearing houses for information. Knowledge of local markets, of food values, the quantities which may be handled advantageously; the relative amount of time, labor, and fuel required; practical ways of saving materials really worth while; salvage of by-products; the extending of the flavour of expensive foods through cheaper foods, as in meat stews; the planning of meals to provide a rational, nutritious, and appetizing diet; attractive means of serving—this is but little of what may be acquired where women eager to help and eager to learn are associated. It is possible, too, that not only household management claims their attention, but that among the elect—be it whispered—husband management is quietly studied. Most of them having wide experience in the latter accomplishment attach much importance to proper feeding in order to ensure continued good humour. Even a beginner like Eve knew enough to be sure of the good natured acquiescence of Adam if she suggested something good to eat.

One cannot but admire the splendid work accomplished in Alberta by the long-headed woman of pioneer days, adapt in mal ing, with indomitable pluck, the best of primitive means, and by those of later times accustomed to the use of "educated lightning bolts." They are of the type of her who said. "I reckon what you have to do you can do."

Having earnestly worked over yesterday's sums, they have faith in the solution of to-morrow's problem. To those disheartened by the many rebuffs in the struggle against High Cost of Living comes their cheery cry:

"Try once again; the world is ever new
Each day. Your chance? Your chance is you."

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER

RUNNING MY HOME ON A BUSINESS PLAN:

Making Out the Budget

LAST evening my husband and I tiptoed quietly into the kiddies' bedroom to make sure that the two little folk were covered up warm and the window open. There they lay snuggled up close to each other as pretty and rosy as two little flowers!

"Aren't they the sturdy little pair?" whispered Will. "You would never believe what delicate babies they were a year ago to see them to-night, would you, dear? You are a wonderful woman, little one, to do so much with your $20.00 a week!"

My husband put his arms around me as we stood by the children's bed and kissed me as tenderly as ever he had done in the happy months of our engagement.

"Listen to me, Honeybunch, you are up against a pretty hard proposition to keep the kiddies well and happy and run the house as smoothly and as comfortably as you do on the little bit I manage to bring in. Don't your forget it, dear, it is not always going to be so. A woman like you puts ambition into a man, a woman who will work with a fellow and stick to him during the hard years when his feet are only on the first rung of the ladder. Wouldn't I like to make a fortune for my little girl! I shall, too! But fortunes aren't made in a day. I can't ask the firm to give me another rise just yet, for they were very decent over that last little $2.50 they added to my salary a year ago. Some firms are making pots of money out of war business, but we're not. It is mighty hard on the insurance companies when the ships go down at the rate they do these days. I'll tell you something you'll like to know, though. Only to-day the office manager told me that the Chief had been looking over my books and he said some very nice things about my work. What do you think of that?"

"Will, you are perfectly splendid!" was all I could say. My husband's love and appreciation made all the struggles of the past six months worth while, and the future seemed bright with possibilities.

Everything really dates back to the first of August last year. I remember the day so well, for the first thing in the morning in came the bills in shoals. There was a lengthy account from the butcher with a polite request to send cheque as soon as possible—send cheque! Why I hadn't a cent in the bank! The grocer was well represented and so was the milkman, and when I realized that there were no ice tickets left and only two bread tickets, I was ready to cry. I was just adding them all together to see if I couldn't find some brighter side to the situation when I was disturbed by the arrival of the landlord, and with him a bill of $40. for two months' rent. This capped the climax and I became thoroughly discouraged. I am afraid I was very cross to the dear old gentleman, and he soon went away without his money and in its place only the comforting assurance that we should be leaving on the first of October.

The Start Of It

AFTER the landlord had gone I sat down again to the contemplation of $100.00 of debts this time instead of $60.00 as before. Clearly something had to be done. I had $10.00 left from my last week's money and Will would give me $20.00 more the next day. Thirty dollars to pay a hundred dollars' worth of bills! Will's income was fixed. There was no way that we could, either of us, add to it, for the children kept me so busy all day that it was impossible for me to bring in any extra money. The more I kept figuring on how I had spent my money, the more discouraged I became. Where on earth had the money gone to! Everything seemed to be going wrong! Of course I had bought myself a pretty new dress and the children had been ill, off and on, all of which had been expensive. And then, too, Will and I had been going out a good deal at night to our friends or to a show, and we had lots of little parties, which all mounts up, although each costs so little.

I took the kiddies with me and went over to Mother's.

"Cheer up, dear! What you want to do is to make a business of your housekeeping," said Mother. "Spend just as much thought and time on your house as Will is spending at the office. Can't you be just as systematic, up-to-date, and business-like about your work as he is about his? How much did you say you have a month? Twenty-two-fifty a week for four-and-a-third weeks is roughly $97.00 a month. Now, we are going to make out a budget for you to work on. You know there is not the least use making budgets after the money is gone. It won't bring it back! Keep your budget before you all the time, and if it does not fit your needs at first, alter it until it does."

We first took a scientific budget out of a book that Mother had on housekeeping. It was worked out like this for an income of $100.00:

		Per Cent.
Food	$30.00	30
Rent	20.00	20
Operating Expenses	10.00	10
Clothes	15.00	15
Higher Life	25.00	25

"Your food bills, you say, are very much bigger than they used to be, although you are not living any more extravagantly," Mother began. "Of course they are, dear, for everything has gone up, only you do not realize how much when you pay your bills in one lump sum at the end of the month. Let us work out just what the advance has been on the necessities of life before we decide whether $30.00 is enough to allow for food."

THIS is how we worked out our list according to Montreal prices:

	1917	1914	Increase Per Cent.
Shank, per lb.	.10	.08	25
Round Steak	.25	.18	37
Soup Meat (brisket)	.15	.12	20
Stewing lamb	.12 to. 20	.05	50
Lamb chops	.35	.25	40
Mutton	.25	.20	25
Bacon	.32	.24	33
Lard, compound	.22	.18	22
Lard, pure	.25	.20	25
Sausages, pork	.25	.20	25
Suet	.20	.15	33
Halibut	.25	.12½	100
Haddock	.12	.10	20
Cod	.15	.10	50
Herring, each	.05	.03	33
Cabbage, each	.15	.06	50
Onions, per 3 lbs.	.08	.04	100
Carrots, per doz.	.10 to. 20	.10	50
Potatoes, per 80 lb. bag	2.40	.80	200
Tomatoes, per tin	.20 to .25	.10	125
Corn	.13	.10	33
Peas	.13	.10	33
Beans, per lb.	.15	.05	200
Peas	.09	.05	80
Butter, per lb., winter	.48	.40	20
Eggs, per doz. storage	.48	.40	20
Cheese, per lb., winter	.30	.17	76
Milk, per qt.	.10	.08	25
Flour, per lb.	.07	.04	87
Farina, per pkg.	.15	.15	—
Rolled Oats	.06	.04	50
Bread, per 1½ lb. loaf	.10	.08	25
Biscuits, soda	.13	.10	30
Biscuits, fancy	.25	.20	25
Tapioca	.12	.8	50
Barley	.10	.07	42
Sago	.12	.08	50
Cornflakes	.10	.10	—
Cornstarch	.12	.10	20
Sugar	.09	.05	80
Marmalade	.25	.20	25
Oranges, per doz.	.25	.25	—
Lemons	.20	.20	—
Tea, per lb.	.45	.25	80
Coffee	.45	.40	16

Price Increase 30 Per Cent.

FROM a great many calculations based on our table and my food bills, we figured that foodstuffs had increased on an average 30 per cent. since the War, but we also found that we certainly could not afford to spend $40.00 of our $97.00 on food alone. Some other way out of the difficulty had to be discovered. Mother decided that $30.00 was really as much as I could allow as I had less than $100.00 income, and bills to pay as well, and so the advance had to be provided for by careful planning of menus and elimination of waste.

"Don't forget Will's lunches downtown," cautioned Mother. "They are really part of the food allowance."

We worked this item out at 15 cents a day for 5 days a week, making 75 cents a week and $3.15 a month, allowing for Saturdays and Sundays. This was quite a little bill of expense, but it could not be helped. No man could possibly work on less than a fifteen-cent lunch, and as Will was in an office, cut lunches simply "were not done." This made $33.00 for my food bill, or 34 per cent. of my total income, and I had to cut down my other items accordingly.

Having disposed of the food bill, we tackled the next item—rent. This, it appeared, included car fare, taxes, repairs, and house furnishing as well as the actual house rent. The scientific budget allowed us $20.00 all told, but Mother said that we must do on even less than that in view of our addition to the food account. Will's car tickets, which came out of the $10.00 a month he kept for himself, amounted to $2.00. He could buy 70 yellow car tickets which would leave 10 over for me, or a quarter's worth, which I should buy in blue tickets once a month. Water taxes would amount to $6.00 a year or say 50 cents a month. About $5.00 a month would have to be laid aside for moving, repairs and house furnishing, which proved to be little enough as I later found out. This left me the magnificent sum of $13.00 for rent.

Making It Possible

WHY, I can't do it, Mother!" I exclaimed. "Of course you can, child. You can do it on less. You will not have such an attractive home as you have now at $20.00, but there are plenty of flats even as low as $10.00 a month to be had, if you go far enough out to the edge of the city to find them. How would you like to go flat-hunting to-morrow?

We did find one, too, and although I was anything but enthusiastic at first, I have been able to make our new home comfortable, and I am very sure that the satisfaction of living within my income easily counterbalances the disadvantages of the $12.00 flat.

Once I had become resigned to a rent account of $19.00, the remaining dollar to go toward the deficit in food, we wrestled with the question of operating expenses. We allowed $1.75 for electric light, which is really low, but I determined to keep down to this estimate by careful management. Coal we placed at $4.50 for the Quebec heater, which has heated the tiny flat beautifully warm and cosy all winter. Gas for cooking and laundry came to $2.00, but I made up my mind to reduce it to $1.50 by greater care in cooking, and the help of a home-made fireless cooker for soups and stews which used to cost more in gas than they were worth. My laundry bill is quite an item, but I cannot bring it any lower, no matter how I try. I do all the washing myself, except the sheets and table-cloths and my husband's shirts and collars. These amount to $1.25 a month when sent out to the laundry. In the summer I have ice, which comes to about $3.00 a month, but then I have no coal to pay for, which leaves me $1.50 to the good. Thus my operating expenses came to $9.00, leaving $1.00 out of the $10.00 allowed in the scientific budget, which went to make up my heavy food bill.

"Clothes come next," said Mother. "The original budget allows you $15.00, so I think you may as well stick to it. It is really low, considering how woollen and cotton materials have advanced, but you can manage somehow by making over all your last year's clothes."

I did not realize it then, but my cupboards and trunks contained a perfect gold mine in replenishing my own and the children's clothes, and a plentiful application of gasoline, pressing irons, and elbow grease have accomplished marvels for Will's wardrobe!

LAST of all came the amount to be devoted to higher life. The household economy book allowed us 25 per cent., which by this time I considered almost princely.

"Just you wait a bit," said Mother. "Everything that is left has to come out of this column. Add up your list so far and see what you have left of your $97.00. It comes to $76.00, so that leaves you only $21.00 to start on. Now, tell me, what does Will do with his $10.00?"

I had always looked upon Will's personal allowance as a small fortune, but when I began to set down the different items he had always paid out of it, there was practically nothing left. First of all came the $2.00 for car tickets, which we had already classified under rent. Tobacco and haircuts were at least $1.50, insurance I knew was $2.00, and a daily newspaper and a couple of magazines would be 50 cents. Lunches were a heavy drain as we had already worked them out to amount to $3.00 a month, leaving $1.00 for the collection which he always handed out to his family at church time on Sunday. Poor Will hadn't half a chance to be extravagant!

"How is your higher life account working out now?" asked Mother.

"Five from twenty-one leaves $16.00. Why there's heaps left!" I protested.

"How about holidays and movies and entertaining?"

"There aren't going to be any," I said stoutly. "At least, that is, not until the bills are a good big bit paid off, anyway," I added nobly.

"I guess it isn't quite as bad as that," said Mother, smiling. "We'll have to fix it so that you can go occasionally. How about the Doctor? That is a very important question."

"That is indeed an item, Mother, for the children are far from strong."

"We'll manage that somehow. I'll help you, and together we'll study out a diet that suits them, and if anything happens that is beyond our skill, you can take them to the free clinic at the hospital. However, we'll put down a dollar a month for the doctor to be on the safe side. Put down $5.00, too, for extras, safety first, you know, for you and Will might just want to have a little frolic once and again," and Mother smiled indulgently. "When the bills are paid up, there will be lots of parties, won't there, dear?"

My higher life expenses now came to $11.00, which left me exactly $10.00 a month with which to pay my bills. With the $10.00 on hand my debts were reduced to $90.00, but even then it would take me nine whole months to catch up. I certainly never thought very much about those bills when I was running them up.

"Lots of people never catch up," said Mother in her comforting way. "But just you show that it can be done."

Working It Out

MY budget all worked out was as follows:

Food—		
Table	$30.00	
Lunches	3.00	
		$33.00
Rent—		
House Rent	12.00	
Car Tickets	2.00	
Taxes	.50	
Repairs	4.50	
		19.00
Operating Expenses—		
Light	1.75	
Gas	1.50	
Coal	4.50	
Laundry	1.25	
		9.00
Clothes		15.00
Higher Life—		
Tobacco	1.50	
Church	1.00	
Insurance	2.00	
Newspapers, etc.	.50	
Doctor	1.00	
Extras	5.00	
Savings	10.00	
		21.50
Total		$97.00

I was really not able to catch up at all with my bills during the next two months, as the extra $10.00 on the rent until the lease of the expensive flat expired, ate up the $10.00 I had set aside for savings in my budget. I was burning no coal, of course, which helped me to meet the unexpected disbursements that occurred when we moved. In September I worked like two people, settling down in our new quarters, and so busy was I that I had no time to spend any money. And so October first saw me with net liabilities of $80.00 and I felt as though I had won a gold medal, at least. Each month since then I have succeeded in paying off on an average, $10.00, sometimes a little more and sometimes a little less, for a budget is an elastic affair in spite of all the cut and dried calculations one may make. Here I am on the first of March the proudest, happiest woman in Canada, with my unpaid accounts amounting to only $40.00. Why, I feel like having a mi-careme celebration all on my own!

When all is said and done, the thanks are due to that wise little mother of mine. The long afternoon spent planning out my budget started me off fresh on my path as a businesslike housekeeper. Mother made me promise that whenever difficulties rose as they were bound to do, I should come to her and have a good old talk. I do not know why I had never before appreciated the valuable experience of her thirty years of married life.

Next month I shall tell you how I made my income meet my needs.

Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

FAVOURITE RECIPES CONTRIBUTED BY READERS

Edited By MARJORY DALE

COMPARE cornmeal selling at five cents a pound and containing 1,680 food units, with potatoes at seven cents a pound and containing only 370 food units, and there can be no question as to the greater nutritive value and lesser cost of cornmeal. Cornmeal mush is an excellent breakfast cereal. Fried, it is a pleasing and satisfactory substitute for potatoes. It may be made from cornmeal, water and salt, without other ingredients, but in order to secure high nutritive value without great bulk, the addition of some milk is advised.

Cornmeal as a Cereal

Mix one cup of cornmeal with one and a half cups of cold milk, and stir it into two cups of briskly boiling and salted water. Stir constantly for a few minutes until it thickens, then cook in a double boiler for three or four hours, or in a fireless cooker over night.

Cornmeal as a Potato Substitute

Prepare the cereal as directed. Wet an oblong bread pan with water and turn the mush into it to cool and set. Then turn it out on a flat surface and cut into slices. Brown the slices in a hot frying pan with a tablespoon of butter substitute or oil. The latter adds a cost of .0075 and a food value of about 125 units. A dish of fried mush for four persons costs 5 cents and contains 735 food units.

Cornmeal with Cheese

Instead of being fried, the slices of mush may be browned in a greased pan in the oven. They may be made into a savoury dish to be eaten with bread, by sprinkling them with grated or finely minced cheese and a little salt, pepper and parsley, with a half teaspoon of butter substitute or oil on top of each. Place in the oven to melt the cheese. A quarter pound of cheese will add 8 cents to the cost, and 530 units to the food value. An ounce of butter substitute costing .015 will add 250 food units. This combination furnishes 2,390 food units at a cost of less than 15 cents.

Creamed Macaroni and Dried Beef

Cook a cup of macaroni in rapidly boiling, salted water, until tender. It often takes a full hour's cooking. Drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Remove all the white stringy portions from one-fourth pound of dried or smoked beef, cover with boiling water, let heat quickly to the boiling point, then drain. Melt three tablespoons butter; in it cook three tablespoons flour and a scant half-teaspoon salt, then add one and a half cups milk and stir until boiling; add the macaroni and beef, mix thoroughly and turn into a baking dish. Let stand in the oven a few moments to reheat; then serve at once.

Sliced Ham en Casserole

Have the ham cut in slices about half an inch thick; remove rind if present, and let cook in an iron frying pan until browned on one side, then turn to brown the other side. Set the browned ham in the casserole. For two slices leave about one-fourth cup fat in the frying pan; add one-fourth cup flour and stir until frothy, then add nearly two cups beef or veal broth or cold water, and stir constantly until boiling; turn the sauce over the ham in the casserole, reheat to the boiling point, cover, then let cook in a slack oven or on the back of the range an hour and a half or longer. For variety, occasionally use no flour or broth, but heat a pint of milk in the frying pan that it may take up the browned juices of the ham adhering to the pan, and pour this over the ham.

Creamed Cabbage au Gratin

Cut a small cabbage in quarters, remove the hard centre, cover with boiling water and let cook until tender in an open kettle. Chop the cabbage rather coarse. Melt one-fourth cup butter; in it cook one-fourth cup flour and half a teaspoon each of salt and paprika; add two cups milk and stir until boiling. Butter an *au gratin* dish, put in a layer of cabbage, sprinkle lightly with salt, add a layer of the sauce, two tablespoons grated cheese (more cheese may be used) and so continue the layers until all the ingredients are used, having the last layer sauce. Cover with three-fourths cup cracker crumbs mixed with one-fourth cup melted butter. Set in the oven to brown the crumbs. Garnish the dish with hard-boiled eggs sliced thin. The cheese may be omitted and the dish served with hot or cold boiled tongue, ham, or corned beef.

Mint Sauce for Roast Lamb

Wash a bunch of mint, shake off the water, and strip the leaves from the stems; chop the leaves fine and pour on one-fourth cup boiling water; add two tablespoons sugar, cover close and let stand half an hour; then add four tablespoons vinegar, or the juice of one large lemon.

Hominy Balls

To a cup of cold hominy add one tablespoon of melted butter, stir well, add enough milk to rub the hominy to a paste, add a teaspoon sugar, and one egg, unbeaten. Shape into small flat balls, dredge with flour, dip in beaten egg, then in crumbs and fry. These may be prepared and kept in a cool place until wanted.

Fried Hominy

Pack left-over hominy into a mound. When cold, slice, dredge with flour and fry, or dip in egg and crumbs, and fry.

Cornmeal Pancakes

One cup cornmeal, one cup flour, four cups milk, one tablespoon melted butter, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon salt, and three eggs. Add the melted butter to the cornmeal, boil the milk and pour it, scalding hot, over the cornmeal. Sift the dry ingredients together, and after the meal and milk have cooled, stir the dry mixture into it. Add the well-beaten eggs last, beat hard, and bake like other griddle cakes.

Sour Milk Pancakes

Two cups sour milk, two and one half cups sifted flour, one teaspoon soda, one tablespoon warm water, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon sugar, two tablespoons melted butter, and two eggs. Beat the yolks of the eggs till light-coloured and creamy, add the sour milk, salt, and sugar, and beat till thoroughly mixed. Add the flour gradually, beating constantly, then the soda dissolved in warm water, then the melted butter, then the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fold together carefully and bake at once.

Spanish Stew

Use a pound and a half of ribs of beef. Put in a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, bring to the boil and cook for two hours. Add a can of tomatoes, three large onions chopped fine, half a dozen cloves, a pinch each of sage and celery seed, one-fourth peel of an orange, two cups of boiling water. Cook for half an hour, strain, skim, and thicken the gravy, season to taste, pour over the meat, and serve.

Beef Stew with Dumplings

Have three or four pounds of neck of beef cut into convenient pieces. Cover with cold water and add three each of carrots and onions, sliced thin. Season with salt and pepper and minced parsley, cover, and cook until the meat is nearly done. Sift two cups flour with two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Add an egg well beaten in enough milk to make a stiff batter. Steam the dumplings in buttered patty pans in a steamer over boiling water. Take out the meat and dumplings, thicken the gravy with flour browned in butter, pour over and serve.

Italian Beef Stew

Cut cold cooked beef into dice. Brown in butter, take from the fire, add four tablespoons tomato catsup, a chopped onion, fried, a shredded green pepper, also fried, salt and black pepper to season, and enough stock or gravy to moisten. Heat thoroughly and serve in a border of boiled rice.

Fricadelles

Chop fine a pound of beef and a pound of sausage meat. Add a cup bread crumbs, two eggs well beaten, two onions finely chopped, salt, pepper, and thyme, to season. Mix thoroughly, shape into small, flat cakes, saute in hot fat, and serve with tomato sauce.

Beef Balls

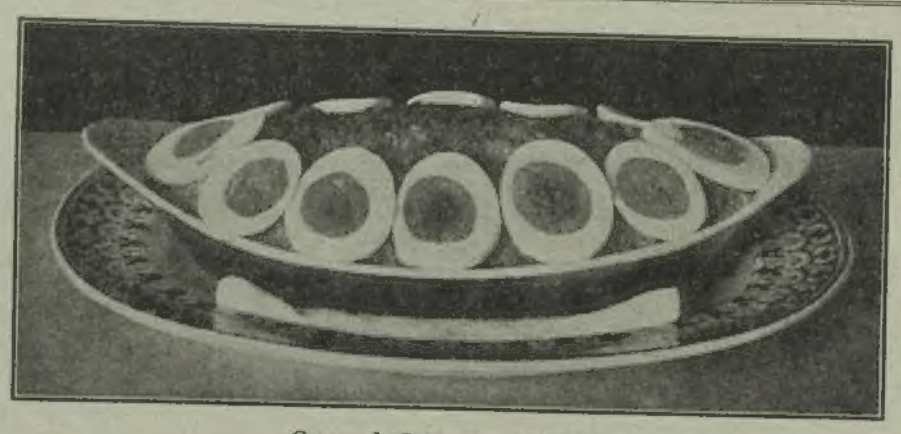
Chop very fine cold, cooked beef. Season with salt, cayenne, minced parsley, and grated onion. Add one-fourth the quantity of bread crumbs and enough beaten egg to bind. Shape into balls or small, flat cakes, dredge with flour, and fry brown.

Dutch Beef Loaf

Run a pound and a half of a round of beef and a quarter of a pound of fresh pork twice through the meat chopper. Add half a cup stale bread crumbs soaked in stock or milk, half a cup canned tomatoes, and celery salt, minced parsley, salt, red pepper, and grated onion to season. Mix thoroughly, shape into a loaf, brush with beaten egg, sprinkle with crumbs, and bake, basting with melted butter and stock. Serve with tomato sauce.

Boston Baked Beans

Wash and pick over a quart of navy beans. Soak overnight in cold water to cover. In the morning drain, cover with fresh water, and heat slowly, keeping the water below the boiling point until the skins burst when a spoonful is gently breathed on. Drain the beans. Scald and scrape the rind of half a pound of fat salt pork, cut off one slice, and put into the bottom of the bean pot. Fill the pot with beans and bury the rest of the pork in it, scoring the rind deeply. Mix one teaspoon salt with one tablespoon molasses and three tablespoons sugar, add a cup boiling water, pour over the beans, and add more boiling water if necessary to fill the pot. Cover the pot and bake in slow oven for six or eight hours, adding boiling water as needed. During the last hour of cooking, remove the lid so that the top will brown. A teaspoon mustard may be added with the other seasoning. This is the genuine Boston recipe. A sliced onion put in with the pork is considered by many to be an improvement.



Creamed Cabbage, au Gratin

Round Steak, Italian Style

Creamed Macaroni and Dried Beef

Spring Carrots

Trim and scrape two bunches of spring carrots. Parboil for ten minutes in salted water to cover. Drain, and rinse in cold water. Put into a deep, baking dish with two tablespoons each of butter and sugar and two cups of well-seasoned beef stock. Cover and cook slowly until tender. Drain, reduce the liquid by rapid boiling, pour over the carrots and serve.

Rice Croquettes

Cover a cup of rice with a quart or more of cold water and stir with a fork over a quick fire until boiling rapidly; let boil two or three minutes, drain in a sieve and rinse with cold water, then return to the fire with a teaspoon salt and three cups boiling water. Let cook until tender, adding boiling water, if needed; beat in two or three tablespoons butter; let cool a little, then form into croquettes, make a depression in the centre and in it set a teaspoon currant jelly; cover the jelly with rice, and finish shaping; cover with beaten egg, diluted with three tablespoons milk and roll in sifted, soft bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Serve with roasts, particularly roast lamb.

Oatmeal with Cheese

Put one quart of boiling water and a teaspoon salt over a quick fire; gradually stir in two cups of rolled oats; continue to stir until the mixture thickens somewhat, then cover and let cook over boiling water, about two hours. When about ready to serve stir in one cup of grated cheese and a tablespoon butter, and, at the last moment before serving, fold in one egg, beaten light. Serve with milk or thin cream as the main dish at luncheon or supper.

Hot Cross Buns

One cup scalded milk, one tablespoon sugar, one yeast cake, one cup flour, two teaspoons salt, three-quarters cup butter, one tablespoon lard, quarter cup sugar, grated rind half lemon, half cup raisins or currants, flour.

Add sugar to milk, and when lukewarm, add yeast cake, broken in small pieces. Cover and let stand twenty minutes; then add one cup flour, and salt; cover and let rise until light. Work butter and lard until creamy and add sugar, gradually, and lemon rind. Combine mixtures and add flour to make a stiff batter (the amount required being about one and one-half cups). Cover, let rise, add raisins (seeded and cut in pieces) or currants, and enough more flour to make a soft dough. Cover, let rise, shape in the form of large biscuits, arrange on buttered tin sheet one inch apart, cover, let rise, brush over with yolk of egg diluted with one teaspoon cold water and bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes. Remove from oven and garnish top of each with cross made of ornamental frosting forced through a pastry bag and tube.

Cheese Cakes

Two tablespoons butter, three and one half tablespoons flour, four tablespoons grated cheese, whites of three eggs, one quarter teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne.

Melt butter, add flour, and stir until well blended. Remove from range and add cheese, salt, and cayenne. Fold in whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and drop from tip of spoon on a buttered sheet one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven twelve minutes. Serve as an accompaniment to dinner salad.

Baked Bananas for Hash

Take one banana for each person. Remove the skins, and scrape off all threads; melt a little butter in a baking dish; cut the bananas in halves, crosswise, roll them in the butter, coating them thoroughly, then bake without browning the butter in the dish; baste with butter occasionally while baking. The bananas will be tender in from ten to fifteen minutes and lightly browned on the outside.

Round Steak—Italian Style

Press two pounds of round steak and two ounces of beef suet through a food chopper; add one-fourth cup of stale bread, grated or sifted, a generous teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of pepper, one tablespoon of grated or scraped onion pulp, and two well beaten eggs; mix all together thoroughly and form into balls the size of an egg.

Let one can of tomatoes, one cup of water, one onion, one clove of garlic and one green pepper, sliced fine, two cloves, two tablespoons butter, one teaspoon salt and a tiny bit of bay leaf simmer about half an hour; then press through a sieve. Return to the fire in a broad, shallow pan or in an earthern casserole; let heat to boiling point; lay in the meat balls, cover, and let simmer about one hour. Have ready two-thirds package of elbow macaroni, cooked tender in rapidly boiling salted water, drained and rinsed in cold water. Lift the meat balls from the dish to the centre of a serving dish, surround the meat with the macaroni, pour the sauce over the macaroni, then sprinkle on ten cents' worth of grated cheese. Garnish the edge of the dish with green peppers cut in rir

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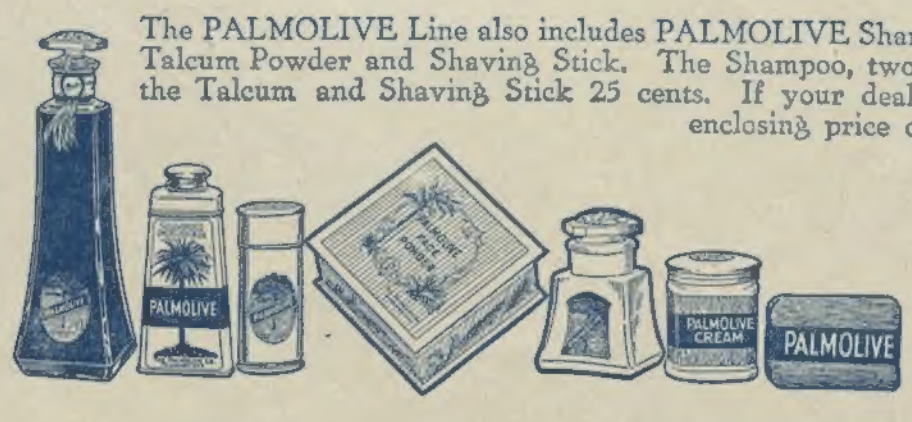

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